

SMITH'S

MAGAZINE

NOV. 1921

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Here's A Real Job For You!



Be an Electrical Expert Earn \$12 to \$30 a Day

Why hang on to the job that holds your nose to the grindstone?

Why grope in the dark, or crawl, when you can *jump to Success in Electricity*—the most wonderful, fascinating, and "Big-Pay" profession in the world?

Electricity needs men—wants you!

Be a Big-Pay Man!

The "short-cut" to "Big-Pay" is training. The big field of today for the trained man is Electricity. Trained "Electrical Experts" earn \$70.00 to \$200.00 a week.

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**L. L. Cooke, Chief Engineer,
Chicago Engineering Works,
Dept. 43X
1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

Dear Sir: Send at once Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid, without obligation on my part.

Name

Address

102

and apply every line of it—no big words, no useless theory, no higher mathematics—just plain, everyday, straight-from-the-shoulder, man-to-man English—the kind you and I use every day.

Your Success Guaranteed

You take no chances with me.

I **guarantee** satisfaction, and agree, if you are not satisfied, to refund every penny you have paid me.

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By enrolling **now** you can save \$45.50 on the regular low price of my course. But you must act at once. Write me today, for my **Free Book**, "How To Become An Electrical Expert." It's the first step towards bigger pay.

Yours for success,

**L. L. COOKE, CHIEF ENGINEER
CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS**
INCORPORATED
Dept. 43X 1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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The Oliver Typewriter

The Oliver Typewriter Company announces a further reduction in price of the latest and improved Oliver No. 9—formerly \$100—lately \$64. The price alone is changed—not the standard model that has won such fame. Over 900,000 have been sold.

This offer is based on the fact that the Oliver has proven that it sells itself. We ship it direct from the factory to you, saving you the cost of selling.

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FREE TRIAL

The new reduction is due solely to our simplified method of selling. It created a sensation when introduced in 1917. To abandon the standard price of \$100 won the approval of the public. We now make a further reduction, anticipating lowered costs of production.

This standard \$100 Oliver now sells for \$49.50 cash or \$55 on installments.

The coupon brings the Oliver to you for five days' free trial. Be your own salesman. If you agree that it is the finest typewriter that any price can buy, you can save yourself half the usual price.

When it arrives, put it through every test and comparison with other \$100 standard typewriters. Then if you want to buy it, send \$49.50 in cash. Or if you wish to take advantage of the installment plan, send us \$3, then \$4 per month until the \$55 is paid.

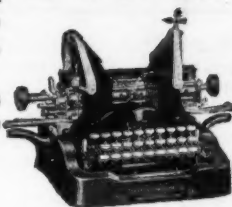
If you decide against it, ship it back at our expense. You do not risk a penny.

Remember, this is a brand new Oliver—not second hand, not rebuilt. Do not let the remarkably low price confuse you. This is the standard \$100 typewriter, but sold direct from the factory to the user. You do not have to pay for an enormous army of salesmen nor for a costly chain of branch houses in 50 cities.

Installment Price \$55

Cash Price

Now \$49⁵⁰



You get exactly what \$100 or more brings the usual way. And you are the sole judge.

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Merely mail the coupon below for a Free Trial Oliver or for further information. Check which.

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The OLIVER Typewriter Company
738 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SAVE \$50⁵⁰

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
738 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver No. 9 Typewriter for five days' free inspection. If I keep it I will pay \$55 as follows: \$3 at the end of trial period and then at the rate of \$4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. If I make cash settlement at end of trial period I am to deduct ten per cent and remit to you \$49.50.

If I decide not to keep it, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

My shipping point is.....

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your deluxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation or Business.....

Vol. XXXIV

No. 1

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

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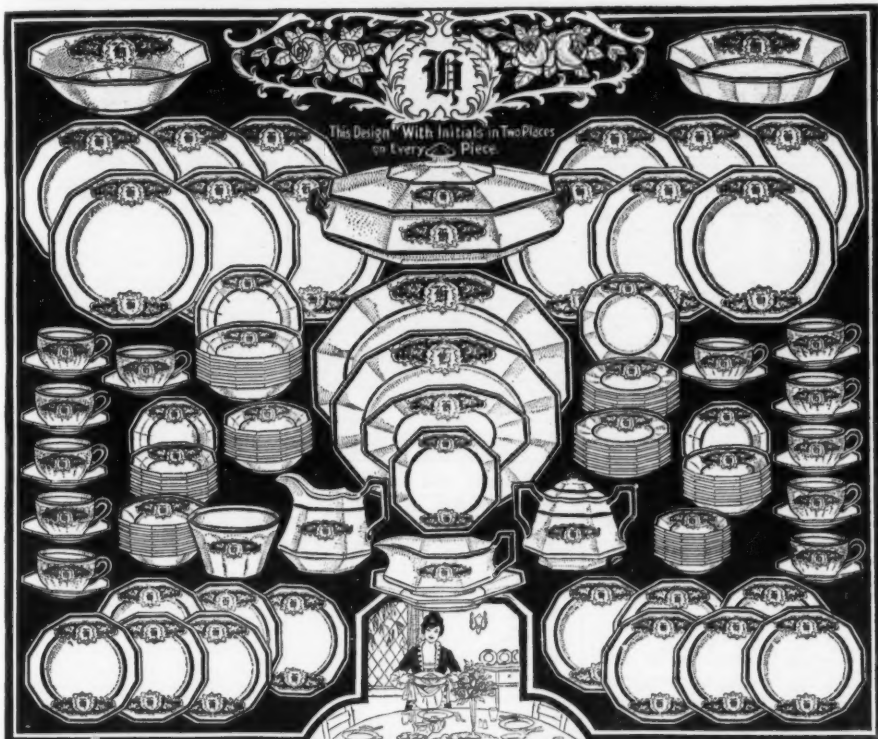
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12 Cups
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12 Soup Plates, 7 1/2 inches
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Fruit Dishes, 6 1/2 inches
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6 1/2 inches
1 Platter, 10 1/2 inches

1 Platter, 11 1/4 inches
1 Celery Dish, 8 1/4 inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7 1/4 inches
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10 1/2 inches with lid (2 pieces)

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Town..... State.....
Occupation..... Color.....
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There is nothing different about the man whose salary runs into five figures. He is made of the same stuff as you and I. For example, take J. P. Overstreet, of Dallas, Texas. A few short years ago he was a police officer earning less than \$1,000 a year. Today his earnings are in excess of \$10,000 a month—more than \$12,000 a year. C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa., was formerly a railroad employe on a small salary—last month his earnings were \$1,562.

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My earnings for the past thirty days are \$1,562.00 and I won Second Prize in March although I only worked two weeks during that month. — C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.
Earned \$1,600 in Six Weeks
My earnings for March were over \$1,000 and over \$1,500 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were \$350.00. I travel eleven months out of the year, working 5 days each week. The N. S. T. A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than \$1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success. — J. F. Overstreet, Denison, Texas.

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AMERICAN SCHOOL

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| ...Civil Engineer | \$5,000 to \$15,000 | ...Steam Engineer | \$2,000 to \$4,000 |
| ...Structural Engineer | \$2,500 to \$4,000 | ...Foreman's Course | \$2,000 to \$4,000 |
| ...Business Manager | \$4,000 to \$10,000 | ...Sanitary Engineer | \$2,000 to \$4,000 |
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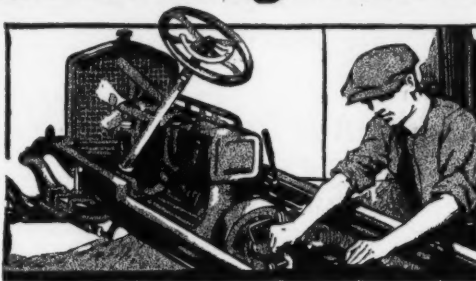
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SMITH'S MAGAZINE

Volume 34

NOVEMBER, 1921

Number 1

A Movie Engagement

By Edward Riddle Padgett

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

One of the most delightful stories we have published in a long time is this one of a young minister who found himself acting for the movies. It's a love story, too.

HOW'D you like to be in the movies, son?"

The query was addressed to the Reverend William Meade Bolton by a corpulent man, florid of face and attire, who had seated himself without invitation beside him. It had a casual ring to it; yet, withal, a certain abruptness which compelled attention.

The young clergyman turned from his contemplation of the country sliding past the train window and stared at the speaker in astonishment.

Only a few minutes before, the man had walked down the aisle of the smoking car and back again several times, scrutinizing the clergyman frankly and closely. The Reverend Billy, contrary to his usual custom, was wearing a plain sack suit, and he thought perhaps the man recognized him, but was puzzled by the absence of his clerical collar.

Then the promenader had turned suddenly and, without apology or inquiry, seated himself beside the object of his scrutiny. He waited just long enough to bite the end off a fresh cigar, and asked his disconcerting question.

The Reverend Billy did not gasp, nor did he draw back with offended dignity.

Neither did he reply. So many and such varied retorts rushed to his lips that sheer congestion of thought, for the moment, rendered him speechless.

"Say, listen, I mean it," the stranger continued. "You're just the type I been lookin' for, and I could use you right away, too."

"Really," the clergyman began coldly, "I couldn't think of such a thing, for I am a——"

"Pretty easy money, son," the man persisted. "I'd need you only about two weeks in all, and no experience necessary. I'll tell you what to do."

"But really, sir," the Reverend Billy objected earnestly, "I couldn't. You see, I am a clergyman, and——"

"My God!" The stranger gave his plump knee a resounding whack. He turned and beamed upon the Reverend William Meade Bolton, with an unholy joy. "I might 'a' known it! No wonder I thought you'd do! Trust old J. Lynn Vogel, that's me, to spot a type every time! I noticed you when I was walkin' down the aisle, and I says to myself, 'Now, there's a young man with exactly the face I want. Just the type I been lookin' for.' And to think

you're the real thing! I tell you, my meetin' you like this is an act of Providence, that's what it is. Say, listen, you just got to help me out. Now, son—I mean reverend——"

"Mr. Bolton," Billy hastened to interpose. "I am the assistant rector of St. Anne's Episcopal Church at Maplewood, a few miles down the line."

"All the better! Here, have a cigar!" agreed Mr. Vogel joyously. "Then you got your own what-you-call-ems and you'll look natural in 'em for the weddin'. I'm the director of the Artograph Cinema Company, and we're on location down at Blackstone. That's at the other end of the line, you know. What I want and what I ain't got is a minister who can look natural when he's marryin' an elopin' couple. The man I had cast for it was operated on for appendicitis this morning, and we begin rehearsals to-morrow. Say, listen, reverend, be a good sport and come on, do it for me! Here's a chance for some of that Christian charity you parsons are always preachin' about." And the director laughed confidently.

The Reverend Billy smiled.

"I'd like to oblige you, but really, you know, a clergyman has to remember his calling. Not that the church objects to the movies—the right sort of movies. I mean—but what would my parishioners think of their curate appearing——"

"Why, reverend, they needn't know it at all!" There was not even a shadow of doubt in Mr. Vogel's tone; on the contrary, it was emphatically reassuring. "Say, listen, we don't show in the big houses at all, and our pictures never appear in New York except in some of the out-of-the-way dumps; so how the h—, I mean, how can any of your swell church members see the picture? Besides, you won't look the same on the screen, reverend, and if any of them did see you, they'd just think it

was somebody looked like you." Mr. Vogel stopped speaking and regarded the clergyman earnestly. There was a ring of finality to his words. Suddenly he turned away and gave his full attention to lighting his refractory cigar.

And, just as suddenly, Temptation nudged at the Reverend Billy's elbow. Or, to be exact, it tugged at his heart-strings. And thereby hangs a preface to this tale, the setting forth of which may be done, as well as not, with the logical "firstlys" and "secondlys" which, in accordance with custom and theological seminaries, were ever present in the Reverend Billy's own sermons.

So—to begin with a "firstly"—when the high cost of living, of plain, ministerial living at that, stands in juxtaposition to the low salaries paid the clergy and leers at them, as it has done more leeringly than ever since the war, poor, deluded Cupid should be more humane than to let fly so much as a single arrow at a masculine heart which beats beneath a vestment.

And that deplorable status of affairs had been at least the general theme of the Reverend Billy's thoughts for days and days, and especially at the unfortunate moment when Mr. J. Lynn Vogel, director of the Artograph Cinema Company, voiced his profoundly disconcerting query. For the curate of St. Anne's fashionable church was in love. More than that, he was an accepted lover. Still more, at the very moment of the said Mr. Vogel's approach, he was New Yorkward bound in a desperate hope of putting into operation a simple plan which would result in the securing, precariously, of two hundred dollars to add to the five hundred dollars he had in the bank—the sum total to defray the purchase of an engagement ring of a size, luster, and weight at which Martha need not be secretly disappointed; and there, doubtless, is where a belated "secondly"



"But really, sir," the Reverend Billy objected earnestly, "I couldn't. You see, I am a clergyman and——"

should have been aptly and significantly inserted.

The engagement was a tender plant of but a week's growth, and Martha was the daughter of Snowden Mills, the senior warden of St. Anne's, whose money bags were so bursting with their profiteerless contents that the salary of a curate might be sprinkled around the outside of one of them and then overlooked as merely a little dust which had sifted through.

All of which, from the Reverend Billy's point of view, made it but the more imperative that he should forthwith encircle Martha's proper finger with a solitaire of respectable proportions. Other problems—such as when they could afford to marry, and how and where they should live—could wait; for time and closer relations with the Mills family, and the materialization of an impending "call" to another church, gave promise of solving most

of them. But the ring was, indeed, a matter of the moment. It must be obtained.

Martha expected it. She had not said so, nor even intimated as much. On the contrary, she had delicately conveyed to the Reverend Billy the adorably intimate confidence that she quite understood a clergyman received but scant remuneration, and that economy in their ménage would be altogether necessary. More than that, she fairly thrilled at the idea of economizing for and with him. Whereupon he had promptly crushed her to him ecstatically. Yet, in the cold dawn of reflection, the Reverend Billy doubted sorely Martha's ability to understand the real significance of the word "economy" as applicable to themselves; for always Martha had everything appropriately needful. As the daughter of Snowden Mills and quite the prettiest girl in this particularly fashionable suburb of New York, the things she desired were, within reason and the Episcopal tenets, hers. The Reverend Billy was painfully conscious of these facts. But, first of all, a ring, a proper one, must be procured forthwith.

If, according to the old adage, love makes a hasty exit through the window when the wolf knocks at the door, then it seems to be equally axiomatic that when the engaged man with a slim bank account prices engagement rings and ponders upon the financing of a nest for two, even a modest one, the outlook is apt to prompt him to emulate love's flight. Yet no amount of introspection could bring the Reverend Billy to the conclusion that he had no right to fall in love with Martha.

His church permitted a married clergy, and parishioners welcomed a minister's wife to help bear a part of the burdens of the parish. No canon decreed that a young clergyman should be wary of marrying a girl with money.

On the contrary, a certain bishop, whose affection for the Reverend Billy was considerably more fatherly than official, once, while decrying a loveless marriage, had intimated that it was as easy for a young curate to fall in love with a wealthy girl as with a poor one; indeed, he had expatiated, experience often proved it to be vastly more pleasant, sensible, and conducive to the development of that poise and security which permit application to one's life work without the irritations attendant upon the legerdemain necessary to make the salary of a clergyman balance with his monthly bills.

Artie Thompson, roommate of the Reverend Billy in college and the possessor of several hundred thousand in his own right, had been even more blunt.

"Pick a rich one, Billy," he had urged every so often. "A chap who is willing to bury himself in the ministry sure has a right to some happiness, and there's no real happiness in this world, young man, without the wherewithal to keep it skidding along. I've always maintained that a minister is the only man in the world who is justified in picking—yes, deliberately picking, a rich wife! More than that, he's a poor boob and he's sunk if he doesn't!"

Not that Billy had given a thought to either sage counselor when he fell in love with Martha. As a matter of fact, he hadn't thought about anything except Martha. To catch the warm glow of her deep, brown eyes, with their merriment and sincerity, looking directly at one, was to sense the soul behind them, and to adore it. To be tormented by so much as a glimpse of her perilous hair, the curve of her chin, the sweet fullness of her lips, was to think thoughts which became the poet more than the parson. To chat with her, to laugh and be light-hearted, and then to discuss some serious subject with her in that esoteric fashion so dear to the

mind of the thinking man, and to see revealed therein the strength and versatility and sanity of her views and her personality—to do these things with Martha, the wonderful, was to think of naught save how to win her as the mistress of future rectories and later, when honors should come upon him, as the chatelaine of the Episcopal residence. This and more she had done to the Reverend Billy's thoughts.

And Martha? But why pry into their holy of holies? For even in the life of a clergyman there are some things which, bluntly, are not the public's concern. And the winning of a parson's wife is one of them. So, aside from the fact that there were days and days of anxiety and hopefulness and hopelessness, and of sighing and longing, and of doubt and elation and determination, and, finally—just as from any lover in any walk of life—a proposal and a gloriously wonderful acceptance; aside from that quite general and orthodox information, the secrets of their courtship are their own.

Besides, the Reverend Billy is now on the train bound for New York to borrow two hundred dollars from his old college chum, Artie Thompson; and J. Lynn Vogel, director of the Arto-graph Cinema Company, is still awaiting a reply to his most businesslike offer.

That vigorous, though corpulent, dynamo calmly continued to puff away at his cigar in a manner which implied a perfect willingness to grant the Reverend Billy all the time desired for deliberation. But, every so often, he cast a quick, calculating glance at the curate; for his experienced eye told him that the young clergyman was considering the proposition, at least.

And the Reverend Billy was. To his shame or to his credit, according to the point of view of censorious orthodoxy, or of red-blooded romanticism, he was. Now—and this is patently to his credit

—there was in the Reverend Billy a vigorous intolerance of mere form, a quiet tenacity of faith in the promptings of his own conscience, and a very definite inclination to agree heartily with the motives and emotions of that famous, direct individual who made a simple task of untying the baffling Gordian knot by cutting it with his sword.

In college the Reverend Billy had been quite circumspect, sincere, even ministerially severe with himself, if you please, but still he had been a regular fellow, a mixer, a fraternity man, an athlete who played football like a wild man and who swore, at times, hastily censored swearwords. He would go just so far in everything with his fellow students, but no farther, and it was only upon occasions of this sudden, decisive drawing of the line that they remembered Bill was studying for the ministry.

Through some complex association of ideas, perhaps, the proposition of J. Lynn Vogel and the urgent need of the engagement ring took hold simultaneously and harmoniously upon the Reverend Billy's mind, twisted it out of its staid, orderly functionings, normally directed to the good and glory of St. Anne's, and, in a trace, flopped it back to mental processes akin to those of student days. The more he pondered the director's proposition, the more obviously certain lines of dignity, of ministerial calm and reserve, faded from about his pleasant, determined mouth. His chin seemed to take on a certain upward tilt, boyish, prognathic, and his black eyes a peculiar glint which, in the old football days, meant that his signal to carry the ball had been given and he was about to dive into the line with the ferocious faith of a crusader.

With J. Lynn Vogel watching and missing none of the symptoms of deliberation, the Reverend Billy ran his hand through his hair several times—a sure sign in the old college days that Bill



"Why, William!" she exclaimed pleasantly. "I bid you farewell on one train and, lo and behold, you return on the next!"

Bolton was going to step out and start something, something that he wanted to start and felt certain he could finish. Suddenly he turned upon the director of the Artograph Cinema Company and looked him straight in the eye with a gaze so direct, so piercing, so truculent that that corpulent person registered, for an instant, amazement and no little apprehension.

"I'll do it, Mr. Vogel—under certain conditions!"

"Fine! I knew you would! But say, listen, if one of them is the amount of money you'll get, I'll tell you right here, reverend, it'll be twenty dollars a day—and that's mighty high pay, too. We ain't a big company, and we ain't exactly out on a shoe string, but we're new and we don't use no Mary Pickfords." J. Lynn Vogel was all business now, brusque, shrewd, and a little harsh of tone.

"I haven't an idea whether or not that's a fair amount," the curate replied, mindful of the deficit on the ring, "but if you will guarantee to pay me twenty dollars a day for ten days, and pay me twenty dollars at the end of each day, we'll call it a bargain."

"All right, reverend, and most likely I'll need you for more than two weeks. Any more conditions?"

"Yes." The Reverend Billy was equally brusque. "I must have your word that you will not tell any one that I am a clergyman—and you'd better call me Smith."

"You said it, reverend."

"And it must be understood distinctly that any and all of my clerical duties which may conflict in point of time with my work for you shall be given precedence over your demands upon me, without prejudice to my—my twenty dollars a day."

"I think I get you, reverend. You mean that I got to use you when you ain't preachin' or leadin' the Sunday school or anything like that, don't you?

Yes, that'll be all right with me. But say, listen, you don't hold church except Sundays, do you? Well then, I can manage. Anything else, reverend?"

"Yes! Stop calling me reverend!"

"Just as you like—Smith! Have a cigar!" J. Lynn Vogel chuckled. "Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. Be at Blackstone to-morrow morning, Smith. Come to my office and——"

From then on, until just before the train stopped at Sandy Springs, the next station, they talked practical arrangements for the Reverend Billy's début on the silver screen. Quite suddenly, joyfully, too, the young curate realized that he need not continue to New York; so he decided to leave the train at Sandy Springs, where he would have to wait only a few minutes for the down train for Maplewood, thus saving a purposeless trip to the city.

In so doing, however, the Reverend Billy overlooked a small point which, alas, proved to be but the forerunner of a series of contretemps! He had been thinking so earnestly of Martha that he quite forgot her; forgot she had accompanied him to the station to see him off and to await, with a book for company, the arrival of a chum on the next train from New York. Obviously, the train which picked up the Reverend Billy at Sandy Springs was the selfsame one upon which Martha's guest was traveling.

Once upon a time, in the days before the great drought, there was a bibulous saying that something always took care of the drunk and the Irish, but never has there been an adage even implying that the clergy are objects of a similarly miraculous protection. So perhaps that is why the Reverend Billy had the misfortune to run right into Martha's friend, Cecelia Dean, in the aisle of the train, the moment he boarded it. Of course, when the stop was made at Maplewood he had to help

Cecelia and her impedimenta off the train and, so to speak, deposit her in Martha's open arms. She welcomed Cecelia, yes; but her amazement at the Reverend Billy's return was a distracting factor.

"Why, William!" she exclaimed pleasantly. "I bid you farewell on one train and, lo and behold, you return on the next! How do you do it? Did you change cars as they passed? And what of your afternoon in New York? Is there anything wrong?"

"Oh, no, nothing—nothing wrong, I assure you! I just forgot——" But the embarrassed curate stopped short. Not even a nice little white lie like that, he remembered, was permitted a clergyman. Yet he couldn't tell Martha about J. Lynn Vogel and the deficit of two hundred dollars for the ring; he simply couldn't. So, for the second time that day, he was at a loss for words.

Fortunately, certain conventions hedge around the proper reception of a guest and her baggage at a railroad station. The details attendant upon the transfer of Cecelia and her luggage to the waiting motor car prevented any enforced elaboration of the Reverend Billy's explanation of his sudden return. But, as he helped Cecelia and Martha into the latter's car, she managed to ask, "What was the matter, William?" and he just managed to whisper back, "I changed my mind on the way, dear, and caught the train at Sandy Springs." Which reply, bear witness, was literally a truthful statement, according to the letter; and surely, in so just a cause, not even a clergyman should be censured for so slight a laxity concerning the spirit of it.

Of course, the Reverend Billy called that evening. There is something fascinating to any girl engaged to a minister about exhibiting him to her best friend, and always the best friend is quite eager to behold the captive clergyman and, perhaps, to weigh him in her

own scale of matrimonial eligibility. So the Reverend Billy called. He made himself altogether charming and fascinating and deliciously merry and facetious and "unministerial," as the discerning young parson does these days. So much so that he hadn't a single word alone with Martha before his belated departure. But an occasional, idly curious glance from her seemed to evidence to the Reverend Billy the fact that still she was awaiting some explanation of his unexpected arrival on the train with Cecelia. And when he gracefully but firmly declined an invitation to motor with them the next afternoon Martha's curiosity patently was changed to surprise and no little vexation.

What happened to the Reverend Billy the next day on location is a thing which should not be told in detail lest one be accused of bad taste in exposing "the cloth" to levity, even though "the cloth" was not manifest. As a matter of fact, the Reverend Billy was not called upon to do anything undignified. Indeed no; his rôle was that of a minister! To him the day seemed to be mostly one of tedious waits and scant progress, a medley of appalling confusion, of much shouting, and of misunderstood, indefinite instructions.

As nearly as he was able to understand it—for no one gave him an explanation which satisfied his idea of the logic and continuity necessary to a proper comprehension—his part was absurdly simple and commonplace. He was, it seemed, a young minister who is literally dragged from the peace and seclusion of his study to marry an eloping couple who, with a high-powered car and chauffeur, dash up to his door and beg him to marry them without delay. Strange to relate, the bridegroom has remembered to get the license, duly sealed and witnessed—another touch of that realism which the Reverend Billy heard J. Lynn Vogel ranting and raving about all over the lot



"Your housekeeper said you were out of town. Were you in New York, Billy, dear?"

Through the open window in the study—so the plot ran—the inevitable pursuing auto, bearing the inevitably irate father, is seen, coming on apace. So, obviously, there's nothing to do but to make a hurried exit from the peaceful study, and with a mad scramble into the high-powered car, a whirl of dust,

and the young minister performing the ceremony in the careening machine, the picture ends. There is a close-up of the bride, the bridegroom, the officiating clergyman, the license, the speedometer, and the dust. And always, always a little behind, irate father's little old last-year's car, lagging along in the race

just enough to permit a secure tying of the knot.

The next three mornings found the Reverend Billy on location on time to the minute, a really interested worker. The folk and customs of the movie world were an inexhaustible source of wonder to him. They afforded him opportunity for no little boyish enthusiasm and for serious reflection upon and study of a stratum of society of whose existence he had been, as he saw now, appallingly unaware.

But the morning of the third day had been, to say the least, disquieting, exceedingly disquieting. He had not called upon Martha the night before. The preparation of an address to be delivered before St. Anne's guild of women workers the next evening had prevented him, as he explained by telephone with what seemed to Martha to be irritating verbosity and maddening evasion.

"But, William"—Martha's sweet voice had wafted over the wire in tones which bespoke a struggle between anger and tears and a determination to repress them—"I simply can't understand why you have deserted me. And with Cecelia here, too! You say you are not ill?"

"N-no, dearest, but I am not feeling exactly well," he had interposed desperately.

"I phoned you twice yesterday and three times to-day, and your housekeeper said you were out of town. Were you in New York, Billy, dear?"

"No, but I was away on business," the Reverend Billy had replied in what he hoped was an impressive tone. "Very important business, Martha. I shall tell you all about it—presently."

"Presently? Oh, William, what is it? Is anything wrong? Please tell me; don't keep me in suspense this way. I do not wish to pry into your affairs, my dear boy, but I have a feeling that it must be something dreadfully seri-

ous. Surely I should be the first to be told about it. D-don't you want to see me? How can you—"

"Now, Martha, please be sensible, my dear, and trust to my judgment." And so on, for minutes that seemed hours, the Reverend Billy tried to soothe her to the best of his ministerial ability. In conclusion, he said he would call the next evening, the evening of the third day.

The Reverend Billy appeared promptly at the hour set for the meeting of the guild. His address was really striking; indeed, it was surprisingly virile, almost pugnacious. He spent but scant time in greeting the good ladies of the guild and in chatting with them before calling the meeting to order and launching forthwith into his address. For down the left cheek of the Reverend William Meade Bolton was a fresh, red scar, long and unpleasant to behold; and above his left eye was a bruise, small, but beautifully iridescent, which gave a grotesquely leering emphasis to a message otherwise solemn and inspirational.

How the dear ladies did flutter about him when he appeared with anxious inquiry, with lively sympathy, and, one may be sure, with burning curiosity as to the cause of the shockingly unministerial facial blemishes!

"Just a slight accident, my dear Mrs. Henderson," he explained graciously, albeit quite too nonchalantly for that plump little lady's satisfaction.

"A motor car started with a lurch and threw me headfirst against the front seat. Thank you for your interest, Mrs. Mattson, but really it doesn't pain me at all."

"Pray, don't let it distress you, Mrs. Doran! How are the children?"

But to no one of them did he vouchsafe the information that the motor car referred to was one in which he was pretending to officiate at the marriage of Kitty Darling, favorite of the silver

screen in many small-run movie emporiums, and Bruce Barnsworthy, beloved of flappers and emotional fat ladies who should have known better.

Nor did he explain that detail to Martha when he saw her alone for a while that evening; Cecelia, wise little minx, delayed her arrival in the drawing-room a full half hour. Altogether, it was a most trying thirty minutes. For Martha was solicitous and insistent almost to the point at which, had her fiancé not been a clergyman, she might have accused him of trying to deceive her by hiding something terribly dark and ignominious.

So when Cecelia did join them, it was a relief to the Reverend Billy, though he had to repeat for her benefit the explanations he had already given Martha. Again he was forced to decline an invitation to motor with them the next day, this time to the country club a few miles west of Blackstone. Whereupon the outraged Martha all but arose in her wrath and despair to slay him and their engagement. It was, the Reverend Billy reflected as he walked disconsolately homeward, a powerful lesson in the futility and the inevitable results of deception—a veritable little sermon in itself.

Fortunately, no further imprint of the day's work fastened itself upon the countenance of the young curate, unless it was the effects upon him of the rapidly widening breach between Martha and himself, a breach he tried his best to bridge by assuring her that at the right moment she would understand all about it; and certainly she, wonderful girl that she was, strove nobly, though sadly, to take him at his word and to patiently await the end of this tiresome "business" which had come between them.

Came a Sunday, with its morning and evening services at which, owing to the enforced absence of the rector, Doctor T. Doremus Twombly, the young curate

officiated. Martha attended the morning service, but, contrary to her usual custom, was not in her family pew at evening prayer. Recognition of individuals in the congregation was comparatively easy, from lectern or pulpit, for about a dozen rows back from the chancel, and the Reverend Billy was distracted, indeed, by his failure to locate Martha in her accustomed place.

At the conclusion of the service he quickly doffed his stole and cotta and, wearing only the black cassock, hurried to the front door of the church to bid farewell to regular attendants and to welcome any strangers who might have been present.

When he took his position by the door, then, indeed, did his distraction at Martha's absence take flight. In its place came consternation, a sickening apprehension, downright panic. With reason, too. For, standing a little to one side and obviously waiting for him, was a no-less-terrible person than Bruce Barnsworthy.

For a moment the Reverend Billy hoped the soaring arches of the roof would crash upon him. His sins were heaped upon his head, he felt, and, like the scapegoat of old, naught but a wilderness was ahead of him. However, his impulse was not to fly, for always it came to him by instinct to stand his ground. But he did decide that he would not recognize the movie actor until the last of his congregation had left. Barnsworthy, too, made no move to speak to him, but remained well back from the exit, pretending to be vastly interested in architecture and stained-glass windows.

Presently the hour had come. The Reverend Billy turned to exclaim in noncommittal, formal tones, "How do you do? I am glad to see you!"—just as he would have to any stranger under such circumstances—when the movie actor stepped forward and extended his hand.

"Well, I thought I wasn't mistaken. Mr—er—is it Smith?" He was smiling pleasantly, politely, and with no innuendo in either expression or tone. "At first I thought it just couldn't be true. I wandered in here quite by chance; had trouble with my carburetor, left my car in a garage at the corner, and was moved to come here while it was being fixed. Imagine my surprise! No wonder, my dear doctor, you've looked the part at rehearsal."

The "dear doctor" smiled back at him. Something told him Barnsworthy was a good fellow and that frankness was his best weapon of defense. He shook hands with him cordially.

"In justice to my calling, I suppose I owe you an explanation," he said. "Especially since I must ask you to say nothing about having seen me here. Money is needed for a very worthy purpose, a project of my own—not my congregation's—needed badly." The Reverend Billy was choosing his words carefully, precisely. "I knew no other way of raising the funds than to accept the offer Mr. Vogel made me. You see, I met him quite by chance on a train, and he asked me to substitute for an actor who had been taken ill very suddenly. At first, of course, the idea seemed preposterous; St. Anne's is a conservative old parish. But—well, the need was great and the—er—a—the cause a worthy one. So, I argued, why shouldn't I?"

"To be sure! Why not? Believe me, doctor——"

"No, just Mr. Bolton."

"Believe me, if more of our ministers had your business sense, some of us heathens might think a lot more of them. May I ask how much Vogel is paying you?"

"Certainly. Twenty dollars a day."

"What! Why, the old bloodsucker! But I shouldn't be surprised, not at all. It's an outrage. Do you realize, doctor, that twenty dollars a day is just

about one hundred a week? Absurd, simply ridiculous—for your rôle! But I suppose he knows you are a minister, and therefore not interested in or deserving of real money."

The Reverend Billy grinned.

"Yes, he does. But I'm not complaining about that. I made a bargain with him for twenty dollars a day, with a guarantee of a minimum of ten days; for the sum I need amounts to exactly two hundred dollars. So I'm content."

"Humph! It's your affair, of course, but that damn—I mean that darn—Vogel would rob your collection plate if he thought he could get away with it. Why, just because you are a minister he's literally blackmailing you into accepting such pay. It's contemptible, I tell you! Would you like me to speak to him? I'll tell him what's what!"

"Indeed, no! Please do not even think of such a thing."

"You see, doctor, it would be the easiest thing in the world. You have him right now where he's got to submit. Rehearsals are on, they'll be 'shooting' soon, and he can't find another man for your rôle in a hurry. Don't you see? You've got him!"

"No, no, no!" the Reverend Billy insisted. "Please, Mr. Barnsworthy. I am content, as I've told you. Besides, I am honor bound to fulfill my agreement with Mr. Vogel. No one in the company, except you and Mr. Vogel, knows my identity. He has promised not to divulge it, and I am quite certain you will give me the same assurance. Thank you, I knew you would. As I told you, I want this money for a very worthy cause, and two hundred is precisely the sum needed, so——"

"All right, just as you say. When I meet you to-morrow you'll be Smith again, rest assured of that. But, darn it all, I hate to see that leech get away with a stunt like this! Why, confound him, he thinks he is greater than any star in the game, and the only genius

he can recognize is his own! He doesn't even know the real thing when he sees it. Well, I'm keeping you. Glad to know you, doctor. I liked you from the start. I think a whole lot more of parsons now than I did!"

But the Reverend Billy shook his head sadly as he walked back down the aisle to his little study. Matters were becoming terribly complicated, he thought. He felt he had been almost rash in the venture. While there was nothing wrong in what he was doing, still it was a violation of precedent, of rock-ribbed convention. But Martha must have her ring! She must!

Then came the day. The day of days, in fact, when it seemed that all his world tumbled down upon him. It happened so swiftly, so unexpectedly, that he could scarcely realize what had happened.

They were "shooting" several scenes in the picture. The Reverend Billy and Kitty Darling and Bruce Barnsworthy were in the speeding auto being married, with the irate father pursuing, according to schedule. But, on this particular



"I've been married to you in so many films that, positively, I feel I may be arrested for bigamy at any moment."

morning, there had been a change in route which he did not notice until, suddenly, the machines wheeled into the entrance to the country club, a few miles beyond Blackstone. With the cameras clicking away, they shot past the broad veranda of the clubhouse. The passing took but a few seconds, of course, but the roadway was close to the clubhouse, and Martha was on the veranda, playing bridge.

She recognized the Reverend Billy as he was whirled by. And he caught a glimpse of her staring, aghast.

In the ministry a man automatically develops a certain amount of poise, of self-confidence, of ability to meet and handle unexpected situations. The Reverend Billy had done so to a degree remarkably successful in one so young in service. But, with that fleeting glimpse of Martha on the club veranda, a strange thing happened to him. Suddenly he seemed to slough off all his ministerial poise, to become almost panic-stricken.

Standing in the swaying motor car, with his hand upon the joined hands of Kitty and Bruce, he suffered an amazing mental lapse. For, instead of voicing the makeshift, mock marriage ceremony agreed upon—words, chiefly words to make the acting more spirited—he plunged right into the heart of the beautiful wedding ritual of his church, which, of course, he long since had memorized. And, when he came to his full senses again, he heard himself repeating the words:

"I pronounce you man and wife. Whom God hath joined together——"

He stopped, aghast. All thought of Martha vanished in an instant. His mind leaped to grasp the possible significance of his words. Frantically he strove to sift the true results of his deed from those conjured into being by his shocked imagination. Had he, or had he not, joined in wedlock Kitty Darling and Bruce Barnsworthy?

He shivered. His knees grew weak, and his head throbbed. For the first time in his life the Reverend Billy knew fear, real fear. What he had done—if, indeed, he had done it—could not be undone!

How he managed to finish the scene, to enact the remainder of his rôle in the speeding auto until the cameras had ceased clicking and the machines had stopped, he did not know. But he did it.

His brain cleared, and he saw it all in a flash. How absurd of him to have given way to such panic! Of course the ceremony was not binding. It couldn't be, for no marriage license had been obtained from the clerk of the court! The license used was, of course, a mere form, just a stage property. A hundred wedding ceremonies read over a couple by a hundred ministers would not be legal without a duly sworn license from the proper court official. What a relief! What a wonderful feeling of joy, of release! And he realized what a terrible shock the seeing of Martha, or rather the knowledge that she had seen him, had been!

The three actors climbed out of the machine and sauntered down the road a bit, welcoming the change from the swaying, jolting car and the opportunity of treading again upon the ground. Kitty Darling adjusted a hairpin or two, through meticulous habit, no doubt, for she had taken every precaution that not a single hair should be jolted out of place for the camera to record. Barnsworthy was in high spirits. Indeed, he was absurdly gay and frolicsome; yet with it all was a certain manifest undercurrent of excitement, of intensity, as though he had something of tremendous import to tell them, but did not know quite how to begin.

"Well, my dear lady, we are married at last!" he exclaimed nervously.

"Oh, Bruce, what a bore you are! Can't you think of something new to

say? Every time you spring that old chestnut. Really, my dear, I've been married to you in so many films that, positively, I feel I may be arrested for bigamy at any moment."

"But Kitty, my dear Kitty, this time it's true!" There was something electric in his voice, a certain note which swung both Kitty Darling and the Reverend Billy about to face him in amazement. His expression proclaimed his earnestness, his sincerity.

"Mr. Smith, here," he said to Kitty slowly, nervously, "isn't Mr. Smith at all. He's Doctor Bolton and—and he's a minister, a real minister, Kitty. And, my dear, he's just married us!"

"What! Bruce, what do you mean?" Kitty Darling was registering successively bewilderment, amazement, doubt, alarm, in a way which, could she have done so at will, might have made her the emotional genius of the silver screen. "What *are* you saying? Are you crazy? Smith, what is he talking about? Are—are you a minister? I don't believe it! Bruce, I've had quite enough of this very poor joke!"

The Reverend Billy tried to speak. He wanted to tell it all in a single sentence. But there was so much to explain. So he laughed. Not that he felt any merriment, but it was better than standing there as one stricken dumb. Physically and ministerially his nerves were decidedly on edge.

His laugh enraged the fair Kitty.

"That will be quite all from you, Smith!" she snapped at him. "This—is what comes of being pleasant to mere 'extras.' Bruce—Bruce Barnsworthy—I've had more than enough of this!"

"But, Kitty, I tell you it is true! Smith is a minister. I heard him preach last Sunday in his own church! Ask him; he'll tell you it's true."

"Yes," said the Reverend Billy quietly, "it is true, Miss Darling. I am the curate at St. Anne's, at Maplewood.

I was called upon by Mr. Vogel in an emergency to play this rôle. But—please bear with me just a moment—Mr. Barnsworthy is mistaken in one point. I did not marry you two just now. There is no license. And a wedding cannot be legally performed without a license. So——"

"Excuse me!" Barnsworthy exclaimed in a tone of mingled triumph and desperation. "But there is a license. Look! This one we used in the picture is the real thing. See, it has your name, Kitty, your real name, and mine, duly filled in and sworn to. I had to guess about your age, but a woman's correct age in a marriage license is a small matter. I'm tired of your putting me off the way you've been doing. You know perfectly well you said you'd marry me some time, but always some time! So I saw this fine opportunity to make it now, and I got the license yesterday. You will find it all duly recorded in the clerk's office, with the name of Doctor Bolton as the officiating minister. Now, my dear, please be sensible about it."

"Smith—Doctor!" Kitty Darling was registering genuine emotion. "Is this true? Am I married—legally married?"

The Reverend Billy swallowed hard, pathetically.

"To be frank with you, Miss Darling, I do not know, exactly. It's a question for a lawyer. That is, if you wish to make an issue of it. But—well—you are, perhaps, if you want to be, and you're not if you don't want to be."

"What *are* you saying? What foolishness! I am if I am, and I'm not if I'm not! What *do* you mean?"

"My dear lady, I can only give you my opinion, a muddled one at best. You see, no license fraudulently imposed upon a clergyman or upon one of the contracting parties, especially upon one who does not know even of its existence and who, as in this case, thought



"Martha!" The Reverend Billy staggered toward her.

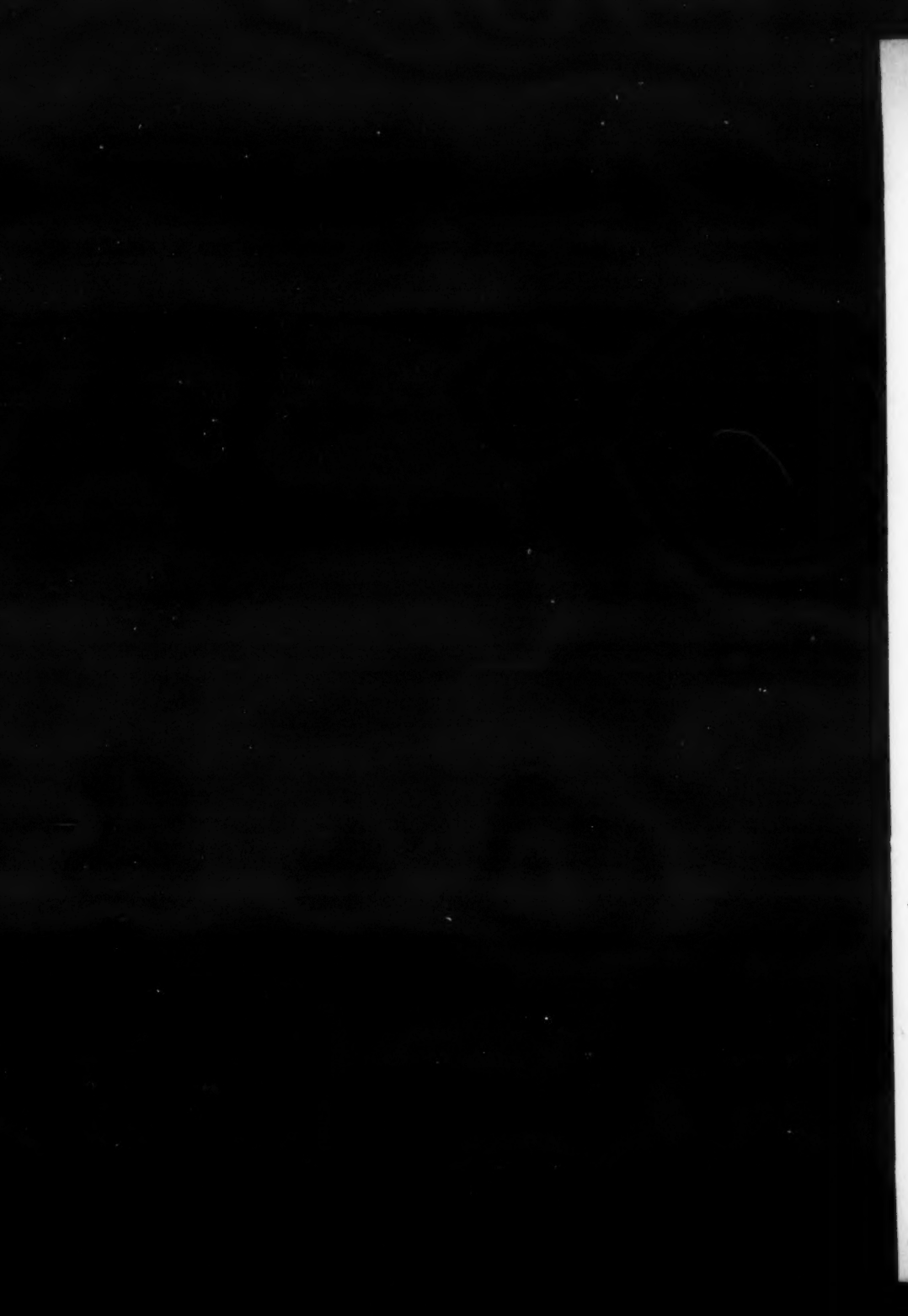
the ceremony merely a mock one staged for the movies, can be binding, it seems to me. My argument is involved, I'm afraid, but I trust you see what I have in mind."

"Now, doctor," Barnsworthy interrupted, "you don't mean quite that, do you? If she doesn't object now—now that it's all over with—if she's willing to let the license stand as it is, then it must be all perfectly regular and binding, isn't it?"

"Binding!" Kitty was horrified. "That's what I object to! I couldn't be bound to anybody, Bruce Barnsworthy, I just couldn't! It would ruin my art! The mere thought of such a thing would make me feel I'd promised to obey you and——"

"That is just what you have done, Miss Darling," the Reverend Billy interposed, "if this marriage is a legal one."

"Then that settles it! It's all off!



I'm not married to you, Bruce; right here and now I say I'm not! Give me that license. I'll tear it up! I won't be imposed upon in this fashion! I won't. I believe you schemed all this with this horrible Mr.—er—a—minister person!"

"Kitty, please, please! Don't get so excited about it, my dear girl. Try it for a while, anyway. You've never been married before, you know. You might like it, my dear. And if you don't, well—one doesn't have to stay married these days. You've said you'd marry me, said it a hundred times, but you've just been putting it off. Now that you are, why not be a sport? Besides, I say you are my wife, no matter what you say; if the worst comes to worst, you'll have to sue me for a divorce, or a separation, or whatever it is you'd have to sue for, to get rid of me. And all this mix-up would come out at the trial, and there'd be the Dickens of a mess. Be reasonable, Kitty, be reasonable, my dear!"

"Bruce! Oh, Bruce!" Kitty Darling's eyes were agleam, her sudden smile beatific. In all sincerity she was registering ecstasy, joyous enthusiasm. "Get Jimmy Dean right away, by phone! Tell him all about it. It's wonderful, positively wonderful! Just think what it will mean to both of us, dear!"

An answering gleam shone in Barnsworthy's eyes, but for a moment only. He shook his head, and glanced at the Reverend Billy with troubled gaze.

"No, Kitty, my dear, no. That wouldn't be right. You see——"

"What wouldn't be right?" the young clergyman asked quickly. "Who is Jimmy Dean? Couldn't you trust him? Is he a relation of yours, Miss Darling?"

"Oh, no! He's my publicity representative."

"Good heavens!" The Reverend Billy simply couldn't censor the ejacu-
2—Smi.

lation. It came straight from the heart.

"And he'll plaster this over every newspaper in the country! Oh, Bruce darling, it's simply wonderful! I know you, as a gentleman, will let me be interviewed about it first!"

"Your publicity representative?" Distinctly the Reverend Billy wobbled on his feet; distinctly so.

"Columns of it! Bruce, my dear, Jimmy will be simply wild with joy. He's always asking me how I can expect him to get write-ups in the newspapers when I give him nothing to write about. And my picture! I'll use that latest 'still' of me—the one you think's so artistic, dear. Isn't it romantic, Bruce, oh, isn't it! Why, it's just like a movie itself! And to think you're a real minister, Mr.—er—a—Doctor Smith!"

"My dear lady!" There was something sobering, something dreadfully chilling, depressing, commanding in the Reverend Billy's tone. "That is quite impossible. I am sorry, indeed, to spoil your plans, but there will be no publicity, none whatever. Do you realize that the publication of such a story would ruin me? That in the eyes of many of my parishioners I would be disgraced?"

"But it's true, isn't it, doctor? You put yourself in this position, didn't you? Is it my fault? Why shouldn't I take advantage of this wonderful opportunity for thousands of dollars' worth of free advertising? Besides, it serves you and Bruce just right for fixing up this thing on me. So there!"

The Reverend Billy regarded her searchingly, quietly.

"Surely, Miss Darling," he said in measured tones, "one so beautiful as you could not be as heartless as all that. I cannot believe that you are all moving-picture star."

Kitty Darling tossed her head impatiently.

"Then I shall have no recourse, my

dear lady, but to tell the truth. I shall admit my participation in the making of this picture, and tell why I did so—an explanation, I assure you, which will not reflect credit upon the personnel of the moving-picture world. And I shall explain how the license was fraudulently obtained, and see that the proper authorities take cognizance of that fact. Do you wish Mr. Barnsworthy to go to jail? I shall insist that there was no ceremony; that I was imposed upon. I shall maintain that I am being black-mailed by you and Mr. Barnsworthy; that I am merely the victim of two film schemers. You will find yourself in the position of claiming to be married by a clergyman who denies that he did so. And—I am not vindictive, my dear lady—but in self-defense I shall have to sue you for damages to my reputation.”

Kitty Darling was laughing joyously. “Delicious, doctor, simply delicious! With every word you say you make it better! Don’t you see that is precisely what I want? Think, oh, think of the controversy that will be waged in print! I’ll deny what you say, and then you’ll call me a fibber, and then I—oh, can’t you just see the papers eating it up, as Jimmy would say!”

“Now, Kitty,” Bruce interposed sternly, “you’ve carried this far enough. The doctor is right. You know you couldn’t do a thing like that. And, if you could, I couldn’t be a party to it. I would side with him. Doctor, she’s just making fun of you. She isn’t that kind of a woman at all. I think she’s merely trying to punish both of us, because she believes we fixed up this thing on her.”

“But she wants the publicity, there’s no doubt about that,” the Reverend Billy said gravely. “Evidently she is not willing to forgo it. I dislike reminding you, Mr. Barnsworthy, of your promise to me last Sunday at church not to divulge my identity. You broke that promise when you told Miss Darling

and gave her my name. I shall expect you, as a matter of fair play, man to man, to stand by me in this matter.”

“I will, doctor; you may count upon that. I want Miss Darling—the Lord knows I do—but I am a man of my word. I’ll deny everything, if necessary. But I know Miss Darling doesn’t really mean what she is saying.”

“Oh, darn it all, Bruce, somebody’s always taking all the joy out of my life!” Miss Kitty’s irritation was not assumed. “You’re trying to boss me already. I tell you, I won’t be bossed; I won’t! I’m entirely too temperamental to stand—who is this coming? Look!”

A snappy little motor car flashed around the bend in the road and came to a lurching stop with the brakes grinding hard. At the wheel, flushed, determined, inquiring, sat an exceedingly pretty girl. Her hat was a little awry, her hair wind-blown, her eyes flashing.

“Martha!” The Reverend Billy staggered toward her.

“Yes, William?” There was in her tone a world of meaning, of significant promise of similarly authoritative, disciplinary utterances in future. “What is the meaning of all this? I can see, of course, that moving pictures are being made; when you dashed by the clubhouse I jumped into my car and followed you—to make certain it was indeed you, William. But what have you to do with moving pictures?”

“I’m a clergyman, my dear, and——”

“Oh, you are? Why, William, I feared you had forgotten that fact!”

“I mean I am in the movies. That is, I’m playing the part of a clergyman in this picture,” the Reverend Billy persisted valiantly. “I—I needed the money, Martha; needed it for a very, very important purpose.”

“But think, William, think! What will the people of St. Anne’s say about this? You, a clergyman, their curate, dashing about the countryside in broad

daylight with moving-picture actresses and——"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! It is very negligent of me, I am sure." The ministerially sociable instinct, strong in his make-up, asserted itself instantly. "Martha, I want you to meet my friends—Miss Darling, Mr. Barnsworthy! My fiancée, Miss Mills!"

There was a moment of silence, of awkward reserve, of hesitation. Then Martha smiled.

"Miss Kitty Darling?" she asked pleasantly. "I am very glad to meet you. I liked you so much in your last picture. And Mr. Barnsworthy! Yes, I recognize you now."

"You're engaged to the doctor! How interesting!" Miss Kitty exclaimed, almost simultaneously, in her best society manner. "Pleased to meet you, Miss Mills. Always pleased to meet any one who is kind enough to remember me on the screen. The doctor has been telling us all about you, my dear——"

"Kitty!" There was no mistaking the significance of Mr. Barnsworthy's peremptory admonition.

"That is!"—Kitty hastened to correct herself—"he hasn't exactly been telling us, but——"

The Reverend Billy stepped forward determinedly. His signal to carry the ball, as it were, had been given, and he was in the mood to plunge into the line, so to speak, with the ferocious faith of a crusader.

"I think that is precisely the trouble. I haven't told you about Miss Mills, and I haven't told her about you and the making of this picture. Let me speak for a moment or two, please, and I think the situation will be clearer for all of us."

"First of all," he continued, facing Martha, "I was offered the opportunity of appearing in this picture by the director, whom I met on the train to New York the day Cecelia arrived. He needed a minister for the picture and, my dear, he offered me twenty dollars

a day, with a guarantee of ten days' employment. I needed the money desperately, Martha, so I accepted."

"But, William, you are a clergyman," Martha protested.

"Yes, but I fail to see where there is anything degrading in toil, anything disgraceful in a clergyman earning an honest dollar. I am not trying to justify myself, for I am quite aware that my actions are open to criticism on certain grounds. I am trying, however, to explain my decision. And my best argument is that I needed two hundred dollars more than I've ever before needed money."

"Father would have loaned it to you, William. Or I would have."

"To buy your engagement ring! Impossible!" The Reverend Billy hadn't intended to say it, but he did so before he realized what he was saying.

"My—my engagement ring?"

The Reverend Billy's jaw squared. Kitty Darling, instinctively, with the first touch of romance in the air, had drawn a step or two nearer, and Bruce Barnsworthy, all unconsciously, was registering intense interest and a firm intention of "standing by his pal."

"You see," the Reverend Billy continued, including the movie actors in his appeal, "my salary as a clergyman always has been so pitifully small that I've managed to save but five hundred dollars. So, after Miss Mills and I became engaged, the other week, I found that the very lowest price at which I could purchase a suitable engagement ring was about seven hundred dollars. Hence, when the opportunity of earning two hundred in a few weeks came to me—well, you can see for yourselves what it meant to me."

"Oh, Billy, dear!"

"I took it. That, Martha, is why I am in the movies."

"Billy, you dear, foolish boy!"

"And now, Miss Darling," the Reverend Billy continued sternly, "I trust

you see another reason why this matter must end here and now. Surely you must realize that, with my engagement as additional incentive to protect myself, I shall fight you to the last ditch."

"Fight? Fight me! Why, doctor, if you weren't a minister I'd throw my arms around your neck and kiss you—right before your fiancée, too! Bruce Barnsworthy, if only you'd done something romantic like that for me, I'd have married you long ago!"

"I have, Kitty, I have! Can't you see that I got this license without asking you, without even consulting the doctor about it! Just did it on a fool hope that you would let it stand, once you faced a real minister with me. Say, doctor, how about it? Are we or are we not married? You haven't settled that point yet, you know."

Kitty Darling rushed over to Martha and flung her arms around her.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed dramatically, "I do so need a woman's advice! Please let me tell you all about this misunderstanding we are in. I am so temperamental that I must rely upon the judgment of a woman who can see things clearly—especially one who is to be the wife of a minister!"

An hour later, in the rectory of St. Anne's, discussion of the legality of the marriage in the flying auto was settled for all time by the Reverend Billy. With Martha and the housekeeper as witnesses, Kitty Darling became, in private life, Mrs. Bruce Barnsworthy.

Jimmy Dean was reached by telephone to spread the glad tidings—duly expurgated of the first questionable

marriage and the Reverend Billy's part in it—through his favorite mediums.

The bridal couple left behind them an envelope with a message which read:

DEAR DOCTOR: Kitty and I inclose a slight token of our appreciation of you and of what you have done for us. I once heard a sermon about God moving in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. I believe it, but even now I can't realize that it worked with Kitty. The inclosed isn't much of a wedding fee, considering what I got along with the ceremony, but both of us hope it will help on the ring for Miss Mills. Kitty insisted on writing the check, but half of it is from me—I might as well get used to being bossed first as last, I suppose. We won't say a word about you on location, so don't worry. The best of luck to both of you.

KITTY AND BRUCE.

Inclosed was a check for two hundred dollars.

The Reverend Billy gave a sigh of relief which sounded like a benediction. Gravely he placed his arm around Martha, and handed her the check.

"Your first wedding fee, my dear," he said. "Wedding fees, you know, always belong to the parson's wife."

Martha snuggled closer against the clerical collar.

"Thank you, Billy, dear, but we will add this to the two hundred you earn from the picture, and buy my ring. Your five hundred will stay just where it is. We must begin right. You know, my dear, I've always been just crazy about the movies, but I never thought I'd marry a movie actor."

"You will not!" the Reverend Billy exclaimed with fervor. "Once out of this picture, never again! I repent, my dear, in sackcloth and ashes. You will have to be satisfied with a clergyman."



As *the* Law Exacts

By Rothvin Wallace

Author of "Buster Busts in Bohemia," "Black Art," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. A. FURMAN

Put yourself in the prisoner's place. Spence did it without intending to.

WHEN J. Nathan Spence read the strange communication which had come to him in the morning mail he frowned and pressed the buzzer for his secretary.

"What do you make of this thing, Wilson?" he asked crisply.

Wilson took the printed form from his employer's hand and ran his eye over it quickly.

"Why, sir," he said, in a tone of surprise, "it's a summons for jury duty. You are commanded to appear——"

"'Commanded to appear,' indeed!" J. Nathan Spence's voice snapped with vexation. "Who dares to command me to appear, and where, and for what purpose?"

"This comes from the commissioner of jurors of the county. You are required to present yourself before him for service on the jury."

"Huh!" J. Nathan Spence, power in finance, was not accustomed to receiving commands from anybody. "I thought," he said, "they always had tradesmen and such people take care of those matters. Anyway, you telephone to this impertinent official, tell him that I am engaged in important matters and cannot be bothered with his affairs."

"Yes, sir," replied Wilson obediently, and went out.

J. Nathan Spence therewith dismissed the subject from his mind, turning his thoughts to the promotion of a certain bond issue which involved many

millions of dollars. He was absorbed in a mass of figures when, fifteen minutes later, Wilson glided noiselessly into the private office and awaited recognition.

"Well?" asked the boss curtly.

"I had Mr. McDermott on the telephone, and I am afraid he is a bit arbitrary," said the secretary.

"McDermott? Who——"

"The commissioner of jurors. I delivered your message as politely as I could, and he replied that if you did not present yourself at his office by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, there would be a bench warrant issued for you, and you would be brought in by an officer."

"What?" The face of J. Nathan Spence grew purple with rage. "Why, the impudent pup! I—I——" The financier choked back his wrath. "Call my personal lawyer—Browning—and have him attend to this insolent fellow."

"Yes, sir," replied Wilson obediently.

That settled the matter, of course. J. Nathan Spence, emperor of finance, had lieutenants who could settle anything. All he had to do was to tell them what to do and supply the money. He had learned that trick from his father, founder of the great house of Spence & Company—always to have competent lieutenants to execute the detail work. It left his mind free to plan the bigger things. And, at forty-two, he had proved himself the worthy son of a shrewd sire. As head of the house since

his father's death, he had carried on in a way which would have made the old man proud. He was master of the greatest power on earth—money.

Unconsciously, perhaps, he had grown arrogant and callous. Many men who deal only in money become that way, but J. Nathan Spence probably was more arrogant and callous than the rest, because he was bigger and more powerful than the rest. True, he gave liberally to various charities, he maintained a pew in church, he had a splendid art collection and an ample library. But these things, too, were in the hands of competent lieutenants. His thoughts and energies were centered on money and more money. It was his living god. Only by vicarious service, therefore, could he think of such a plebeian task as jury duty. If the petty official should insist, he would send one of his competent lieutenants.

It was an hour later when Wilson again entered the austere mahogany sanctum, to announce Browning, the lawyer.

"What does he want? Can't you attend to him?" frowned Spence.

"It is about that jury matter, sir. Mr. Browning says it is important that he see you for a few minutes."

The shrewd lawyer, however, brought no comfort to the great financier.

"McDermott, this new commissioner of jurors, is insistent that you appear, Mr. Spence," he said. "My powers of persuasion were useless with him. I can't reach him any other way, because he is swollen with ideas of reform. One of the morning newspapers, you know, has been conducting a campaign to compel men of higher standing to serve on the juries, and McDermott seems to be heartily in accord with the proposal. It is absurd, of course, but——"

"What will happen if I ignore this summons?" interposed the financier.

"Why, a bench warrant might be is-

sued for your arrest—probably would be, in your case, for the sake of the moral effect on the community—and you would be fined or imprisoned for contempt, at the discretion of the court."

J. Nathan Spence slammed his large fist on the desk and ground out an oath.

"All right," he growled. "I'll go to see this fellow. I'll show him that he can't interfere with the workings of big business when there are plenty of idle men willing to serve on his juries."

But the great financier gained no comfort, either, from the "insolent" commissioner of jurors. McDermott was very polite to his distinguished visitor, but met his bluster with a calm firmness.

"Your name, Mr. Spence," he explained, "was drawn in the usual manner, and there can be no favor shown because of your business connections. As a matter of fact, there are few men who care to serve on juries. It is no greater hardship on you than on the small merchant or mechanic, and, relatively, the monetary loss is no greater. If you are of sound mind and your hearing and eyesight and health are good, and you have no personal bias regarding the cases you may be called on to help decide, you must serve. Indeed, in my opinion, absolute justice would be better administered if more men of your degree of mentality sat in the jury boxes."

"Huh!" grunted J. Nathan Spence at the doubtful compliment.

Strangely, however, the truth of the commissioner's words impressed the great financier. He was a man given to quick judgments, and, usually, accurate ones. In that moment, his attitude changed somewhat. He dismissed the thought of enlisting his tremendous "pull" to relieve him of this duty, and decided that he would serve, without further quibble.

"Very well, Mr. McDermott," he said abruptly. "I shall report at nine in the morning, day after to-morrow."

Having so decided, Spence set his mind at ease and began to shape his plans accordingly. The newspapers were his only intervening annoyance. Of course, they got the story, and, of course, they made front-page material of it. The fact that J. Nathan Spence was to serve on a criminal jury was a news novelty of the first magnitude.

Like most men, Spence was inclined to balk at the unusual—at anything which tended to disturb the machine regularity of his daily routine. He arose about eight, breakfasted at nine, arrived at his office at ten, went to his club at five, and dined—occasionally with his wife—at seven. His evenings were devoted to social affairs or dinners, usually of a business or patriotic flavor. But, also like most men, when the inevitable did disturb the routine, he made quick readjustment of the machine and set his gear accordingly. Consequently, as the time approached for him to perform the extraordinary service that the county had imposed on him, he began to regard the forthcoming experience with eager interest. Indeed, he took on a certain sense of pride in the matter. They wanted men of high caliber to sit on juries. Well, he would show them. He would give them all they were looking for.

As he entered the dim corridor of the musty old Criminal Courts Building, a battery of newspaper photographers leveled their cameras at him and one had the temerity to set off a flash light. Spence smiled and passed on. It seemed, in fact, that he had got away from himself, was off on a rare holiday. Unconsciously, he felt the humanizing effect of the scenes being enacted about him. Before a dingy window a round, little lawyer was squabbling with a client over the size of his fee; farther down the corridor a woman was cry-

ing. She held a baby in her arms, and two small children were clinging to her skirts. Opposite were half a dozen overdressed women, chattering loudly about the details of a divorce scandal. He passed a group of excited Italians, and contrasted them with the stoic Chinese, engaged in a dignified conversation around a dusty radiator.

It was a strange setting for J. Nathan Spence, the great financier, but, somehow, he felt as if he were one of them. It rather pleased him that, since he had left the newspaper men behind, nobody seemed to recognize him. Down in the Street his passage was marked by nods and nudges and awed glances. Here he was just one of the people.

He inquired his way to the jury room, and found there a human assortment almost as odd as that which he had beheld in the corridors. Many persons were smoking, some were chewing tobacco, and all seemed to be talking, as though they had been on terms of friendship for years.

"And they yanked ye in, too?" remarked a red-haired Irishman, by way of introduction. "Bad luck to him, takin' a man from his trade for the likes o' this, at the cost of seven dollars a day to him—and me with a woman and five kids to support. But ye're a man o' business, maybe, and 'twill cost ye more."

"Pretty tough, isn't it?" replied Spence, in an effort to be agreeable.

The deputy commissioner of jurors placed the names of the talesmen present in his wheel, and proceeded to draw the trial jury for the case before the court. It was a murder case—a plain, sordid case of the East Side, without, apparently, anything to distinguish it from others of its kind. Tony Mazzini, a prosperous dealer in fancy fruits, stood accused of having slain Carlo Luiga, with whom his wife admittedly had eloped. The name of J. Nathan Spence was the seventh

drawn, and an unaccustomed thrill went through him at the thought that he was about to sit in judgment on the life of a fellow man. Why, it was a grave responsibility—to decide whether another human creature should live or die. It was a duty worthy of the clearest mind and highest sense of justice.

"Well, Mr. Spence," ventured a man who stood beside him, "we have one thing in our favor. It is the custom of the court to dismiss a murder jury as soon as it has rendered its verdict, and it should not take us long to decide this case. Better than to have to sit day after day hearing petty robbery and assault cases. And I can't spare even a day from my practice."

"One can spare anything, if he has to," replied Spence curtly. The man who had addressed him, he learned, was a Doctor Pierson.

Several of the talesmen who had been drawn were challenged, for one reason or another, and retired. Then they elected a foreman. They chose Tim Moriarity, boss of an East Side assembly district, because of his obvious familiarity with jury duty. It was only then that the true identity of J. Nathan Spence became known to his fellow jurors. Somebody recognized him, and the word went around in whispers. He became uncomfortably conscious that he was their cynosure and the subject of much subdued conversation. As a man of the people, this annoyed him. As a demigod of the power of money, he was accustomed to it. The difference struck him as strange.

The excitement of the murder case, however, soon dissipated his self-consciousness. The court routine that, to others more seasoned, was tedious boredom, became of vital interest to juror number seven. The sharp, quick tones of the clerk, as he called the case of the people against Tony Mazzini, quickened his pulse. He gazed long and searchingly at the prisoner. It was the first

time he ever had seen a potential murderer, and he was impressed by the fact that he looked much like other men. He was a good-looking, well-dressed Italian of perhaps thirty-five, and looked less like a slayer than many who had crowded into the courtroom to witness his fight for life. It was all very, very strange, and Spence felt as if he had been transported suddenly into another world—a world where human emotions supplanted clinking money.

Except to this juror number seven, the procedure was cut and dried. The prosecuting attorney presented the case of the people, assuming, at the outset, that Tony was guilty of a heinous crime. He called, as his first witness, the detective who had arrested Tony; he presented, in evidence, the knife with which the deed had been done and a bloodstained coat worn by Tony at the time of the killing. He offered a sworn statement by Maria Mazzini, the dashing, dark-eyed wife of the defendant, to the effect that Tony had pursued her to the home that Carlo Luiga had made for her, and there, in her presence, and in cold blood, had plunged the knife deep into his rival's back.

Oh, the case was complete for the prosecution! But, despite this array of evidence, juror number seven gazed doubtfully at the prisoner, and heard, in memory, his gentle answer to the charge: "Not guilty." He thought he could read men, did juror number seven, and, in Tony Mazzini's face, he saw the eyes of a dreamer. Perhaps there was a little avarice, but that was common. It was a soft face, sad and almost beautiful in repose. It held none of the fear of the hunted, such as one might expect to see in the face of a murderer in the dock. It was not sympathy, exactly, that J. Nathan Spence felt for this Italian fruit vender accused of murder, but there was an intangible something that flashed between them. The pris-

oner looked his way, and their eyes met. And Spence felt a pleasurable thrill to note that there was no flinching in that steady gaze. Murderer or not, he was a man, was this Tony Mazzini. That was the judgment of juror number seven. But such an estimate could not influence the decision he must render as to the fellow's guilt. He was there to weigh evidence, not sentiment, and the evidence proclaimed Tony Mazzini to be a murderer.

The evidence. He must keep alive to the evidence, for the law exacts its penalty according to the evidence. He straightened up, eagerly alert, as the defense

"Aw, what's the use?" he muttered. "The wop's guilty."

Just then, however, the defense sprang a surprise on the prosecution. Tony's counsel called Maria Mazzini to the witness stand. She had been in hiding since the crime, but here she was,



In her broken English, and in a low, penetrating voice, Maria Mazzini told how she had loved and had been married to Tony.

prepared to battle for the life at stake. Incidentally, he kicked juror number nine, nodding beside him.

"Wake up," said Spence. "Your duty is to hear evidence."

No wonder they wanted men of higher caliber—men of more conscience and greater sense of responsibility—to sit on juries! Juror number nine glowered and blinked his eyes.

star-eyed and penitent, a pathetic figure as she told her story. And it was a vastly different story from that of her sworn deposition, entered in the court records by the prosecuting attorney. A stir of excitement ran among the many Italians in the courtroom, and the judge rapped his gavel impatiently.

In her broken English, and in a low, penetrating voice, Maria Mazzini told

how she had loved and had been married to Tony; how he had neglected her for his business. Always his business. Oh, yes, she had plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and diamonds, and could ride in taxicabs whenever she wished! But Tony never took her anywhere. He was always at his business, and she had no companionship. Then Luiga came to board with them. He was so different. With Tony's consent, he began taking her to the theaters. And then, by and by, after they had become very good friends, Tony grew jealous. He ordered Luiga from the house. And she felt that she could not live without Luiga. Luiga bade her elope with him, and she complied.

Luiga was not a rich man, like Tony. So she took her diamonds, of course, and two thousands dollars that Tony kept in the house. Then Tony found them. He came—not for her, but for his money. She might go, he said, but he demanded his two thousand dollars, which she had given to Luiga. Oh, there were angry words, and Luiga drew a knife! He tried to stab Tony. But her husband was the stronger. He bent Luiga's knife hand behind his back. Luiga could not strike. Then they fell, Tony on top, and the blade of Luiga's own knife was buried in his side, through the kidneys, by the impact on the floor. That was all. Oh, it was terrible, terrible!

The witness was sobbing; a hush fell upon the crowded courtroom, and the voice of the district attorney rasped harshly as he arose to "take the witness," on invitation of the counsel for the defense. But all of his tricks at the bar failed with the wife of the accused man. He tried sarcasm, he tried to bulldoze her, he threatened her with prosecution for perjury, he attempted cajolery, he sought to entangle her, to make her angry, to confuse her. All in vain. She held steadfastly to her story. Her earlier statement was false.

Yes, she had lied. She thought she had loved Luiga, and she was afraid of Tony then. Now it did not matter. She had told the truth, and was willing to abide the consequences.

Through it all, J. Nathan Spence, juror number seven, sat as if enthralled. It was a plain, common, sordid case, such as frequently comes before the criminal courts, but, somehow, it took hold of his mind, it absorbed him, as nothing but money hitherto had done. Perhaps that was it—money. Maybe that was the element which had fascinated him, had seemed to establish a bond between him and the man in the prisoner's dock. For behind the human drama loomed the love of money. Tony had not gone for his wife, but for his money. The killing had been merely incidental. And he had neglected his wife for his business. Always his business—and money. Why, that was his own daily habit of life! The similarity struck him with a shock of pained surprise. Suppose that he— But he must not think such thoughts.

Now the counsel for the defense was speaking—pleading to the jury for the life of the man who stood accused of murder. It was an eloquent plea that he made—more eloquent than the district attorney's harsh demand that the vengeance of the law descend upon the head of Tony Mazzini.

And while he was speaking, juror number seven had been repeating to himself: "The law exacts its penalty." The laws of habit, of life, had made their exactions of Tony Mazzini. They had chained him to his business—always his business. And his money. They had made him neglect his wife. And now the criminal law would exact his life as forfeit. And he, J. Nathan Spence, also was a slave to his business, to his money. If his wife—

He shuddered, and gave ear to the judge, who was making his charge to the jury. They, the twelve men, good

and true, had heard the testimony. If, in their good judgment, Tony Mazzini had visited Carlo Luiga with intent to kill, then it was their plain duty to render a verdict of murder in the first degree, which meant that Tony must pay the penalty of death. If they should decide that the killing was done on impulse, without premeditation, then their verdict must be of murder in the second degree, which imposed a sentence of from twenty years to life imprisonment. But if they should find the story of Maria Mazzini to be true, and Tony had acted in self-defense, then he should be declared not guilty. The fate of the accused man, then, was in their hands. Theirs was the responsibility to decide.

After these twelve good men and true had filed back into the jury room, there was a brief discussion of the evidence. Then the first ballot was taken. It showed four for first-degree murder, six for second-degree murder, and two for acquittal. And so it stood at the count of the eighth ballot.

"Aw, come on now, men," urged Foreman Moriarity, "let's get together! There ain't nothing in this case for anybody, and we don't want to be hanging around after dinner time, do we? It's a sure thing that the wop set out to croak Luiga, but let's give him the benefit of the doubt and make it second degree. If he's got pull enough, he can get a parole in five years or so."

"I think the man is innocent," said J. Nathan Spence quietly.

"You do? Well, say!" Moriarity laughed. "How do you figure it?"

"Why, his wife testified——"

"It's a joke," cut in Moriarity. "She was lying one time, and I think it was when she was on the stand. Ever hear of the Black Hand?"

"What I've read in the newspapers," replied Spence curtly. "What has that to do with it?"

"What has that to do with it?"

Moriarity had an annoying habit of laughing in a superior way. "Well, you ain't had as much experience with the East Side as I've had. Did you see a gang of wops in the courtroom?"

"Those Italians? Of course."

"Well, you can bet they was on the job to save Mazzini's bacon, if they could. They had an eye on the lady, and if she hadn't talked right, she'd have been meat for a stiletto before this time to-morrow—and she knew it."

"I don't believe that that kind of intimidation could be practiced in our courts," replied Spence stubbornly.

"All right," said the foreman with resignation. "We'll ballot again."

The count stood ten for second-degree murder, one for first, and one for acquittal. Plainly, the majority had been moved by the words of the foreman. It was equally obvious that Spence was the one who held out for acquittal. And Cardinelli, an Italian, it appeared, was the juror who remained firm in his desire to impose the penalty of death on his fellow countryman. Why? Had he some private grudge? Well, juror number seven was a firm man. Once set, his opinion could not be shaken.

At six o'clock, the jury went to dinner, in custody of a deputy sheriff. The court had recessed until eight in the evening. At nine o'clock, the foreman, hiding his chagrin with difficulty, reported inability to reach a verdict, and the jury was ordered locked up for the night.

But on the following day, ballot after ballot failed to effect an agreement. Moriarity harangued; Doctor Pierson blustered about the injury being done to his practice; Flannagan complained of his loss of seven dollars a day, with a wife and five children to support. Still the count stood ten for second-degree murder, one for first, and one for acquittal.

At five o'clock that evening, the

judge, in no complimentary manner, dismissed the jury. He thought that so simple a case might have been disposed of expeditiously, in view of the congestion of the courts and the expense of prosecution. Perhaps all the jurymen agreed with him, except J. Nathan Spence. He regarded human life and human liberty more highly than he did the congestion of the courts and the expense of prosecution. And, somehow, he could not help projecting himself into the position of Tony Mazzini. Supposing it had happened to him, what would he have done? Of course, the hypothesis was preposterous!

Spence braved another battery of newspaper cameras, declined to be interviewed on his impressions of jury service, called a taxicab, and hurried home. At least, he hurried to the palatial suite in an uptown hotel which he called home temporarily, while repairs were being made on his town house. The suite consisted of seven rooms—a drawing-room, bedroom, and study for himself, bedroom and boudoir for his wife, and rooms for two servants.

To his surprise, he found his suite deserted. He called for Mrs. Spence, for her maid, then for his valet. Nobody answered. That was strange, indeed. It was the first time in his remembrance that he had gone into his home and found not even a servant to greet him. He felt that this sort of thing was not paying the proper respect to the head of the house, and determined to speak of it.

However, curiosity got the better of his resentment. He wondered if anything could have happened, and, subconsciously, he found himself straying into his wife's quarters. He was shocked by the disorder which greeted him. Closet doors were open, bureau drawers were in a state of disarray, clothes were thrown on bed and floor and chairs. Then he saw that the wall safe in Mrs. Spence's boudoir was

open and empty. He wondered if a robbery had been committed, for his wife had always been so orderly.

He looked more closely at the safe. Why, it had contained, when last he saw it, half a million dollars' worth of jewels! Now it was empty. And his wife would not be wearing her jewels in the afternoon—not all of them, under any circumstances. Surely the apartment had been robbed.

Spence turned calmly toward the telephone, intending to notify the hotel management. In passing, he glanced into a closet. His wife's big wardrobe trunk was gone—a trunk that he had had especially constructed for her. He noticed, too, that some of her best clothes were missing.

J. Nathan Spence paused and sat down. A scrap of note paper on the floor attracted his attention. He picked it up and read:

We must start for Japan to-night.

That was all—just the one line. The fragment had been torn from a note, evidently received by his wife. He did not recognize the handwriting. But God! Supposing that his wife—

The case of Tony Mazzini flashed before his startled mind. Now he began to understand. There was something psychic in the way that sordid story of the Italian had impressed him. He had felt for Tony, without recognizing his emotions as a premonition. And at the trial he had tried to see things from Tony's viewpoint. He had actually suffered for Tony, in his sincere effort to render a fair and impartial opinion as to his guilt. That served him now in that it took the keen edge from the shock of his discovery.

Well, what should he do? He lighted a cigar and tried to think. It was a few minutes after six, the hour when, according to long-established custom, he and Mrs. Spence had dis-

cussed the matters that concerned them jointly—business affairs, their charities, social obligations. They talked of these things while they prepared for dinner.

Spence was missing something which he had come to accept as a matter of course, and he was a slave to routine. He wanted to see his wife—now, at that very moment. A spasm of regret shook his big bulk. No, he did not blame his wife too severely. Perhaps he had neglected her, as Tony had neglected his wife. But Spence, of course, had thought his own wife different from the common herd. Was his case no different from Tony Mazzini's?

He sprang to his feet as he heard the entrance door to the suite close gently. Perhaps it was Eleanor, his wife. Eagerly, with thumping heart, he strode into the hall. A blow of disappointment stifled his hope. It was Tompkins, his valet.

"Where have you been?" he snapped.

"Why, sir, out—for a bit of a stroll, sir," faltered Tompkins.

"Out for a stroll, eh, while I wait for service!" snarled Spence.

"I am sorry, sir," apologized Tompkins; "but it is very early."

True, he was a little early this evening. Spence's manner softened perceptibly at the reminder. But Tompkins looked ill at ease. He seemed under a strain of embarrassment. Perhaps he knew—

"Do you know where Mrs. Spence went?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Where is her maid?"

"She went with madame, sir."

"Were you here when they left?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who else was with Mrs. Spence?"

"A young gentleman, sir."

Spence was thoughtful for a moment. Of course, he could not, in good form, catechize his servant too closely about the movements of Mrs. Spence.

"Who was the young gentleman?" he ventured.

"I did not know him, sir."

"Oh, I think I know who it was! Yes, yes, to be sure I do," lied Spence in confusion. "Well, Tompkins, you may go off for another stroll. I shall not need you this evening."

"Thank you, sir," said Tompkins.

Alone again, Spence sat down and sobbed under the burden of his grief. It wasn't the scandal he feared. That part of it had not entered his mind. But now, with all his wealth, with all his power, he seemed so utterly alone. It seemed that he lacked kinship with any who could give him comfort. In his might, he could command an army of eager workers, but there was not one to whom he could turn in his grief.

Spence pulled himself together with an effort. It was that murder trial that had unnerved him. Yes, that was it. Ordinarily, he would have met such a situation as now confronted him with calmness and firm decision. Well, he must do something now, other than sit and rock himself with grief. Came upon him the sudden desire to tear, to rend, to kill. He understood better, then, how Tony had felt. His square jaw clicked, his flabby muscles tensed as far as they were able. But no. He must hold himself in better control. Such things had happened in his high social world, but not often. If such as he proved weak, what could be expected of the Tony Mazzinis?

The entrance door clicked again. He started toward it impatiently, but a voice arrested him.

"We must hurry, Fanchon."

It was his wife. Before he could collect his scattered thoughts, she came tripping down the hall.

"Why, Jimmy, dear, you startled me," she said. "And you look so—so all in. Are you ill?"

"Oh, Eleanor!" he murmured thickly.

He wanted to kiss her, but he hesitated, because they had grown unaccustomed to the exchange of such tender informalities. "No, nothing wrong," he hastened. "I do feel a bit done up, though. That jury duty was taxing. Pathetic case, and I had to work like the devil against a lot of boneheads to save a poor Italian's life."

"Then you came home, saw the place topsy-turvy, and you thought—what?" She laughed. Her face was flushed, and she seemed excited.

"Robbery was my first thought," he admitted truthfully.

"Not so bad as that, unless you call Tommy Clerk's going off with Sister Miriam a case of robbery. Haven't you seen the evening newspapers? They're full of it."

"Full of it—what?" he asked.

"The marriage. Tommy and Miriam were married in a hurry at five o'clock."

"But the date set for their marriage was the twentieth of next month!"

"True enough. But Tommy was ordered to leave this evening on a very important diplomatic mission to Japan. He expects to be gone for six months, at least, and he begged Miriam to be married at once. Her trousseau, of course, wasn't nearly ready, and she called on me to help her out. So we made quick work of skimming my wardrobe, and I let her have the trunk you had made for me. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Of course not," he assured her heartily. "You may have a dozen."

"And Tommy came over and helped pack, and we were off in a jiffy. I've just come from the station, and they are on their happy way."

"Say, that's great," he beamed. "What do you call it—romantic? Did you give Miriam all your jewels, too?"

"Oh, no!" She laughed. "There was a robbery in the hotel last night, despite the vigilance of the house detec-

tives, so this morning I thought it wise to put my valuables in the bank."

"Very sensible," he agreed.

"Yes, so I thought. But I must hurry and dress for dinner."

"Must you?" There was a note of disappointment in his voice that she did not comprehend.

"Yes," she repeated. "I'll be late as it is. I am dining with the Claremonts. Where do you go?"

"I had hoped to go with you," he said wistfully.

"Well, come along. Naturally, you were included in the invitation."

Spence paced the floor nervously for several seconds. He had something he wanted to say very badly, but did not know just how to phrase it.

"I was wondering," he blurted out at length, "if you and I—if we couldn't go to some quiet little place and have dinner alone—informally, like we used to do sometimes."

"Are you really in earnest?" She turned and looked at him squarely, and there was something other than surprise in her eyes.

"Why, certainly. If you could manage—that is, if you cared to change your plans—"

"Fanchon," Mrs. Spence called to her maid. "Telephone to Mrs. Claremont and say that I am indisposed. I regret that I will be unable to come to dinner."

And then J. Nathan Spence, great financier, cast discretion to the winds. He kissed his wife.

"You know," he hastened, by way of apology, "that case in court to-day sort of got under my skin. I guess I am foolish—"

"I don't think you are foolish, Jimmy, dear," she interrupted, and there was a happy radiance in her face that he had not seen for years. "Why," she added, "this will be just like a honeymoon night!"

"Let's make it so—and many of them," he supplemented bravely.

Timothy Climbs a Tree

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

Author of "But Half a Man," "The Builders," etc.

The love story of an artist who had youth and vision.

SPRING was sulky that year, so I went down to North Carolina to find some links which were not soggy. After eighteen holes my first morning, whom should I run across at the hotel but young Timothy Gale? He was a personable boy of twenty-five—or somewhere around that golden age—and a stark lunatic, as his first words went to prove.

"It's good to see you here, Tim," I commended. "Glad you are taking up golf."

"Golf!" he echoed, amusement and horror struggling in his tones. "Now, I was hoping that you had run down to look at these jolly, blossoming hedges and to smell the pines at midday. I'm here to paint lupine."

"Lupine?" I repeated, and my voice was more disdainful than his, and interrogative as well, to show him that I neither knew nor cared what lupine might be. But it was as hard to dampen Timothy's enthusiasm as to dam a rushing stream.

"It's the most heavenly blue in the world, Uncle Bart." Sometimes young Timothy called me that to wheedle me, as his father was the chum of my boyhood. "I'm working now on a picture of a sandy bank where the lupine is so thick and blue that it takes the very color out of the sky."

"Make it blue, then, if that's what you're after," I said testily. "Not little dabs of pinkish purple which you'll explain as 'blue, shot through with light.' I can see that picture in my

mind's eye now. Taking the color out of the sky, indeed!"

"But lupine *does*," he insisted, and went on gayly:

"I'm going to pick up your resisting form some fine morning and dump you into a canoe, while your fellow golfers think I'm a Mexican bandit kidnapping you for a ransom. We'll paddle to a place where lupine has been blossoming since the beginning of time, perhaps, and you shall get drenched and steeped and drunk in color. There's nothing so lovely." His face clouded. "If only my hand could interpret what my eyes see! Then I'll show you the yellow jasmine on the banks of the river, overhanging the coffee-brown cypress water. I took a girl from the hotel there last week, an ornamental creature, but a bit elaborate. We paddled an hour along the stream, and as we landed I pulled a spray of jasmine and handed it to her. 'Why, how attractive!' she thanked me nicely. 'Where did you find it?' And the bank had been freckled with yellow and the air soft with a fragrance like nothing else, and she had neither seen nor smelled it until I stuck it under her nose! Will you be more appreciative when we venture forth, Mr. Allen?"

I took no impudence from young Timothy.

"Rather than risk my life on a river with you, I'd even look at your last picture."

I had meant merely to tease the youngster, but he winced, and I saw that the shot had told.

"Done!" he answered, but the curious timbre had gone out of his voice. "I'd like very much for you to see it, if you'll tell me frankly what's the matter with it. I finished it just after I came down here."

We went to his studio, and he drew aside the curtain from a most amazing canvas. My first impression was of spilled paint. Then I saw it was a window, such as one sees in foreign towns at carnival time, with all manner of harlequin masks offered for sale. A shabby girl stood outside the window looking in.

"She is gazing at the tawdry things wistfully, longing for one," Timothy interpreted, "never dreaming that she herself possesses the immortal gift of beauty, for if she could have her will she would hide it with the common little mask which she has no money to buy. She is so ignorant of her beauty that her face is dirty and she is too hopeless to care." I was glad to have that explained; it looked as if the violet shadow under her left eye had leaked on her cheek. "I meant to show her unconsciousness, her yearning——"

"I caught the yearning," I said. Whenever eyes are twice as big as normal and a mouth looks as if the upper lip had been stung by a venomous insect, it's a ten-to-one shot that somebody is yearning.

"Did you, Uncle Bart?" responded Timothy gratefully. "But, somehow, the picture as a whole is a failure; I can realize that. There's nothing to do but to paint it out and try again."

I am a practical business man and my mind runs to market value. Where was it I had seen a picture as fantastical as Tim's? Suddenly I remembered.

"Now, don't do that, my dear boy. Send it to *The Gay World*. They'll jump at it for a magazine cover. They pay top prices, and I've observed that the girls on their covers have rudimentary noses like this girl of yours—

with eyes and upper lips so big there isn't much room left for a nose," I soothed.

Twice Timothy started to say something and checked himself. "Then he merely asked in his nicest manner:

"Won't you lunch with me, Uncle Bart?"

"I'd like it very much, if you don't mind having another man. I met him last night and we had a twosome this morning. He suggested having luncheon at the same table, as we were both alone here. Plays a good game."

"I should be tremendously pleased to meet any one whose golf you commend," said Tim heartily.

In that matter-of-fact way it came about that we three lunched together.

Poole was a middle-aged man with a rubicund face and kindly eyes. Afterward, I could recall that he and I got into a discussion about putters in which Tim was necessarily silent, but I do not remember how Poole happened to speak of just having been in the western part of the State. Neither Tim nor I had visited the Carolina mountains, so he told us about them and answered questions.

"Automobile roads? Not in that part of the mountains; it's too remote from the beaten track. The meanest roads you ever saw; one can't get anywhere in winter, and in summer there's nowhere to go. The place where I've just been—it was hardly more than a post office and a general store—is forty-three miles from the railroad. All hemmed in by big mountains. The loneliest spot I ever struck. Poor little girl!"

Poole broke off short and then said abruptly:

"The—the business which took me there upset me a lot. I can't seem to get it off my chest. I guess it was all rather funny." He was full swing into his story now. "You see, I look after bad money for a big mail-order house, counterfeit coin, bogus checks, phony

paper of all kinds. You'd be astonished to know how much of it comes to a big store, how many clever tricks there are to get something for nothing. But this particular trick was the most palpable thing you ever saw—a two-dollar bill raised to twenty by adding an 'o' in ink! It came from the little post office I spoke of, in a letter ordering a lot of fancy things: 'Sun Gold Glory' for the hair, bleaching lotion, rouge, powder, lip stick, and manicure stuff—twenty dollars' worth of toilet fixings. The bill wouldn't have fooled anybody, but no one could tell whether the customer had done it herself or whether it had been palmed off on her, whether it was the only one which had been doctored or whether there were a lot more like it. So it was decided to fill the order and to send me down to track out the guilty party. Reaching the place was a lot harder than finding the party. Red clay roads this time of the year—well, it's no use dragging you through the mire with me!

"I had a talk with the postmaster and gave him to understand that I was a lumber man, and asked if he knew anywhere I could board for a day or two. I found out there was a girl living near there named Laurel Baker, which was the name in which the goods had been ordered, though it had sounded to me like a fake name.

"Her ma named her that because she was born when the mountain laurel was in bloom, but after her folks died she went to live with her pa's brother, and Mrs. Baker allowed it was plumb foolishness to call a gal after a bush, so she changed her name to Laura. She's mighty quiet, Laura is, never has much to say. I reckon Mrs. Baker'll be glad to board you for a little spell. But she's got red pepper on her tongue, Mrs. Baker has."

"If she had pepper on her tongue, it was the only thing she possessed which didn't have dirt on it. You never

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saw such a place as that cabin—three small rooms and ten children spilling in and out. They all looked alike, with tow hair and paleish-blue eyes, so that I never got them counted accurately. There might have been a full dozen. Their mother was a type of mountain woman who has drudged all her life, borne many children, and lived on poor food; flat-chested, scrawny, with a knot of iron-gray hair screwed at the back of her head, and a shrunken neck and throat like a woman of sixty, though she must have been twenty years younger than that. In her entire life she had never been more than eighteen miles away from the house in which she was born. But the mountain people are so hospitable and so kindly that it was an exception to find a woman shrewish, as Mrs. Baker was.

"I spotted the girl at the table the first night because her hair was already streaked yellowish from the 'Sun Gold,' and her hands, though rough as nutmeg graters from her work, had the nails pink and shiny. She was a quiet little thing, and she never said anything back when her aunt nagged her. For instance, when she wanted to wash the children's hands before supper, Mrs. Baker snapped, 'You can bile yourself to pieces as long as you've a mind to, but they ain't no sense in allus scrubbin' chillun's hands clean jest for 'em to nasty again!'

"I began to feel sorry for her from that minute, she was so little and big-eyed, and she didn't know how to stand up for herself.

"I slept poorly after the abominable supper. For breakfast they gave me cold apple pie, with pastry as heavy as a stove lid, cucumbers which had been pickled in brine, weak coffee, and soda biscuits, bright yellow and reeking with saleratus. I managed to gulp down the coffee—"

"Then you saw Laurel?" suggested Timothy, with a hint of the impatience

youth is apt to feel toward the digestive troubles of the middle years.

"Yes. I asked her to show me around a little, and when I got her away from the house, I told her I wasn't going to say anything to her uncle or her aunt about that order to Chicago, but I wanted her to tell me about it. Not a word could I get out of her; she just looked at me like a dumb child who is going to take its whipping without crying."

"That's the soul of the mountain people," defended Timothy. "They can become as impenetrable as their own hills when mist enshrouds them."

"Then I tried to frighten her a little," went on the detective. "I asked her if she didn't know people had been sent to the penitentiary for just such things. 'No,' she said. Her eyes look as straight at you as a setter pup's. 'Did you know it was stealing?' I asked. She quivered as if I had struck her. 'I didn't mean to harm anybody,' she said. 'I couldn't buy those things for two dollars. It took all of twenty. All.'

"She spoke with a drawl, like the rest of the people around her, but she pronounced her words distinctly and with a certain effort, like a foreigner. It sounded sort of quaint and pretty, and I asked her how she learned.

"Miss Ruth taught me. She teaches school six miles from here, and sometimes she lends me books to read. I try hard to speak like her and not Aunt Ginnie."

"Well, I talked to that girl like a father. I told her all about my girls at home, one of them just eighteen, which she said was her age, and I spent the best part of that day and the next trying to make her see that I was a friend to her. I explained to her that it was left to my discretion whether or not she should be prosecuted, but that nothing was going to be done to her, except that I must get the whole

truth of the story and have her promise never to do such a thing again.

"I can see you aren't a bad girl," I said, 'but if a smarty, young detective had been sent here, instead of a family man, you'd have been arrested by now. Why in Sam Hill did you want to run all that risk to daub yourself up?'

"At last the truth came out in a funny, scared whisper:

"I wanted to be beautiful."

Timothy sprang to his feet in his excitement.

"I *knew* it! I felt all along that was the reason."

Poole was visibly amused by the youngster's enthusiasm.

"Well, sonny, I'll be fair with you. I *didn't*. Of all the fool reasons, that was just about the limit. And I told the girl the gospel truth that she was pretty enough just as she was. Not her complexion, for it was muddy and sallow from a diet of soda biscuit and hog meat and half-done vegetables. But she was built as trim as a filly, with the prettiest, cleanest lines you ever saw——"

Timothy made an unconscious gesture of distaste, but Pool failed to notice him.

"It seems that she had read two novels which Miss Ruth had lent her, and in both of them the heroine had golden hair and pink cheeks, and Laura wanted to look like them. The higgledy-piggledy cabin, the slatternly aunt, the dirty youngsters—these were things the girl could not alter. So, as she couldn't make anything around her beautiful, she decided to make herself beautiful. When you looked at the mountains, she said, it made you 'feel bad to be ugly.' She had her part of the household chores, she cleaned the pots and pans and fed the pigs, and went back and forth to the schoolhouse with the two youngest children, but she had a few hens of her own and she sold their eggs at the one store, and in the summer she had picked blackberries and huckle-

berries. It meant only a poor little two-dollar bill in the end. She had one of our firm's catalogues, and she made out her list of what she wanted and changed the bill. She never did seem to understand the full harm of it."

"She was as sure of her right to secure beauty for herself as was *Leonora* to protect her baby from a draft, even if she had to push a man off a moving train," speculated Timothy. "Beauty and babies—woman's immortal birth-right!"

As Poole's bewildered look showed me he had never heard of *Leonora*, Gale explained, "Barrie's, you know."

"No, I don't know *Leonora* Barries." Poole's tone suggested that he was not seeking an introduction to a woman with such habits, and he was as superior to *Leonora* as Tim had been to golf or I to alpine. Agreeable world, in which everybody can be superior!

Tim's hand shot out and wrung Poole's in a grip which made the older man wince.

"You are an all-around man to see the truth the way you did and befriend that girl. May I say how I respect you for it, sir?"

"I tell you I felt mighty sorry for that child," said Poole simply. "What's to become of her, anyway? Run away from home, if she gets the chance, and go to the bad in some town? She's never seen a train, an automobile, a moving picture, or a three-story house! Or stay where she is and marry her cousin? There's so much inbreeding in those shut-in mountain hamlets; I suppose that's why the children are tow-headed and pale-eyed. There's a first cousin, her uncle's son by his former marriage, and Mrs. Baker wants Laura to marry him for no especial reason that I could see, except that Laura doesn't want to do it. 'There's many a young feller as ain't any more shiftless than Lonnie, and drinks more,' was her

argument. I saw him, a shambling, easy-going sort of man. He'll probably be as good to her as anybody she can find, and at forty she'll be an old woman with more children than she can care for, and as bony, overworked, and tired out as a wind-broken horse. She'll have to take the same road that her mother took before her, and she'll never get any farther from home than her Aunt Ginnie has done. Well, in one way or another, I suppose we all jog along the main road at the pace set for us."

"Now and then one of us climbs a tree," said Timothy Gale, and his voice rang resonant and challenging. Or perhaps his youth challenged our years.

Poole chuckled slightly. "Well, what happens if he does?" he made amiable query. "He has to climb down again."

"But he has seen farther. He has glimpsed the long line of plodders in the main highroad, tramping along in the old, dusty footprints. He is apt, I think, to adventure on a bypath."

By that time I was fidgeting to get on the links again, and I left them to their cigars. When I saw Poole the following day I was surprised to hear that Gale had gone to western Carolina on the midnight train. Poole told me that, after my departure, Timothy had asked exact directions to that out-of-the-way spot and said he had always wanted to paint the flame azalea, which would soon be in bloom. I supposed that Timothy had abandoned his project of painting lupine to "take the blue out of the sky" in order to paint azaleas to take the fire out of the sun. But I was annoyed, for I had planned to ask him to go to China with me.

It was nearly six years before I saw Timothy again. I had spent them in Hongkong and Canton, and I was very glad, indeed, when my work there was concluded satisfactorily and I could return to New York. I hunted

up Timothy immediately, and he gave me a greeting to warm the soul. He was as enthusiastic as ever, and yet with something beneath it which seemed a stabler sort of happiness than his old exuberance. Brimming with eagerness to show me his wife and his two boys, he carried me off to stay over Sunday.

"Painting these days?" I asked.

He hesitated, and smiled that old, disarming smile or his.

"In a way. I took your advice about that picture of the masks, Uncle Bart. It sold like a hot pancake. I paint 'em right along now. There's a sort of low-brow fad for my stuff, and it's rather fun to splash on color and develop any queer fancy that intrigues me. I like to feel that my work means comfort for my wife and education for those youngsters of ours. But I never confuse it with art or beauty."

The same young lunatic! Depreciating his goods just as he found a top market for them—that's salesmanship!

"By the way, the editor of *The Gay World* gave me back the original picture for a wedding present," he went on. "It hangs in my wife's room, and she declares she loves it next best to the boys and me. She interprets the longing in the girl's heart with such passionate understanding that she has never yet noticed the nose was—what did you call it?—rudimentary."

When we reached his home we passed through the living room, big and sunny and inviting, into the garden, where Tim had glimpsed a girlish figure. She came toward us, her face sweet with welcome.

"Uncle Bart, I'm so glad for you to meet my wife at last. I know you and Laurel are going to be friends."

Laurel—where had I heard the name? Across my mind flashed the blurred memory of a kindly man with a rubicund face.

I looked into her clear eyes, which

met mine "straight as a setter pup's," as he had said. I half choked.

"Laurel, will you let a friend of Timothy's father tell you plainly that you are the most beautiful woman he ever saw?"

"Thank you," she said in a gentle, distinctly articulated voice. But her glance turned to her husband, as if to see his pleasure in the praise.

That's all the story. Of course, for me it is only the beginning, for a man of my age knows how to value a welcome to such a hearthside as theirs.

Timothy told me that he went to find Laurel on an overmastering impulse, vaguely planning to send her off to school somewhere, and he married her within a month. Laurel told me that she wore a magenta calico frock, and that when they reached Asheville she couldn't comprehend how New York could be bigger or how heaven itself could contain more people. She said her husband was so tenderly patient in teaching her, so quick to praise, that all she had to learn from him was a joy.

Think of his courage in taking that ignorant little mountain girl for a life companion—the splendid, young audacity of it, the magnificent disdain of consequences, the glorious faith! Tim would never have rested satisfied with a lovely body which cloaked a sluggish soul, and he must have had a glimpse of the miracle of creation as he helped develop her mind and her spirit. He had docility and responsiveness to work with, for in the girl was the inherent passion for beauty which he understood so well. Timothy could not stamp his dreams on canvas, but he watched them unfold in Laurel's face, for a soul which is pure and single and exquisite shines through her eyes.

I, who have learned to care for Laurel as I might have loved the daughter I never had, am thankful with all my heart that young Timothy Gale climbed a tree!

How say they that the Ho is wide,
When I could ford it if I tried?
How say they Sung is far away,
When I can see it every day?

LYRICS FROM THE CHINESE.



The Magic Carpet

By Mildred Fitz-Hugh

Author of "The Gift," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

A love story of great charm.

THE Prettiest Girl and the Richest Boy were motoring back from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara with some extra lanterns which they had purchased for the Richest Boy's dance that night. Their road ran in a curve between mountains and sea. The setting sun, dipping to the water's rim through clouds of rose and mauve, was reflected in rainbow glints, while its crimson glare gave the hills the effect of being artificially lighted.

The Prettiest Girl, whose name was Rosamond Gibson, raised her eyes from the dance list spread out on the lap of her lavender linen dress long enough to notice that the last pink cloud looked like a ship of pale fire. She was on the

point of remarking this to her companion, but she checked herself as she remembered scenery bored him. Although too good-natured to admit it, most things did bore Stanley Reeves.

They left the sea behind and swung inland past gateways and winding drives. Stanley shoved down the brakes before a gap in the row of eucalyptus trees along the road where flagged steps led up a hillside banked with green and wild flowers. High on the crest of the hill a white villa, with arches framing the sunset glow, stood outlined against taller mountains. Beneath, running parallel with the steps and bordered by marble balustrades, sunken gardens descended in tiers

"Might as well go up this way and leave the lanterns," the Richest Boy suggested.

Halfway on their climb, Rosamond paused.

"Look, Stan! On the terrace!"

Gazing upward, with his back against the nearest balustrade, stood the motionless figure of a man.

The other followed her glance.

"Some sight-seer probably. They come up from the road."

The two young people turned into a bypath emerging in the terraced garden, at the farther end of which rose a newly erected platform overhung with lanterns and colored globes.

The man started at sight of them and came forward apologetically.

"I'm afraid I'm trespassing," he began. But Stanley, a genial smile lighting his round, tanned face, broke in:

"Not at all! Nice view," he added perfunctorily.

The stranger raised reverent eyes to the scene above. Dusk, which shrouded the ancient mountain tops, was lowering over the new, white villa in a drifting, purple mist.

"Magnificent!" he said in a low voice.

Rosamond heard him in silence. All sight-seers were enthusiastic about the scenery. You saw them in goggles and queer caps hanging out of crowded motor buses. But in this man's homage there was an awe which made her thoughtful. She lifted her delicately etched face with its frame of spun-gold hair which glistened like sunlight under the brim of her hat. Her gaze followed the stranger's toward the hills and, trying to see with his eyes, for the moment she felt a slight thrill. She had never before been able to think of what Stanley's house reminded her. Now it came in a flash—a Maxfield Parrish castle against a painted sky.

She glanced back at the young man. Though he didn't wear goggles, his eyes were hidden by thick glasses, and his

clothes, in contrast to the Richest Boy's faultless tweeds, looked distinctly ready-made. Yet he was not commonplace. As a connoisseur of the male species, she noted the fine lines of his head under its dark sweep of hair and the Grecian modeling of nose and mouth.

Stanley was twirling one of the lanterns he carried, waiting for him to leave, but the stranger, perhaps detained by shyness, continued to fumble his cap while he smiled timidly at Rosamond.

"Been out here long?" the Richest Boy volunteered politely.

"Two weeks, but I'm going back tomorrow." The other's voice was vibrant with regret.

"Stopping near here?" Stanley asked, after another pause.

"At the Mission House."

"My chauffeur's been staying there. He complains about the food."

"I hadn't noticed," the stranger said vaguely.

"You're an artist, aren't you?" the girl suggested.

The man shook his head.

"Only a sight-seer."

Stanley, who had been making cautious signals to Rosamond to break off the interview, murmured sympathetically that sight-seeing was awfully dull.

"Not for me," the stranger protested. "I've never done much traveling. Couldn't afford it." As Rosamond's eyes rested questioningly on his clothes, he added, "An uncle sent me out here. He wanted me to have the trip before"—the young man's fingers plucked at the waxen leaves of the boxwood hedge beside him—"before it's too late."

There was a sadness in his voice which made Rosamond's voice, in answer, uncertain.

"Won't you be able to come again?"

"No," he told her, and she wondered if his eyes behind the darkened glasses were very tragic. He turned to say

good-by to the Richest Boy, but the latter had crossed to the platform and was engaged in adding festoons of lanterns. Watching him, the sight-seer asked:

"You're having a dance to-night?"

"Stanley is."

The man looked up at the glow of silver light beyond the rim of the hills.

"There'll be a full moon," he said. His eyes returned to the garden as if to visualize a shimmer on the dark hedges and white paths.

"Why don't you come to-night?" Rosamond asked with a thoughtless impulse which surprised herself.

"I didn't bring evening clothes."

"You needn't dance. Come and watch, anyway. I'll explain to Stan."

"Do you really mean it?" The young man's gaze was no longer for the sunset.

"Yes."

"But you don't know me." A flush dyed the stranger's thin cheeks.

Rosamond hesitated. Somehow, as he stood there erect and slim, the courageous lift of his head suggesting a gallant defiance to fate in spite of a sadness which lingered in his voice and softened the line of his straight lips, he symbolized a new type of romance to the Prettiest Girl, accustomed to complacent sons of fortune.

"I asked you because I wanted you," she murmured, lowering her eyes before the intensity of his gaze.

He bent his dark head swiftly forward.

"Thank you," he said; "I'll come."

According to the sight-seer's prediction, the moon rose in orange splendor over the mountain tops. Far below, in the Richest Boy's terraced garden, a Hawaiian band thumbed tinkling ukeleles. At intervals the leader would raise a voice of haunting richness and chant the melodies they played. A night breeze swayed the lanterns above the platform, blending the rays of col-

ored lights which cast myriad hues on the girls' dresses.

Tanned young men, their slimness emphasized by the perfect cut of their Tuxedos, claimed Rosamond in quick succession and, because she was the Prettiest Girl, held her a little closer than they did the others, while they told her their golf scores, or how much of the Richest Boy's whisky they had consumed that evening, or made frantic dates for the following week. Rosamond, in floating white tulle and silver, smiled up at them dreamily just as she had done at every party since triumphant dancing-school days.

Stanley cut in during an encore and they strolled off on to the turf where Rosamond, bracing her foot against a bench, leaned over a slim ankle to reward a silver tie.

"Get them to play that last piece again, will you, Stan?" she suggested. As the boy sauntered in the direction of the musicians, Rosamond straightened up. She had seen a tall figure watching the dancing from the shadow of the boxwood hedge.

The sight-seer came forward.

"Thank you for a glimpse of paradise."

The Prettiest Girl nodded, her eyes brooding.

"I thought you'd like it." She glanced over her shoulder. Stanley was talking to the band leader. "Do you want to see the swimming pool?" she asked impulsively.

"If it's not taking too much of your time."

The girl led the way through a gap in the hedge and down a circular incline of stone steps, her tulle sleeves floating behind her like white wings. The steps terminated in a path which followed an oblong stretch of water whose black depths were shot with silver glints. At the far end a Grecian temple of slender columns glowed an iridescent white against an inky row of cypresses be



As a connoisseur of the male species, she noted the fine lines of his head under its dark sweep of hair and the Grecian modeling of nose and mouth.

yond. Across the pool, facing the temple, the marble figure of a child flung joyous arms to a sky of tropical clearness, as if to pluck with its eager fingers one of the low-hung stars.

They walked to the far end from where they could glimpse the sea in glittering ripples cover a curve of rocky shore. Rosamond dropped down on a bench and the man joined her. Behind them a mass of orange blossoms scented the air with their pungent fragrance. The voice of the Hawaiian singer,

plaintive and exotic, came to them from the garden.

The girl glanced at the stranger. He was sitting very still, his hands clasped over the stone edge of the bench, his head tilted slightly back. Something in the taut lines of his face disturbed her. She wanted to speak and yet hesitated to break the silence.

It was a silence which grew strangely poignant. For the second time in his presence she found herself glimpsing a new and stirring beauty in the scene

about her. The swimming pool where Stanley ducked her daily was no longer a swimming pool, but a black mirror spangled with silver darts. The Grecian temple, instead of being only a glorified tea house, seemed a real abode of the gods. And the marble child, which in jest they had crowned with her scarlet bathing cap, became a mystic figure, significant in its reaching toward the stars.

Rosamond turned toward the stranger.

"Why is it that you make me see things—really see things, I mean?"

He regarded her for a moment through his darkened glasses.

"I make you see things?" he repeated. He bent thoughtfully toward her. "It must be because I'm trying to observe them so clearly for myself that when I go home I can visualize them again." His arm made a sudden sweep. "I want to take all this back with me!" he cried earnestly. "I want to make it *mine*, so that later, say a year from to-night in Chicago, I can see this beauty as if I were actually here. I'm trying to make for myself a magic carpet so I can wish myself back in a place and my memory will carry me there."

The man had risen and his gaze traveled lingeringly about him.

"I want to be able to *see* the moonlight on that pool and those stars over the black tops of the mountains. I want to *hear* that man sing again and have my heart follow the throb in his voice. And when he stops and the noise of passing street cars outside my window disturbs me, I want to hear the singing of the sea. I want to taste the salt in this breeze and feel it against my face. I want these orange blossoms to perfume for me the stale air of the city.

"Above all," his voice went on unsteadily, "I want to stand here again with you, so close that I can touch the

gold of your hair and read the wondering pity in your eyes. I want"—he paused and the Prettiest Girl felt herself trembling—"I have no other memories like this!" he said, and his voice seemed to plead.

Rosamond stepped nearer to him, her draperies floating about her with the motion of her body. She forgot that he was a chance stranger invited there on her whim, whose poverty alone would have barred him from the gilded circle of her associates. It was as if she were living in another world created by his mood and the witching beauty about them. The young man's face as he bent over her was as pale as if it had been carved from the marble temple; his lips were so sad and beseeching that, half unconsciously, Rosamond's head drifted backward. When he kissed her the stars seemed to race in a blur above them.

Stanley's voice calling from the distance made her draw quickly away.

"Good-by, and thank you—for everything." The sight-seer gazed down at her with wistful intentness.

"You're never coming back?" The Prettiest Girl's voice was faint, for an anguish in her heart seemed to rise to her throat and choke the words there. "You're never coming back?" she repeated, a tear mist blurring her eyes when she raised them to the stranger.

His lips smiled at her whimsically.

"Why, a week from to-night you'll have forgotten all about me!"

"I don't want to forget."

"But you will. It's the tragedy of life." He stared down at her moodily before he went on. "People talk about healing time and how it dulls sorrow. It does; yet when it veils our memories it also takes our best moments, leaving us their shadows but never their substance in actual vividness. But why should it? A hundred years from to-night"—his arm made an inclusive sweep—"those mountains will be the

same, those stars shine just as clearly. Those waves down there on the shore, they're lasting, and man's spirit, we are told, is eternal also. Why should time alone be transitory?"

There was a passion in his voice as it echoed above the distant sea which held her motionless, her fingers pressing the tulle of her dress where it lay in soft folds over her heart.

"That's why I'm trying to make of my memory a magic carpet. It's so that I can relive such moments as ours to-night with all the force of their initial duration."

"How about me?" the girl wavered.

"You," he said gently, "you don't need memories—at least not yet. But listen"—he had taken her hands in his and spoke the next words with slow emphasis—"if ever that time does come, somehow I shall know it and be waiting for you here. Will you remember?"

She nodded because a tightening at her throat prevented an answer.

They climbed back to the garden in silence and said good-by under a row of nodding lanterns.

"Poor fellow," Stanley said a moment later, "I forgot to tell you, Rosamond. Saunders, the new chauffeur who's been staying at the Mission House, says this man's going blind. Seems he hasn't a cent and an uncle sent him out here to look around a bit before he loses his sight. Too bad! 'Fraid he couldn't see much with his eyes going like that. How about a dance?"

Rosamond glanced toward the platform, but the dancers whirled in a confusing mass of colors and the music sounded suddenly, jarringly loud.

"It seems to me," she said, and she drew in her breath with an uneven gasp, "that he saw a great deal."

Five seasons passed before the Richest Boy gave another dance in his ter-

raced garden below the white villa. He was known as the Richest Man now, and he had married the Prettiest Girl. There were rumors that the Reeves were as happy apart as when occupying the same establishment, and the fact that they had returned together to winter in Santa Barbara was overshadowed by gossip concerning the attentions of a certain Monty Winchell to Rosamond Reeves.

Monty Winchell had left the polo at Coronado for a week-end at the other resort and he had stayed on to pay open court to the Richest Man's beautiful wife. Rumors had a way of starting in connection with Monty Winchell where women were concerned.

Toward the end of the evening he drew his hostess aside.

"Where can we talk uninterrupted? Too many people around here."

Rosamond's glance strayed toward her husband who was speaking to a group of "stags" in front of the dance pavilion. He had grown stouter in five years, and as he talked to the other men he stroked the back of his head sleepily. Her gaze returned to Winchell with his tall, muscular leanness, and narrowed, ardent eyes. With a characteristic gesture she brushed a gold loop of hair back from her forehead, as if its weight hurt her.

"Let's see. I remember! The old swimming pool! The gardener told me it hadn't been kept up since the new pool was put in by the tennis court, but it's near here and *very* romantic," she drawled mischievously.

Back of the rosebushes, Rosamond found the old gap in the hedge, and Winchell followed her down the moss-covered steps. Below, the pool glimmered palely in the moonlight. Grass had covered the former paths and a tangle of reeds swept over the edge of the water to the silvered stretch beneath. Riotous vines climbed the temple and met in a canopy over the



Rosamond stepped nearer to him, her draperies floating about her. It was as if she were living in another world created by his mood and the witching beauty about them.

pointed roof. Above this confusion of undergrowth, the marble child still raised dauntless arms to the placid stars.

"I'd forgotten about this place," Rosamond said to her escort. Her satin train was draped over her arm as

she picked her way through the uneven grass. "You see, I haven't spent a winter out here since the year before I married."

Winchell joined her on the vine-covered bench which overlooked the distant curve of ocean. From behind

them, trailing branches of orange blossoms brushed their shoulders like languid arms.

"This spot seems more like a past romance than a present one." He gave her a shrewd glance. "Got a guilty conscience?"

The woman stared down at her rings.

"The last time I was here it was with a stranger, a tourist I'd met that afternoon. Funny! I'd forgotten about him, and yet that evening I——"

"Remember it's this evening!" the man protested. He faced her abruptly. "Rosamond, how about it? It's up to you! Shall I stick around here any longer—or go back to Coronado?"

"How do you mean—up to me?" Her voice was controlled, but her eyes avoided the man's.

"You know what I mean." His face was close to hers, the muscles in his cheek were tense. "Rosamond, you're so damned good looking! Are you going to be kind?"

The woman drew away. Her slim fingers, which looked as if they were weighted down by their blazing diamonds, moved restlessly in her lap. She clenched them tightly together.

"Monty, I don't know what to say. I'm frightfully bored and you make things—well, less dull."

"Then——" the man began.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, and then—— Oh, I know," she went on in answer to the other's gesture of protest, "you care for me—or think you do! And what's more important, you have the power to stir me. I'm still young, and I want—well, I want romance, as they say in stories. I married Stan because I liked him. I like him still. But I thought having everything I wanted would make life interesting enough. It hasn't. I'm bored to death, Monty, and you're a tempting alternative." She spoke quietly, but she trembled in spite of her effort to hold herself rigid.

"Cold?" Winchell asked.

She welcomed the respite.

"Yes, and we ought to be going back."

"Not till you've made up your mind. If you promise to wait for me, I'll run to the house for a wrap."

"Very well," she answered meekly. She leaned back, half hidden by orange blossoms which swept in sprays of ghostly white against the black of her dress.

Winchell had risen and stood scowling down at her mockingly.

"I hate leaving you alone in this spooky place. I'm afraid some wizard will carry you away on a magic carpet, or the shade of an old beau turn up and cut me out."

Rosamond laughed.

"How odd, your saying that! The man I told you about said he had a magic carpet, so you'd better look out."

"We won't give him time to do much damage," Winchell called from the steps leading to the garden.

Rosamond sank back against the screen of blossoms. Now that she was alone, peacefulness enveloped her. Why hadn't she ever come here by herself? Then she remembered Monty and the question which must be answered. She hadn't time to sit and dream. And yet, the petals brushing her face like gentle fingers, the distant lapping of the sea curling in luminous swells over the patient rocks, the shadowed slope of the mountains against the night sky, all drugged her mind into a tranquil void. The thin strain of a violin rose above the far-off hum of dance music, and then died again. Below, the swishing of the waves continued their uninterrupted rhythm. A sense of the majestic eternity in the beauty about her dwarfed her own problems into welcome oblivion.

She thought of the sight-seer whom she had brought to this place, so long ago it seemed, vaguely recalling his

words and the spell he had cast upon her imagination. He had said he was weaving a magic carpet which would carry him back, and that if she wanted him, she would find him waiting. Just for a moment she seemed to hear his voice flinging an impassioned challenge to time. Then she smiled at the absurdity of her fancy. This man had returned to a distant city to face a life of blindness, hemmed in by the noise of traffic—street cars he had said—and stale, soot-laden air. What could this remote spot of moon-drenched blossoms and soft sea breezes be to him except a dim memory? Five years had passed since the night she had brought him here. Tangled grass and spreading moss covered the very paths on which they had walked.

And then the questions were crowded from her mind by a consciousness of his presence so vivid that he might have been sitting beside her again, gazing about with that silent concentration. The same intangible sense of a curtain lifted, possessed her. The glimmer on the pool seemed to deepen before her very eyes, the scented petals against her cheek to exhale a stronger perfume.

Once more his head was bent to hers. Sudden tears stung her eyes. She stretched out her arms.

"Oh," she whispered, "I'd forgotten it could be like *this*!" The tears welled over her lashes, but the marble child with its skyward reach brought a tremulous smile to her lips.

The murmur of the sea began to rise and swell in determined volume, billows sweeping the shore in rhythmic strokes. Rosamond lifted her head, her pulses tingling. It was a *Te Deum* the waves were chanting now, the triumph of a human victory over time.

"Sorry to be so long. Your butler took an eternity to answer the bell." Winchell leaned over her to drape a wrap about her shoulders.

Rosamond's eyes widened in a stare. "Oh, Monty, it's you!"

"Of course it's me! Who'd you think ~~it~~ was? The ghost of your old beau?" He sprawled on the seat beside her, his hard, clear eyes covering her face.

"Well, what's the word? May I stay?"

She shrank back against the shelter of blossoms at the grip of his fingers on her wrists.

"Let go, Monty! You hurt me!"

"If that's the way you feel—" He had gotten to his feet and he was watching her with experienced coolness.

Rosamond rose also, hugging the warmth of her wrap about her. Her drooping lashes were etched darkly against her cheeks.

"Yes, I think it is."

She started across the silvered grass toward the shadows of the shrubbery, but Winchell laid a hand on her shoulder and swung her around facing him.

"Rosamond, what nonsense is this? When I left you a few minutes ago you were wonderful. You'd already made up your mind, you know you had! What's come over you?"

As she did not answer, he went on:

"I should never have left you alone. You've been romancing here by yourself, weighing me against some other fellow who made love to you here."

His shoulders towered above her as her body curved backward from the sudden pressure on his arm.

"Rosamond," he said, his voice rough with bitterness, "you can't live on memories, remember!"

Her gaze wandered from his mocking lips out across the moonlit space beyond. A sudden breeze caught the still blossoms. They seemed to sway toward her, beckoning. Her eyes returned to Winchell.

"You can with a magic carpet," she answered.

Sanctuary

By Maude Parker

Author of "McAndrews Was Right," "Nita, the Proud," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. CASWELL

Do you remember the tragic love story of the fascinating Eurasian girl, "Nita, the Proud," which appeared in the September issue? How she found sanctuary and, finally, real love is beautifully told in this sequel to the story.

DAY after day Nita sat in her steamer chair looking out at the sparkling blue water of the Pacific, too dazed to read and unable to think beyond the moment. Before she had embarked upon this momentous journey to America which to her meant life itself, her hours had been so crowded with quick, decisive action that now she was exhausted, content to lie back with half-closed eyes, unmindful of the people around her, seeing nothing except the silvery spray which rode to the top of the shining waves.

At first she felt, in so far as her torn nerves were capable of feeling, a sense of depression, complete and almost overwhelming. But after a week, when the salt air had brought a touch of deep carnation pink back to her lovely face, her normal, healthy youth asserted itself and she felt once more that she was alive.

When she began to observe the people around her, a group of young American girls attracted her idle curiosity. It was partly because they were about her own age, and so contrastingly different, but it was more because they sought, with such open interest, a young Englishman, Arthur Bascom, whose chair was near hers. On the pretext of finding a secluded place for tea, or of discussing the tournament of deck sports, they came, time after time, to this corner.

She was reflecting upon the extraordinary freedom with which these girls openly sought this dark-haired, bronzed young man, when, happening to glance up one day, she realized that he had been staring at her.

Curiously enough, her affair with Kittredge had drained her of sex-consciousness. Men were to her, now, not men, but human beings. Believing that she could never again have the slightest personal interest in any of them, she had been able to see them devoid of sex.

So now she nodded in a friendly way at Bascom, just as she would have at one of the American girls. He rose immediately and came over to her.

"May I talk to you?" he said.

"Why, of course."

As he dragged his chair nearer hers, Nita realized suddenly how lonely she had been.

"I've been wanting to talk to you for days," he went on. "But I knew that you weren't in the mood. To-day, however, you look much more fit."

"And I am," she responded. She was glad to hear the sound of her own voice, with a return of the elasticity which had long been lacking. "I have been resting."

"I know," he said. "I've been watching you. But you had never seen me until to-day."

"That's quite true," she said, look-

ing up into his clear, hazel eyes. "I haven't seen any one."

"And how did you happen to see me at last?"

"I was thinking of those girls and their remarkable freedom."

He laughed.

"It's all on the surface. They are just as tied down as their Victorian grandmothers. The American woman's manner is a flimsy smoke screen for the greatest inherent conventionality in the world."

"Perhaps. I have never been in America. But I am so eager to be there!"

She had never had such a sense of ease in talking. It was not conversation; it was thinking aloud.

She was not even startled when he said:

"Are you a Eurasian?"

"Yes." For the first time in her life she spoke of it as a fact, without emotion. "My mother was English and my father Chinese."

"And you have always lived in China?" As she nodded, he went on, "What a wonderful opportunity you have had to know the Chinese! I envy you. Now I have just come from India, but I'm fearfully handicapped by feeling that I don't really understand the people."

When the gong sounded for dinner, two hours later, Nita realized how freely she had talked to him. No matter what she had said or he had said, they seemed to understand one another. It was an altogether new experience for her. As she told him later, up to this time, Lady Mary had been her only true friend, and even with her Nita had always been conscious of the difference in their ages and achievements. Now there was no self-consciousness of any kind. There was entire equality and understanding.

She had heard the phrase platonic friendship, but she had never before

understood it. Now she felt that it had been invented for this warm, friendly, and sexless companionship which developed rapidly during the last ten days of the voyage.

They were together constantly, but she did not realize how much the companionship meant to her until the last day of the voyage. She was distressed when he told her that he was not going on to New York, where he had an apartment, but had planned to spend some time in California.

"But it's better for you," he said. They were standing at the railing on the upper deck, watching for the first sight of land.

"I suppose it is," she assented. "You mean that I ought to start in my new life here entirely on my own?"

"Yes. It is wisest, I think, to have complete physical reliance along with that other thing which you have—that inner thing, as if you have been tested by fire and the metal was now devoid of dross."

She nodded slowly.

"You are right. You are always right. In a way I think you know me better than any one has ever known me."

She caught her breath.

"Do you want me to tell you everything—now? This moment? I may never again have the courage."

"Don't tell me!" It was a command. "I know all that is essential in your personality. Nothing else matters."

Her heart was pounding; for a moment she could not speak.

He went on, quickly:

"Facts are the least important part of a personality. I've always felt that the people who are interested in them openly declare their inability to dig deeper."

She smiled up at him.

"I agree, of course."

"Why 'of course?'"

"Because I find myself agreeing with



He went on quickly: "Facts are the least important part of a personality. I've always felt that the people who are interested in them openly declare their inability to dig deeper."

everything you say; or rather, I find you saying everything that I have always thought."

They stood silent. Nita felt that their companionship was a perfect

thing. It seemed to her the only relationship she had ever known which, in itself, had brought her peace.

He took a key out of his pocket.

"I want you to go to my apartment when you get to New York. I will be away for at least a month more, and it will give you an anchor while you are getting your bearings."

"I would love to go there."

"It's a small place, but I hate hotels, so I keep it year after year and if I can't use it myself, I try to find some one who can. So far it has only been loaned to men, however."

She put the key carefully into her hand bag.

"You can't imagine what a load I've lifted off my mind! I have hated to think of being alone in New York

without the slightest knowledge of where to go."

"You can see your publishers and get going with your work. When I come on we'll do the town thoroughly. I have an idea that a vacation would do us both good."

Nita drew in a long breath.

"I feel younger already. I think I feel gay for the first time in my life."

This feeling of carefree, irresponsible youthfulness lasted throughout her

trip across the continent and even survived the bewilderment which New York created in her. Her first impression was of great, towering buildings beneath which individuals like unimportant insects, hurried frantically, trying to avoid swarms of motor cars and jangling trolleys, with a great rumble of elevated trains always in their ears, their faces tense, hectic, too intent on mere physical survival to have leisure for meditation or the more simple forms of enjoyment.

She would have been crushed by all this, as she wrote to Bascom at the end of the second day, if she had not had his charming, comfortable apartment on the Park, high up above Columbus Circle, as sanctuary.

"But no, it is our friendship which is my sanctuary," she added. Then she tore up the entire letter and told him in a sprightly, impersonal way of her interview with the publishers. She wrote:

They are shrewd—the Americans. Simple, yes. But the kind of simple that makes subtlety superfluous. For instance, Mr. Watson, who is the man Kane wants to publish the first book, expressed keen interest in the poems. But it was impossible to get him to commit himself as to their publication until he has seen every one of them. But I came away having signed an agreement quite against my judgment to give him first chance at them!

When she had sealed her letter, Nita went to the window and stood for a long time looking out at the blazing electric signs of Broadway. But the more she thought of the thousands of people walking the streets, looking up at those very signs, guided perhaps by them in their decision for an evening's entertainment or their purchase of motor tires or chewing gum, the lonelier she became.

She jerked down the shades. She refused to think of the ultimate destiny of mankind; she closed her mind to the desolating thoughts which her utter

loneliness produced. The bookshelves were crowded with philosophy, poetry, novels. She lost herself in a late book of fiction.

Within the next few weeks, however, entirely new problems beset her.

At first New York astonished her so by its size and noise and strange, hurrying crowds that she felt she could do no work until she was somewhat acclimated. During this mood she walked in the Park a great deal during the day, and read in the evenings. Then she began to be self-conscious about her appearance. When she had recovered somewhat from staring at every one she passed, she realized that every one who passed stared at her. Knowing that a majority of the population was as alien as she, she finally deduced the belief that it was her clothes which were queer.

She was too honest to try to convince herself that it was merely desire to look like every one else which made her decide to sell her beautiful jade earrings and necklace so that she might be able to afford a new wardrobe. By lucky chance she took them to one of the big Chinese houses and, coming at a time when jade was fashionable, she disposed of them to excellent advantage.

She was even more fortunate in seeking her clothes. Through a random whim she went into an exclusive French establishment near Fifth Avenue where the charming head of the firm, a young Irishwoman with rare artistic sense, happening to see Nita, declared that she would dress her in a way to reflect credit upon them both.

Before this phase of Nita's newly awakened youthfulness had passed, she had sold two of her best tapestries. But it seemed to her, as she sat one evening before dinner near the open fire, wearing the loveliest of her new achievements, that she had been stupid to have ignored for so many years the possibilities of clothes.

She got up suddenly and surveyed herself in the long mirror which hung between the windows.

The tea gown which she wore was of soft velvet, the exact shade of deep red which her cheeks and her lips suggested. The round neck and the long, flowing sleeves, which just revealed her white arms, were edged with fur as black as her smooth, well-done hair.

But as she looked at her setting, at the blend of deep blue and red and bits of gold in the coloring of the library which made such an appropriate background, she realized why she had bought this gown. Certainly it was not so that she could be inconspicuous on the street. No, this and the other expressions of her extravagant, new taste could be traced to one source only—the desire to please Arthur Bascom.

The desire to please her friend. Surely a worthy purpose. She could not understand why some half-buried intuition tried to abash her reason.

At this moment the telephone on her desk rang shrilly.

"Hello! . . . Oh, hello!" she exclaimed delightedly.

"It's Arthur Bascom. I'm at the station and couldn't wait to call you. May I come up?"

"Of course."

"Right-o. See you in ten minutes."

She hung up the receiver. Just half past seven. He had not dined, she was sure. She ordered an excellent dinner to be sent up via the dumb-waiter, which was an unending source of pleasure to her.

She lighted a fire, then laid the carved ebony table with the Italian pottery she had grown attached to, arranged a centerpiece of apples and pears in a silver dish, and was lighting the tall, yellow candles, in an effort to make everything warm and welcoming, when she heard his step.

She opened the door before he rang. At the sight of his fine, handsome,

bronzed face, she experienced a thrill of delight.

"This is nice!" he exclaimed, dropping the bag and taking her outstretched hands in his. "I feel as if I had really come home!"

She smiled up at him.

"And I am so glad to see you!"

She led the way to the crackling fire. "You don't mean that dinner is ready!" he exclaimed. "I'm famished!"

"Ready in two minutes. Aren't you cold? It's been raining for days."

"But this is the most comfortable place I've ever seen." He looked around. "'A woman's touch!'"

"But I haven't changed a thing!"

"Then it must be that nice red thing you're wearing."

She changed the subject.

"Did you hunt much?"

"Rather!"

He launched into an enthusiastic description of his camping trip. When dinner came up on the dumb-waiter, they both helped, and put all the superfluous things on a side table near at hand, so that after they had started to eat it was not necessary to move.

"This is perfect!" he said. "Not the soup—although it is good—but the whole thing. Especially having you here. You can't imagine how desolate it usually is, coming into a dark and lonely hole without any one to talk to, or any one who cares whether you live or die."

"But I can imagine. I've lived alone since I was nineteen."

"I can't realize that. I always think of you being surrounded by people, withdrawing from them now and then, to be sure, but always of your own volition."

"Not always. But tell me more about California."

He went on. When he had finished and they had pushed back their chairs and were drinking coffee out of his tiny, gold-lacquered cups, he said:

"Tell me what you have been doing."

"Work, to-night."

She pointed to the pile of manuscript on the desk.

"You said some time you'd read me some of your things. Won't you?"

"If you really want me to."

She picked up a sheaf of typewritten sheets.

"These are going to be published soon, so I'll try them on you."

She settled herself in one corner of the sofa with the reading lamp behind her. Bascom sat opposite her, on the floor, resting his head on the seat of a big chair, but able to look at her without moving.

She had never before read any of her poetry aloud. But her voice, always low and charming, caught the cadence of the verse, and made it music. Now and then he moved to put a fresh stick of wood on the fire, but he said nothing until she had finished. It was after midnight when she put the papers down beside her and clasped her long, slender hands in her lap. The clock ticked the passing seconds. She waited, fearful of his verdict. At last he started to speak, cleared his throat, then went on, hesitatingly.

"I don't know what to say. They are beautiful. I was completely carried away by them. I had no idea you had such extraordinary talent. Really I'm overcome."

This was all she desired. She knew by his tone and by the very lack of fluency in his words that he was sincere. Now that she had his approval, nothing else mattered.

"They make me feel so close to you!" he went on. "You can call them translations if you will, but I know enough to realize that they are almost entirely your own. They are beautiful, beautiful in every sense."

He got up suddenly.

"Will you lunch with me to-morrow? I'll ring you up in the morning."

"It seems dreadful to drive you out of your own home," she said. "If you'd given me notice, I'd have been all packed."

"Nonsense. You must stay on. I have to go back to England almost at once and you might just as well be here. I like to think of you here."

She said good night numbly, conscious of nothing except that he was going back to England at once!

When they met at one o'clock the next day, downtown at the Lafayette, Bascom's face was grave.

"Rotten luck!" he exclaimed as he took her hand in greeting. "My steamer sails to-morrow."

"But—but—why must you take it?"

"I must. Everything's arranged. And Lord, how I hate to go!"

As soon as they had given their luncheon order, Bascom burst forth.

"It's so damnable that I've been wasting all this time shooting in California, just waiting for a real vacation here, putting it off, the way a child deliberately hoards the frosting of its cake. And I've eaten every crumb of the dull, flat, uninteresting cake, and now the frosting is snatched away from me!"

"But you'll enjoy being in England again?"

"Not greatly. Not to be compared with the good time I would have had here."

"You really like New York so much?"

"New York? No! I loathe it."

"Then I don't see."

He looked squarely at her, his blue eyes shining with earnestness.

"Of course you see. It's you I like."

His honesty made her ashamed of having baited him, ashamed of her quickened heartbeats.

"Those last two weeks on the boat made me realize what companionship between a man and woman could mean. And last night, with all that your poetry

gave me, convinced me that I have been missing something infinitely desirable."

"I know," she said. "I feel that, too."

The waiter came just then with the hors d'œuvre. During the rest of the meal they talked of less personal things. He was determined that she should keep his apartment, and he finally convinced her that it would be the wisest thing to do. He gave her a list of people he knew who might be able to help her if she decided to do magazine work, and another list of people who might buy some of her brocades or porcelains if she were hard up.

She confessed that she had already parted with some of her things. When she had explained her reason he looked at her black satin street gown with its flowing sleeves embroidered in gay, pleasant colors, then at the wide black hat which rolled up from her face, and smiled.

"I'm glad you have a weakness," he exclaimed. In his voice there was the note of pleasure which an indulgent parent might use toward a little girl who plays at dressing up.

"But I have so many! Why are you glad?"

"Because it makes you more human—more like the rest of us."

She caught her breath.

"Let's walk up Fifth Avenue," he suggested. "We can stop in and see some pictures if we feel like it."

They decided, after all, on the Metropolitan Museum. Nita was tremendously excited at the thought of so much beauty being accessible to her.

"I shall come here often," she declared, as, late in the afternoon, they walked down the steps.

"Alone?"

"No. I think you will be with me."

He turned quickly and took her hand in his. She looked away, tears in her eyes. Neither of them spoke. It was a moment of complete understanding.

They walked down toward the brighter lights and decided to dine at the Plaza. Then, after dinner, they went back to his apartment.

She took off her hat and ran her fingers through her dark hair, while he knelt in front of the fireplace. When the kindling blazed, he pulled the big sofa over in front of it, and they sat down together. At last he said:

"To think that this will be my last hour of peace for perhaps two years!"

"Two years! Surely it won't be that long."

"Does it matter to you?"

"Of course. You know it does."

"I want to know it. I want you to tell me."

She smiled, trying to speak lightly.

"Arthur Bascom, I hereby solemnly declare that I will miss you every minute!"

"And when I come back you will let me come here to dinner and you will wear the same red velvet thing that you wore last night? And you will read me all that you have written in the meantime?"

She raised her right hand.

"I do so promise."

"I can stand even a family reunion now!"

"Tell me about your family."

He talked for over an hour about them. She got a picture of conservative, dignified country people who were somewhat bewildered by his business acumen. He told her about his sister and his mother, and how much they would enjoy her. As he talked she felt the roots of her affection going deeper and deeper. She still felt that it was a perfect example of platonic friendship, in part because she was utterly convinced that nothing else could ever come to her. But her mind eagerly stored up pictures of him as a little boy, as a youth at school, at Oxford, then pioneering in Java until he went home to enlist in the war, and, after he had been



Nita realized that in many ways he had changed; she wondered if he had ever been as despicable as she had once thought him.

invalided, of his extensive trading in India.

"You haven't said anything about *affaires d'amour*," she said at last.

"None worth speaking of. Except perhaps just one at home—Gladys Hunter. I admire her awfully, and my family are keen on it, but—well, there seems to be something lacking. At least there used to be. She may have changed."

Nita was able to convince herself that her emotion was due entirely to distress lest their friendship be disturbed.

He talked a little more about England, then got up suddenly.

"I must go. It's good-by."

She rose. She felt that she could not let him go.

"Good-by." Her voice was husky.

"May I—may I kiss you?"

He bent over and kissed her forehead, very gently.

"Good-by. And you must write!"

She smiled her assent.

As she heard the door close after him she threw herself down on the sofa and for the first time since the Humphreys

had left her, years ago, in Shanghai, she wept as if her heart would break.

For almost two years, Nita, as she herself phrased it, kept the faith. After Bascom had left, she had entered upon the most purposeful phase of her existence. She felt that no matter what happened to him, she would always have some part of him which belonged only to her. That which she had prophesied, on the steps of the Museum, came true. She did not seem to be alone. It was as if a completely understanding, completely satisfying personality was always with her. He wrote her often, but he had not her gift for expression in letters, and she drew more from her memories of him than from these tangible things.

She knew that the work which she did, always conscious of his approval, far surpassed anything she had ever done. She did not need the cautious praise of her publisher to tell her this. More and more she wrote her own poems, discarding even the pretense that they were translations. The first slim, gray-bound volume had gone into its fourth edition, and she was working under contract for another, when she saw Henry Kittredge again.

She was just coming into the apartment after the brisk walk which she, guided again by Bascom's good sense, thought imperative for sustained health. Her cheeks were glowing with color, but at the sight of him she turned pale.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed.

He put out his hand. Mechanically she put her own into it. A book which she was carrying fell on the tiled floor with a clatter. As he stooped to pick it up, she noticed that his dark hair had a touch of gray in it.

"I've been waiting here an hour," he said, almost accusingly.

"I've been walking." She was not conscious of what she said.

He looked around at the sleek clerk

behind the desk, and the inquisitive telephone girl.

"We can't talk here."

"No. Well, you'd better come upstairs."

It was not until the elevator door had clicked behind them that she felt a sense of disloyalty in taking him up to Bascom's apartment. It was too late to draw back, however, even if she had wanted to.

He looked around the living room with approval.

"I'd have known this was your place."

His voice had the same buoyant quality. Only his eyes were a darker blue, and older. A shade of his youthfulness was gone.

"It's not mine. I—I subtlet it."

She did not sit down, but stood erect, self-conscious, in the center of the floor.

"I've looked everywhere for you!" he burst out. "How could you leave me like that? My God, it's been awful without you!"

What could she say to him? What was there to say?

He came closer to her. He took her limp hands in his. He looked at her intently.

"You didn't care whether I lived or died!"

She did not deny it.

"I have gone through two years of hell and you—have—been writing poetry!"

"A dreadful indictment," she managed to say.

"Cold! Interested in your work, I suppose?"

"Tremendously." She glanced at the clock. "I have just time now for some tea. Will you wait while I make it?"

"Will I wait! Nita—girl—you don't seem to realize that I've spent months trying to find you—to have even a glimpse of you!"

"No, I can't realize it. Sit down over there. I'll be back in a moment."

She disappeared into the tiny kitchen, desperately anxious to have something to do, some tangible, physical thing which would destroy the feeling of numbness which had come over her at sight of him.

When she came back to the living room with a tray of steaming tea and hot cinnamon toast, he looked up from the book of her poems which had been lying on the desk.

"Great!" he exclaimed. "I bought a copy two days ago. In fact that's how I finally traced you. Had hard work of it, even then, for the publishers wouldn't give your address at all. Finally I bribed one of the stenographers and she got it from the files. She just telephoned my office an hour and a half ago."

So to him her success meant merely a means by which he might get what he desired! She hoped he would not notice the trembling of her hand as she poured a cup.

"No cream or sugar," he said in answer to her questioning look. "Just tea, as in China."

The hot liquid calmed her nerves so that she was able to say:

"How long have you been back?"

"I came just as soon as I could travel. The doctor sent me up in the hills for a month. Then I came home. Almost two years ago."

"But you live in Philadelphia, don't you?"

"Not now. I've been transferred to New York. My work in Peking put me on my feet, financially."

She poured herself a fresh cup.

"And is your wife with you?"

"No. Not now. She's staying with her mother in Washington. The truth of the matter is that things haven't been at all the same since I came back."

"Whose fault?"

"Yours!" He put his cup down and, leaning forward, his hands clasped between his knees, he looked at her hon-

estly. "Every one else seems colorless compared to you. I thought I could come back and take up life where I had left off, but I couldn't. She knew almost at once that things had changed, that something crucial had happened to me. I couldn't have deceived her if I'd tried, and I didn't want to."

Nita forced herself to speak dispassionately:

"But even then, wouldn't she forgive? Couldn't she be made to overlook an—an episode? Surely she could see that there was nothing in it which would affect the permanence you and she have?"

"Had. We thought we had permanence, but something happened to it. It dissolved. It dissolved, I think, the first time I looked at you."

"Oh, no!" She shrank from this.

"Oh, Nita, Nita! You can't have changed so much in two years. Have you no feeling at all for me? Do you only despise me?"

"I don't despise you at all. I—I think I have no feeling for you."

"Haven't you ever thought of me at all?"

"Almost never. I made up my mind that I wouldn't, and I haven't."

"Then there's some one else!"

He glanced quickly, suspiciously, around the room, as if looking for a photograph or some telltale evidence.

She had no desire to torture him; she was merely truthful.

"Perhaps there is some one else."

"Then, by God, he won't get you!"

He jumped to his feet.

"You cared for me once and you can be made to care again. I was younger then—a great deal of a cad, I admit. But this time I'm in earnest. Edith's going to divorce me and I'm going to marry you, Nita."

She looked up at him, too astonished to speak.

The clock struck six.

"I must get to work now," she said.

"I'm quite ready to go. I'll telephone to-morrow." He bent over and kissed her hand in farewell.

Nita did not work that day, nor indeed for many days after that. She had been entirely truthful in saying to Kittredge that she had scarcely ever thought of him since the hour when she had left him, delirious and revealing, in Peking. But now she could think of nothing else.

She refused to see him during this period of self-analysis, and he, with a new dignity and restraint which she admired, did not protest. He telephoned her occasionally, and every other day he sent her magnificent red roses. After two weeks his new personality began to obliterate somewhat her bitter memories.

She forced herself to honest introspection and realized eventually that it had been, to some extent, a matter of replacement. She had intended that her work should mean everything to her; that through it she should find peace, if not happiness. But now she was not sure. Was it her work which had driven out thought of him, or was it Arthur Bascom?

As if in telepathic answer to the distressing questioning of herself, she received a wireless from Bascom quite unexpectedly one morning, saying that he was arriving in New York in two days.

Later in the same day a letter came from him which had been posted from England almost a month before. In it he mentioned the possibility of coming over if he could get passage, rather casually, among other unimportant things. He spoke of his sisters and some of their friends who had been staying with them. He had said:

Gladys Hunter has been here for almost a month. I think I spoke to you of her that last night in New York when I talked so much about myself. I said that something used to be lacking in her. That's hardly

noticeable now. By the way, she admires some of your verses immensely.

Nita tore the letter violently into bits and threw it into the wastebasket. Then she faced the truth.

She buried her face in her arms. So this was the meaning of her platonic friendship! This was the answer to the sense of completeness she had in his presence, the sense of having found herself at last!

"I love him!" she said aloud. But she was not exalted by her realization. It left her depressed, unhappy, filled with a foreboding of impending disaster.

Why could she not have kept on believing her affection to be merely friendship? Why could she not rejoice in the thought of him marrying some fine English girl of his own kind? But she was tortured, pacing up and down in her distress, exhausted by the suddenness with which the emotion had come to her, obliterating all else.

It grew dark; a horrible sense of loneliness came over her. She knew that she could not stand twenty-four hours of this distress. She must find some outlet.

For the first time she took the initiative. She telephoned the hotel from which Kittredge had written her messages to accompany his flowers. By a lucky chance he had just come in.

"Will you take me to dinner and the theater?" she said. "I am tired and need some recreation dreadfully."

"I'll be there in thirty minutes," he answered, the old familiar quality of bubbling youth in his voice.

She knew that he felt it was a step toward his goal. She said nothing to contradict it. For all she knew, he might be right. She put on a dinner dress of black over silver, with no ornaments except a silver filigree comb in her black hair; the flame-colored lining of her black satin evening wrap gave her the necessary color. She was surprised to find herself eager to look well.

She went downstairs to meet him in the reception room. Now that Arthur was coming home, more than ever she did not want to identify Kittredge with his apartment.

His face lit up with spontaneous delight as he saw her.

"You really are wonderful to-night!" he exclaimed, taking her hand.

She was surprised to find that although she had dressed for his admiration, it left her cold. She felt indeed as emotionally lifeless as if she were in a dream.

During their motor ride to the French restaurant where they were to dine, he talked gayly and entertainingly of his business career. She found herself interested in his success as if her own personality were still strongly connected with it; at moments she had almost a maternal attitude toward him. After they were seated along the wall in the small, white-paneled dining room, she asked him many questions. She had absorbed a good deal of knowledge of business, and she was not only an intelligent but an eager listener.

Kittredge went on and on, throughout their well-chosen meal. Nita realized that in many ways he had changed; she wondered if he had ever been as despicable as she had once thought him.

"I've done nothing but talk about myself," he said as they drove to the theater. "But I owe all my success in the Orient to you and it was that which started me off here."

So he was really grateful! She had never thought of that before. It was true that she had helped him a great deal, but she had supposed he had merely taken it for granted. She had never been useful to a grateful person before. It was an enjoyable sensation.

Perhaps as a reaction against her day of depression, and behind that the months of loneliness, she found herself having a very good time indeed. He had chosen a spectacular musical com-

edy, and the barbaric color pleased her eye, and the tuneful music pleased her ear. She relaxed, laughed, bantered, and felt at least five years younger when she told him good night at the door of her apartment house.

She had declined his invitation for supper afterward, and she liked him for not urging her.

"It's been a splendid evening!" she declared, as she waited for the elevator.

"Just the beginning!" he said, looking at her earnestly. "Nita, you are everything to me!"

She smiled at him, without a word.

She slept soundly that night, determined to get up early in the morning and start to work.

When Bascom telephoned from the dock, Nita was writing busily.

"You haven't forgotten your promise about the red gown and the dinner?"

"No, of course not. How soon will you be up?"

"As soon as my baggage is examined. That oughtn't to take long. I've only a bag or two. I came over on a hurried trip. Going home again shortly."

"But why?"

"Tell you all that later."

She hung up the receiver, deeply disturbed not only by his news but by his manner. He seemed almost cold toward her; not at all as if they were great friends, ready to take up their companionship at a moment's notice, even if two years had elapsed.

While she was dressing, a big box of roses came, with only a penciled line: To my dear Nita. Your HENRY.

Nita tucked the card away, not sure why she did not destroy it at once.

But as she opened the door for Bascom, an hour later, she forgot everything except her joy in seeing him again. He looked just the same, a little less bronzed, but with the same meditative and friendly expression in his hazel eyes when he looked down at her.

"It's great to be here again!"

"And to have you here!"

"It seems horribly long."

"I know."

"In the meantime you are well on the way to fame!"

He put down his hat and stick and came over to where she stood by the fire.

"And you are even more than beautiful now. I had almost forgotten how you looked. When I think of you it is never of your appearance; sometimes I am completely unable to visualize you at all."

He looked at her steadily.

"Some one asked me a while ago what color your eyes were, and I had difficulty in remembering."

"Who asked you—Gladys Hunter?"

"How in the world did you guess that? As a matter of fact, it was. Are you a clairvoyant?"

She shook her head. Her joy was fast being replaced by a horrible sense of desolation. He talked so much, about England and his affairs there and politics and her work, that she thought he had not noticed her depression. But when their simple dinner was at an end he pushed back his chair, lighted a cigarette, and said:

"Isn't it about time you told me, Nita?"

"Told you what?"

"Don't fence with me. Do you think I am blind? Something is giving you pain. Won't you tell me?"

"I can't."

"Of course you can. You can tell me anything."

"Not this. Oh, please don't urge me! I'll tell you some time if I can. But not now. Talk to me about England; it sounds so peaceful, almost like heaven."

"I've told you everything I could think of."

"But not why you are going back so soon."

"Oh, that's—that's chiefly because I've decided to try managing a new trading company, for a while, anyway."

Something in his voice made her know that he had not told her everything.

"And Gladys Hunter, too?"

"I know now you are a clairvoyant. How the deuce could you guess that I was thinking of her?"

"Are you engaged to her?"

"No."

"An understanding?"

"N-no. Oh, I see that I might as well tell you everything!"

But he did not seem willing to proceed in a straight narrative.

"You've seen her a lot?"

"A lot. She and my sister are great friends. And she's an awfully jolly sort of girl to have around, sort of quiet and sympathetic, and knows every one I do and all that."

"Your family would be delighted, of course."

"Of course."

She did not look at him.

"Then what stands in the way?"

"You do!"

She turned quickly.

He put his hand over hers.

"Nita, my dear, you were with me every minute. You were so real to me, a part of me. At first I could not understand it. I had thought of you just as my best friend. But if that theory were true there would be no reason for not caring for Gladys. For I do like her; in many ways she's entirely satisfactory. I've had awfully good times with her. But whenever I thought of—of anything more than that, you would always come between us."

She was silent, hanging on his words even though every time he mentioned the other girl's name she felt almost physical pain.

He went on slowly.

"She saw it, finally. And that's why

I came over here just now—to find out what you mean to me.”

“She sent you!”

“Not quite. But she made me realize that I couldn’t go on, not knowing.”

He took her other hand in his, looking at her earnestly.

“Nita, don’t turn away from me. Surely you want the truth.”

“I don’t understand it, even now.”

“Do you remember that last day on

the boat when we stood together at the bow? And you started to tell me something?”

“Yes.”

“Will you tell me now?”

“Must I?”

“Indeed you must. It is the thing I must know. You see, upon it or rather upon what I thought it was, I built my entire attitude toward you.”

“What did you think it was?”

“Oh, I more or less assumed that there had been some man in your life, some one you cared for! And believing that, I thought that you and I could eliminate—caring in that way—from our feeling for each other.”

“What changed your mind?”



“Arthur! Arthur! It’s not worth it. I’m not worth it. Go back to your English girl and forget me. Don’t! Don’t!”

"The fact. The fact that I did care, in spite of everything. Will you tell me now?"

Nita drew a deep breath. Her heart was pounding beneath the soft velvet folds of her gown.

"I wish you had let me tell you in the beginning," she said, almost accusingly.

"My God, so do I! If anything is destined to come between us, I wish it could have come in the very beginning, and not now, when every thought I have has in it some reflection of you."

She was astonished at the intensity with which he spoke. It was almost impossible for her to go on, to even attempt to tell him. Moreover, she was conscious that she was going to hurt him horribly. For the first time she realized acutely how startlingly unlike her background and his had been. How could he possibly understand, possibly weigh the values?

"Hadden't you just better go—go back home, now?" she asked gently.

"Oh, no! I must know!"

She saw that he was in torment. With effort that was almost superhuman, she told him the entire story. She omitted nothing. She did not try to spare herself, nor, indeed, to do anything except to relate the facts of her life. She was not oblivious of his suffering or of his instinctive recoiling, as she went on. But she did not stop until she had told him everything, up to the time she had met him on the boat.

It was after one o'clock when she said, "And that's all."

His face was buried in his hands. He did not speak.

After a while she noticed his shoulders heaving. She went quickly to him.

"Arthur!"

She put her hands over his. Then she realized that there were tears on his cheeks.

"Oh, my dear!" She knelt beside him, putting her arms around him. "Arthur! Arthur! It's not worth it. I'm not worth it. Go back to your English girl and forget me. Don't! Don't!"

He shook her off, rising to his feet blindly, as if he were dazed.

"You—you who have been my ideal! You to whom I have given the best in me—toward whom I have striven, hoping I might not fall short. It's unbelievable! It's grotesque!"

She stood beside him.

"There's no use hurting yourself any more."

He seized her wrists fiercely.

"Tell me that it's hideous to you!" he cried. "Tell me that it sickens you to think of it. Tell me you have repented. Oh, Nita, tell me!"

A terrible temptation came to her. Why not say that she had repented—anything to quiet him! But between them, no matter what the cost, there could only be truth.

"No, Arthur; it does not sicken me. There was nothing intrinsically hideous in it. There was nothing evil, nothing even unbeautiful, in what I gave. My judgment was bad, but not my heart."

His whole being was transformed. He shook his finger at her. For a moment she thought that he might do her physical violence.

"Then you are lost to all sense of right and wrong!"

"No, I don't believe that, either. But what is the use of talking, now?"

He pointed accusingly at the bowl of fragrant roses on the table.

"Where did you get those?"

She was overwhelmed by the realization that she had completely forgotten to tell him that she had seen Kittredge again.

"He sent them to me."

"He is here! You have been seeing him!"

"I have seen him twice."

"You have seen him!"

He stared at her incredulously.

"You are worse than unrepentant!"

"Stop!" she commanded. She drew herself up proudly. "I have no desire to hear more. You must go now!"

The door closed after him.

The house telephone, ringing with shrill insistence, awoke her. Heavy after her troubled sleep, she answered it at last.

"Mr. Kittredge to see you," the clerk announced.

"Ask him to wait for twenty minutes." She glanced at the flat, silver clock on the bureau. "I'll see him at eleven."

She was not surprised at his coming at this hour. She had dreamed so vividly of him that it seemed quite natural that he should appear.

As she hurriedly bathed and dressed, she realized that her emotions were benumbed; that after last night with Bascom she would never again be capable of quite the same sharp intensity of feeling, the poignancy of grief which she had then felt.

When Kittredge came into the room, flooded with bright spring sunlight, she looked at him as if she were seeing him for the first time. He seemed to her a stranger. As she greeted him, impersonally polite, she could have laughed aloud at the thought that this was the instrument through which she had wrecked her life. That for him she had given everything that counted, not only for the moment, but for all her future. His words jerked her back to actuality.

"I got a letter from Edith this morning. That's why I'm here. Her family have been working on her, apparently, persuading her to attempt a reconciliation. She wrote me quite generously, I must admit."

"What has that to do with me?"

"Everything. It made me realize, more clearly than ever, that I want you. I want you to promise me that when I am free you will marry me."

He made no attempt to touch her; even in his voice there was no cajolery.

"It would square everything," he went on, almost as a lawyer might speak of a client's case. "No one would ever dare say anything about you, after that."

Nita was silent, thinking not of the opinion of the world, but of Arthur. In the hour of her need, he had turned from her. He would go home to his satisfactory, uncontaminated English girl. What if she, too, married some one else?

"I told you the other day that I could wait," he said. "And I would have waited. But Edith is coming up to New York almost at once, and she said she must have a decision. I want to do the decent thing, if possible; it must have been hard for her to write me."

Nita's old resentment flamed anew. She remembered vividly the photograph of this conventional, complacent girl—the girl who would not risk going to China with him for fear something might happen to her smooth, peach-blossom skin. What generosity was there in trying to get back something she had forfeited?

Gladys Hunter was the same sort of person. No doubt they were as alike as two peas in a pod. How they would unite, those two, if they ever met, in reviling her! But she would show them!

She glanced up quickly and, in the mirror over the mantel, she saw her reflected face. Its expression of bitterness startled her. She turned to him.

"No, Henry," she said quietly. "It can't be. I've gone on, thinking of one reason after another and of its effect upon one person after another. And

I've not considered the only essential thing. I don't love you."

"You did once!"

"Perhaps. There must be many kinds of love. But I don't love you now, at any rate."

She looked out of the window at the far-away top of a building towering against the blue of the sky.

"My ideas of right and wrong must be very queer," she went on. "For I believe that in these last few minutes I have been more wicked than ever before. For I have thought of bartering a priceless thing for revenge. I have thought in terms of vindication and of deliberately hurting other people."

He looked bewildered.

"You don't—hate—me?" he asked.

At the childishness of this she smiled.

"Of course I don't! I like you. I suppose I ought to hate you, but I don't. No, I oughtn't to, either. I refuse to accept the world's judgments about my emotions. I like you. And don't ever think that you owe me anything; you have behaved splendidly and I shall never forget it. Go back to your Edith and begin over again."

It seemed to her that a look almost of relief came into his face.

He got up.

"This is final?"

"Absolutely. I don't want to see you ever again."

He did not protest. He took his hat and stick, and put his hand in hers.

"God bless you!" she said. "Good-by."

After he had gone she stood motionless for a few minutes, trying to see it clearly. She was certain that he had been sincere at first in his desire to marry her. But this had been due in part to the fact that she seemed unattainable, in part to the discomfort which Edith's jealousy had caused him, and finally to a feeling that decency demanded some atonement, some squar-

ing of accounts. Now all of these causes had been removed, and without perhaps realizing it himself, he had really wanted the girl of his own kind.

She smiled, not in cynicism, but in understanding.

She went briskly to the telephone to order coffee and rolls, squaring her shoulders, impatient to take up life again. One more unnecessary thing had been eliminated. She had a sense of renewed freedom.

All that day and for days afterward she wrote at her desk. If she were not able to put all thought of Arthur away from her, at any rate she was able to pledge herself anew to her work.

At last she had completed the final page of manuscript, and, exhausted, put her head down upon the sheaf of white paper. She put her arms up on the desk, and tried to sleep.

The vision which she had had so long ago came again to her. But now she realized that her work was only one expression of her personality. The thing to strive for was to have all of her expressions true. To make human relationships, day-to-day living, everything, in fact, that she did or thought, measure up to her own high standard.

She sat upright. The key had turned in the lock.

Arthur Bascom came into the room. In the dusk he did not see her at first.

"I am here," she said softly.

He came over to her silently, dropping to his knees, his arms around her, his face buried in her lap.

"My girl!"

She put her hand on his head.

"Yes."

"Oh, Nita, I adore you so!" He looked up at her. "I have gone through hell since I saw you. But at last I know. I know all that you tried to tell me. I want you forever."

"Forever!"

He drew her face down to his.

Holworthy Comes Back

By Anne O'Hagan

Author of "Stuff of Dreams," "The Big Thing," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH WYCKOFF

The dramatic story of a once well-known actor who "comes back," but not by way of the stage. If you have never understood a man like Holworthy, the story will help you to "see" him, and is quite likely to broaden your sympathies.

RING down the curtain!" From somewhere off stage the call came through, and the curtain, moved by invisible hands, began to descend. Holworthy looked up from where he stood just behind the footlights, haranguing the audience upon the envy, hatred, and malice which had kept him off Broadway for twelve years. He waved his arm in a beautiful, sweeping gesture.

"And now that I have come back," he told the amazed congregation of pleasure seekers, "now that I am back, see what they are trying to do to me! See what——" The curtain stuck a few feet above his head. It jerked convulsively, and then it definitely gave up the undertaking. It would not come down another inch. Holworthy hailed the omen.

"But they can't do it!" he cried, with a hiccup impeding the jubilation of his prophecy. "They can't do it. Holworthy is back, and back to stay!"

At that moment, however, strong arms seized him from behind, and amid hisses, laughter, handclapping, queries as to "where he got it," shouts of "give the fellow a chance," he was dragged again to the theatrical outer darkness in which he had dwelt so long. The leading lady, standing irately and securely close to an exit, made a movement toward the center of the stage as though she also contemplated a few

words. The producer waved her aside, apologized to the audience, and assured them that Mr. Holworthy's sudden, regrettable illness would delay the performance only a few moments. He asked if they would have the goodness and patience to bear with the unevenness of a first-night performance, whose normal difficulties had been so painfully enhanced. But if they would not, if any one of them would not, the box office was prepared to refund. The audience, for the most part, was as forbearing as he could wish and it sat amiably motionless while the recalcitrant curtain came down, life behind it reestablished itself; while it arose again and the act resumed with an understudy giving an agitated imitation of the once inimitable Holworthy. The leading lady, who had precipitated the catastrophe by the time-honored device for distracting the attention of an audience from the effects achieved by a fellow actor—moving a chair with her foot while Holworthy was delivering himself of a sonorous sentiment—had dried her eyes, sipped her aromatic spirits of ammonia, and was prepared to give the understudy every chance to make his effects unimpeded. The author of the new piece had disappeared with threats of universal murder. Holworthy had been hustled out of the theater by the thoroughly outraged management. Another man's hat had been

furiously jammed upon his nobly shaped head, and his overcoat had been thrown at him. He had not been allowed even to stop and tell the astonished doorman all about it as he made his way through the narrow hall to the stage entrance and out into the murky darkness of the side street. He went around the corner to Broadway and gazed at the incandescent glory above the front door: "The Winner," with George Holworthy.

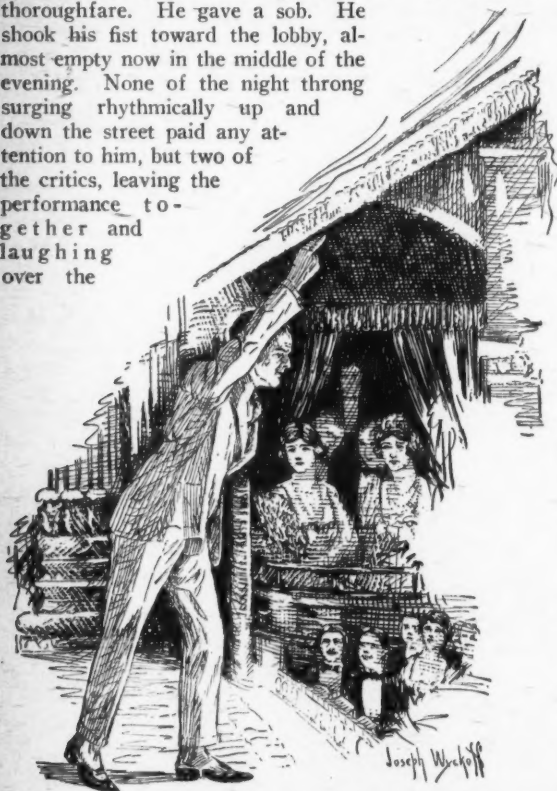
He was overwhelmed by the irony. He was stabbed by the bitterness of twelve years during which his name had never shone on this dazzling theatrical thoroughfare. He gave a sob. He shook his fist toward the lobby, almost empty now in the middle of the evening. None of the night throng surging rhythmically up and down the street paid any attention to him, but two of the critics, leaving the performance together and laughing over the

fiasco, stopped and tried to induce him to go along with them and unburden himself still further. He drew himself up and looked at them with a somberness which was not altogether drunken and which damped their amusement a little.

"Sirs," he said, in that rich voice which had all the notes, all the stops, the voice which was not unworthy to speak great lines and which gave worth to common ones, "Holworthy has no statement to make to the press. Henceforth he has words only for those who have reason to be concerned to hear them, and for them his words will be deeds."

So saying, he lurched toward the middle of the street, and the critics waited hopefully for the last act in Holworthy's drama by collision with a street car or motor. But the guardian deities of the inebriate were with him. Though he turned in the very center of the roadway to regard the incandescent sign above the Klaubert, he was miraculously untouched, and, turning away again, he was soon lost to their view toward the west.

Next morning the *Recorder*, a dignified sheet, carried this story: "Only those critics who happened to see 'The Winner' on its trial performances in Atlantic City and Wilmington can give any estimate of the merits of this drama. The interest of its New York



"But they can't do it!" he cried. "They can't do it. Holworthy is back, and back to stay!"

première was entirely concentrated in the unfortunate spectacle afforded by George-Holworthy in the leading part. It appeared very early in the performance that Mr. Holworthy was physically incapacitated for an appearance. His motions were haphazard and undirected, his speech frequently thick and incomprehensible. In the second act, taking offense at some real or fancied interference by a fellow actor, he stepped to the footlights and began to address the audience upon the conspiracies and rivalries which, he claimed, had kept him out of the metropolis and, indeed, off the stage for many years. Mr. Holworthy's obvious condition, however, made his explanation superfluous. The curtain was rung down. Mr. Ansell Gray, a young actor of considerable promise, took his place in the cast. But it would be patently unfair to criticize a play or a performance given in such circumstances."

The *Clarion*, however, and most of the other newspapers, did not show the nice reticence of the *Recorder* in regard to the episode. They resurrected the Holworthy material in their morgue. "Fifteen years ago," they said, in effect, "no actor of his age on the American stage had a better position or greater promise than George Holworthy. He was the son of the Holworthy who played with Booth, and of Agnes Jarvis Holworthy, both of them sterling actors, steeped in the best traditions of the stage. He was trained in the famous Remson Stock Company. He had talent, genius even, looks, voice, imagination, intelligence, a magnetic personality. He was a social favorite, a 'good fellow.' In 1904 he married Miss Paula Kenton, the daughter of John Kenton, president of the Bankers' & Growers' Trust Company, a beautiful and popular young society girl. Her family opposed the match, which ended in a runaway marriage. But conservative financial and social circles were not

more averse to the marriage than true lovers of the stage and admirers of Holworthy, who feared that he would be won away from the life into which he had been born by the attractions of the new world opening to him. But this was not the outcome of his marriage, although his decline as an actor dates from that time. The beautiful young Mrs. Holworthy did not adapt herself readily to the demands of her husband's profession; it was not long before differences were apparent between them. Holworthy became more and more addicted to stimulants, and his acting became more and more uncertain. Instead of being sought by managers, he began to seek positions. Outside New York, the Holworthy name and fame continued to have prestige for some time. He did not lose his provincial following as rapidly as he did his New York clientele. His marriage, which was deemed romantic, added to his attraction in the eyes of those who did not know how that youthful romance was turning out. In the metropolitan district, however, all the world of society and of the stage realized how complete had been its failure. Young Mrs. Holworthy and her husband were seen less and less together. Not even the exigencies of his profession could account for the growing separateness of their interests and lives. About four years after their marriage Holworthy created a scene one night by entering Vicar's, a lively center of the night life of New York, and, when he had found a certain table, drawing a riding crop and striking across the face Edgar Stanton, a well-known man-about-town and sportsman who was supping with a girl from the 'Follies' of that season. Stanton defended himself, and it required the intervention of bystanders to separate the men. At the time it was believed that Holworthy was also a devotee at the young lady's shrine. But when, two months later,

Mrs. Holworthy eloped with the victim of her husband's anger, judgment was revised. For some time after the elopement Holworthy refused to apply for a divorce, but the influence brought to bear by Mrs. Holworthy's family finally persuaded him to take the first steps toward making her position legal. He received a decree of divorce twelve years ago, and Mrs. Holworthy's marriage to Stanton followed immediately in New Jersey, where they have since made their home. Holworthy himself dropped almost entirely out of sight as far as New York was concerned. He has played occasional seasons or parts of seasons in other sections of the country, but he has not been seen since on the big circuit. During the war, however, he pulled himself together, attended an officers' training camp, saw active service, and regained much of his old prestige. His old friends had reason to believe that his reform was permanent, that the Volstead Act would assure its permanence, no matter how he himself might waver. When Siegmund & Sternbach took Lawrence Kelso's 'The Winner' and decided to produce it this season, they counted themselves fortunate to be able to secure Holworthy for the leading part. It is said that on the try-out trip he acquitted himself with much of his old charm and distinction. But the Volstead Act and whatever good resolutions he may have had were powerless to prevent his getting drunk—to put it in the least roundabout fashion—before the New York opening last night. From his first appearance it was evident that there was something the matter with him, and as the play proceeded it became more and more plain what the something was. Taking offense at some fancied obstructiveness on the part of Lily Lawler, the leading lady, he suddenly, as has been told, abandoned the play and, advancing to the footlights, began to address the audience upon the

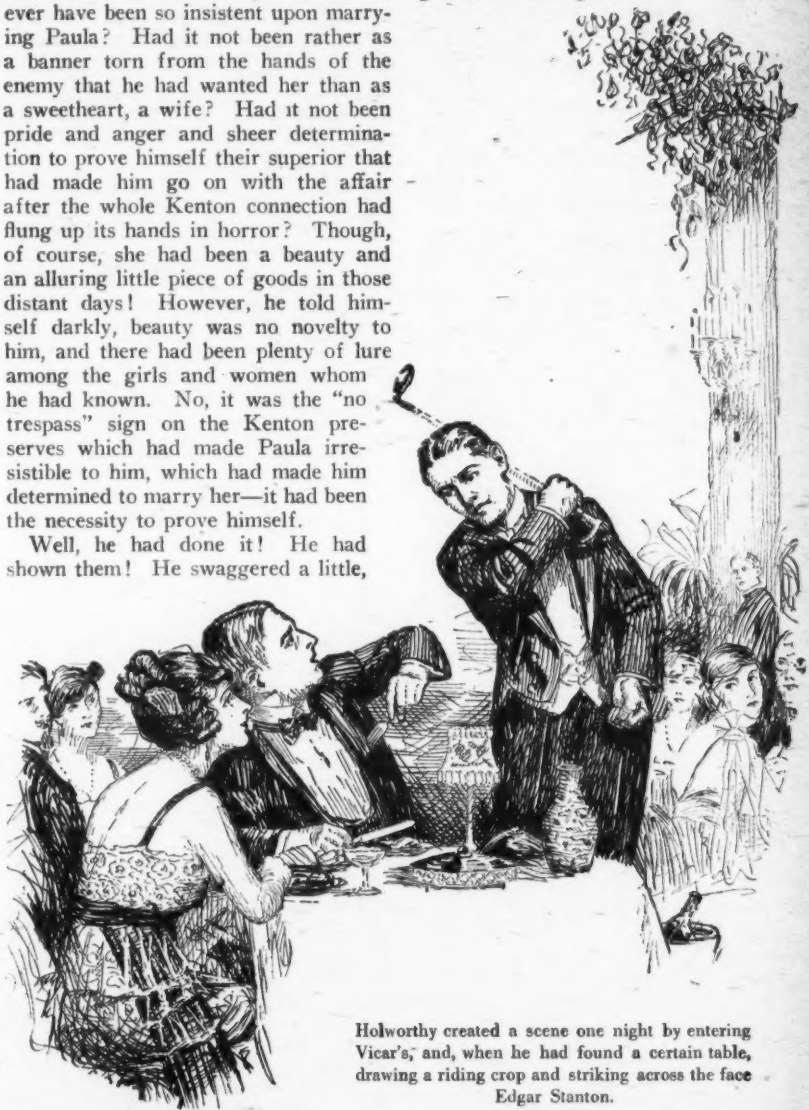
wrongs which he had suffered in his professional and domestic life. It will probably be a long time, and the eighteenth amendment will be much more firmly and universally enforced, before any manager again intrusts a piece of work to George Holworthy."

A dozen scenes from his past life flashed before Holworthy's eyes as, turning his back upon the brilliant mockery of the Klaubert sign, he plunged westward to the dive where, that afternoon, he had broken the abstinence of so many strenuous months. He saw the Holworthy of sixteen or seventeen years ago—conceited, of course, but with grounds for conceit. He saw his mail, the notes from the silly girls, the invitations from ladies ambitious to establish salons, the letters from playwrights, the requests for loans. In the state of mind and body in which he was at the moment it seemed to him proof of a singular nobility that he had almost never refused one of these last requests. He had been a generous soul, that George Holworthy, who never dreamed that the world in which he moved as the beloved prince was a limited world, a world that was negligently regarded by a vast, serious part of the population of the globe! It had been the Kentons who had taught him that, damn them! It had been the Kentons who had been glad to use him as a drawing card for their stupid Sunday-night parties until they found that Paula was falling in love with him. And how swiftly then had they shown him that he was not regarded as a proper match for their daughter, not as a real person at all! How swiftly he was pointed out the great gulf which divided the world of finance and respectability and social distinction and all the realities from that bohemian world of his! The very first seed of self-distrust he had ever known had been implanted in him by the Kentons.

If they had not planted that dark emotion in his bosom, would he, he wondered as he sat before a villainous concoction served him in a back room, ever have been so insistent upon marrying Paula? Had it not been rather as a banner torn from the hands of the enemy that he had wanted her than as a sweetheart, a wife? Had it not been pride and anger and sheer determination to prove himself their superior that had made him go on with the affair after the whole Kenton connection had flung up its hands in horror? Though, of course, she had been a beauty and an alluring little piece of goods in those distant days! However, he told himself darkly, beauty was no novelty to him, and there had been plenty of lure among the girls and women whom he had known. No, it was the "no trespass" sign on the Kenton preserves which had made Paula irresistible to him, which had made him determined to marry her—it had been the necessity to prove himself.

Well, he had done it! He had shown them! He swaggered a little,

nodding his head and inflating his chest absurdly, as he sat at the table with its overlapping stained circles from many generations of glasses.



Holworthy created a scene one night by entering Vicar's, and, when he had found a certain table, drawing a riding crop and striking across the face Edgar Stanton.

And the self-distrust had not been vanquished by marriage. For the Kentons had kept on at him. They wanted him to give up the stage—him, George Holworthy, son of George and Agnes Jarvis Holworthy! The Kentons had wanted it. It was to laugh! And laugh he did, suddenly, loudly, discordantly, and he caused the other sodden men and women at the other stained tables to look at him with leering curiosity.

"The Kentons, mind you," he said solemnly, "who had about as much family as a stray cur."

They had wanted him to go into the brokerage business. They had told him what his father-in-law's influence could do for him in such a business. Again he laughed, and again the foolish heads in the room wagged over the surmises in their owners' brains.

But he had never gotten over the distrust of himself, for all his scorn of his relatives-in-law and all his loud mockery of their offers and of their world and its standards. Always he found himself measuring himself against the young men of that world, against the young bankers and brokers, the sportsmen, the spenders, the young advertisers and the speculators, the motor salesmen—good heavens, against whom had he not measured himself, he, born into the great tradition of a great art?

It was only when he had drunk that the glow of utter confidence had stolen back into his heart and his veins, as it was stealing now, for that matter. He looked at his watch. He could get back to the theater and meet the audience coming out and tell them.

But his wife had eloped with another man. His wife had betrayed him. His wife had sullied the name of Holworthy. There had never been a light woman before in the whole line. Paula had put the first smirch upon that clear record. He had not been able to hold her, he had not known how to hold her through

love or through fear or through sheer husbandly authority. No wonder he had grown self-distrustful again. Brandishing a riding crop in a restaurant had been spectacular, and it had made that ass, that fat, red-faced ass, Edgar Stanton, look the fool he was. But how had it helped him, George Holworthy? How had it convinced him that he was the equal of any man, ready for any circumstance?

It had not done it. When they had pulled him away from Stanton and had run him—the waiters and managers and bouncers of Vicar's—out in the street, what had he really accomplished toward reassuring himself? Nothing, nothing at all. He was hot and dizzy and dazzled with light and battle lust and hatred and all manner of incoherencies. But what had he gained in his own esteem of himself, that for which he was always struggling? Nothing.

And Paula had gone, and there had been ugliness and bitterness, and years of plowing through vile morasses. And, finally, through war, where he had been allowed to measure himself once more with other men and had found himself no worse than they, no weaker, he had won back to the uplands of life.

It was all over now, of course. He had sunk again, sunk farther than before, sunk irredeemably.

If only he had not met Edgar Stanton that afternoon, if only Edgar had not stopped him, hailed him, held out a hand, called him "major," had not said: "For Gawd's sake, Holworthy, ain't we men of the world? Can't we let bygones be bygones? Can't we talk together like human beings instead of like two fighting cocks? Come along and have a drink. I know where we can get something pretty good yet. Come and tell me something about France. Gad, but I envied you when Foster—you remember Foster of the Lambs?—told me you had gone. Come along, can't you? I'll never mention her name

to you, or yours to her. Come along!" If all those things had not happened, if he had not feared that to refuse the obese Edgar's cordiality would be a confession of inferiority, a confession of fear, if he had not yielded, would the old, never-dying serpent of self-distress have kept him hiding?

But it had come to life again. He had boasted to Edgar, boasted about things done in France, and—Heaven help him!—about things not done in France. He had boasted about all those shady years; he had boasted about his part in to-night's play. He had become amazingly watchful for signs of pity, signs of contempt, from Edgar. But the man whom Paula had married was a good-natured enough fool and rather a wistfully credulous one. He had not given Holworthy the slightest ground for offense.

But at the theater he had continued watchful of his dignity, of his rights. He had seen the swift messages flashed from eye to eye by the other players; he had interpreted them correctly enough. "Good Lord, Holworthy's drunk again!" That was what the glancing eyes said. And Barnum, the producer for Sigmund & Sternbach, had undertaken to pour some black coffee down his throat. He had understood and resented. And when the Lawler woman had tried to spoil his scene, *his* scene, when she had moved a chair with her damned foot just as he was saying to the other man "It lies with her!" and all the rest of the noble words—why, then, it had all been too much to bear. He had been obliged to take the audience into his confidence, to tell them how for many years, now, he had been the victim of persecutions, of jealousies, of mean spites.

Suddenly he jerked his head upright from the glass that he was just lifting to his lips. Perhaps that was why Edgar Stanton had met him with those fair, man-of-the-world words to-day.

Perhaps he was in the plot. Perhaps it was all part of the damnable scheme to ruin him.

With the glass halfway to his lips he sat quite still for a few seconds. Then he put it down very carefully.

"I'll show them," he said. "I'll show them."

It was murder that was in his heart as he lurched to his feet. He held by the table's edge for a moment to steady himself. A dingy waiter hurried forward. Holworthy threw a bill of large denomination upon the table. It was done with the old, princely Holworthy gesture. Then, with eyes aglitter, but with firm tread, he walked to the door and up the two or three steps to the sidewalk. A night-prowling taxi was cruising through the street. He hailed it and mentioned as his destination a Jersey suburb near Morristown. The driver wanted to be assured of payment before beginning the expedition. Holworthy waved a roll of bills at him; he had struck the management for an advance payment only that day. In another minute or two they were on the Forty-second Street ferry, crossing the river beneath the clear stars.

He had dismissed the taxi near the railroad station. There was a sleepy agent inside, waiting for the theater train out, and from him Holworthy, restored by the long drive in the night air to calm and coherent demeanor, learned the way to the Stantons' place. It was half a mile away, lying the other side of the settlement and the railroad. He walked briskly off. He had the gait of purpose, the fixed smile of purpose upon his face, but his drugged brain did not define what his purpose was. He only knew that again he was going to prove himself, as he had proved himself so many times in his vainglorious past; as he had proved himself when he snatched Paula out of the very grasp of her parents; as he had proved

steadied him physically more and more. A sort of wistfulness began to creep in upon his mood. He was moved to self pity and, strangely enough, out of that pity of himself there seemed to grow a sort of pity for all the rest of the world with all its thwarted ambitions and desires. He could almost pity Paula, whose dream of love had dulled down to living with an Edgar. He could almost pity Edgar, who had yearnings for big adventure, who had wanted to see skies riven by the blaze of battle, who had wanted to be part of great, surging, onward-pressing masses of men



"He broke into the house, and he had them all out before we could get here."

himself when he had laid the riding whip smartly across Edgar's fat cheek; as he had proved himself that afternoon when he had not evaded a challenge to show himself "a man of the world." He would show them all—whoever "all" might be—that he was equal to defending himself against all their machinations.

Walking through the cool night air

all tempered to one heat, one determination. And Edgar, poor fool, had had for adventure the running away with another man's wife and the drinking of illicit liquor—exceedingly bad liquor it was also—in a greasy basement.

In this mood he could almost feel pity for Lily Lawler, depending for her little successes upon tricks to destroy other people's points instead of upon

the great rush of genius in her own veins.

There were open iron gates at "Stantonrise," as the station master had told him the place was called. He went in through them and rounded a clump of high evergreen shrubbery. The house, wide, handsome, of the conventional country Georgian type, stood upon its terraces before him, white beneath a misty, late-risen moon. The trees back of it were bare and its outlines were clear cut in the night. There was a light burning in a room on the second floor, the only light visible from where he stood. Perhaps it was the nursery; he dimly remembered having heard that the Stantons had children.

He was going to go up the terrace steps and sound the bell that would wake the sleepers. He was going to demand that he see Edgar and Paula. He was going to find out—oh, trust him, trust him! He would be astute! They could never deceive him!—he was going to find out if Edgar had plied him with drink that afternoon in order to make a failure of his reappearance on Broadway. If that was so, he would give Edgar something to remember before which that old, purple welt upon his red cheek would be a trifle. But if it was not so, he would only make them understand, only force them to acknowledge, that he was a great man, a fine man, a superior man.

He became aware, through his slowly working senses, of the acridity of smoke in his nostrils. He looked up at the long pile again. Into the pale moonlight the chimney was pouring a purplish-black cloud, and now that cloud was shot with stormy tongues of orange.

All the vagueness in George Holworthy's sodden mind disappeared. He saw everything clearly; he forgot himself. He seemed to leap the terraces in one bound. He was ringing the doorbell. He himself could hear the pealing of the bell inside the house. But

no one came to answer it. He stepped back and looked up to the windows to see if perhaps a sleepy servant was poking forth an inquisitive head. But the windows all remained closed. He rang the bell again, listened again to its pealing through the house. He pounded upon the door with his fists. In vain. Suddenly he stood off and aimed a blow at the scrolled glass of the side light. He thrust his bleeding knuckles through the hole that he made; the broken glass tore his wrist, but he found the latch. He opened the door and rushed into the house calling:

"Fire! Fire! Where the devil is every one?"

The Stantons were mildly interested as they came home from their evening in town by the fact that their village's volunteer fire department was racing madly through the street. They had both been witnesses of the disgraceful fiasco of Holworthy's return to stellar life. They had taken it in somewhat different ways. Paula, plump, still pretty, always a little on the defensive, as a woman in her position grows into the habit of being, had been full of scorn and disgust. Again he was revealing himself, the impossible Holworthy from whom she had run away, from whom any decent, sensitive woman must have run away! Egotist to the very fiber of his being, so! She could not think of names bitter enough to call him. But Edgar, good-natured soul, was sorry for Holworthy and a little remorseful about his own part in bringing on the evening's dénouement.

"I never thought that the old souse couldn't stand a few drinks," he had said several times, apologetically. "But maybe I just set him off."

Paula had reassured him. She had transferred to her own experience of Holworthy all the legends that had grown up around his name since he had dropped out of the respectable worlds

of society and the stage. She had quite convinced herself that she had known him as a drunkard, although, as a matter of fact, she had not. But her imagined knowledge enabled her to reassure Edgar, somewhat.

Their mild interest in the destination of the fire engine became a little more intense when they crossed the tracks. Something seemed to catch at Paula's throat. She stopped, caught her husband by the arm, gasped: "Oh, Edgar! Oh, Edgar!" And Edgar had reassured her, or had tried to, with a hearty, "Nonsense, old girl! What bee's buzzing in your bonnet now?" But they had both hurried a little, and, rounding a turn into the road that led to their own place, they had seen the sky black and red above Stantonrise.

A passing motor picked them up. There were a good many cars bound for the fire. When they reached it they saw a crowd of grotesques upon the lawns and terraces. They saw smoke belching from all the upper windows, they heard the hissing of steam where water from the fire hose played upon the hot shingles of the roof. As they tried, breathless, gasping, half falling, to get to their own steps and up them, they were held back. Then village authority recognized them, but continued to hold them back, uttering, however, reassuring words the while.

"Everything living is out," they were told. "Even the canary, Mrs. Stanton. But there'll be no saving the house. Defective flue."

"The children—where—who——" gasped Paula. And then she was aware of a clamor of nurses and governesses, of housemaids and gardeners, and of

the children themselves 'about her. Catching the littlest one in her arms and breaking into a sudden storm of tears as she kissed him, she kept on gasping:

"Who—who—how——"

The village fire department was not familiar with all the scandals of the more-or-less high life of the community for the past decade and a half. Consequently there was no guile in the heart of the man who said to her:

"It seems a funny thing, Mrs. Stanton, and we don't know what he was doing here, but it looked like that New York actor. His picture was in last Sunday's paper. Holworthy, George Holworthy in 'The Winner.' He's been a winner this time all right. He broke into the house, and he had them all out before we could get here. If he hadn't been such a durn fool as to go back for the canary because your little girl was cryin' about it, he wouldn't have been so bad hurt himself. As it is——" He broke off, and then, in answer to a question of Edgar Stanton's, he went on:

"No, they took him to the hospital."

It isn't likely that George Holworthy will ever again achieve a New York appearance. It is a little doubtful whether he will ever be able to play again at all. It is even doubtful whether he will ever wholly recover his health. The pneumonia which followed the congestion of his lungs after the fire has left him something of an invalid. But all these things are become negligible to him. Thanks to wanton chance, he has found himself again. Holworthy has come back.



The Pattern Unbroken

By Mella Russell McCallum

Author of "A Question of Taste," "The Mystery at Skiff Bar," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

"Life is a tapestry. Sometimes the figures blur, the needle halts. But if one is very, very careful, one can pick out the pattern—and go on."

GARDA FRANCESCO, sculptor, sat down on the edge of a rug-covered divan. The only sound in the studio was the faint lilt of an Italian melody sifting in from the kitchen. She narrowed her dark eyes critically. She had been decorating in honor of Joy's return from a summer in Maine.

The great room of restful spaces, usually rather austere, smiled to-day. Flowers, gold and orange, filled green-and-black bowls on table, mantel, sill. The yellow curtains were drawn back, so that the light of noon streamed through the north windows across the black-tiled floor with its rare, occasional rugs; upon the gray walls, with their few, but marvelous pictures; upon a refectory table set for two—gold-orange cups and plates on a sheer brown linen runner.

Garda's unfinished work—a be-nymphed drinking fountain ordered by an up-State women's club, Heaven help them!—was pushed well back. She hadn't wanted to take that order. But Joy would be needing fall clothes. And it never hurt Garda to compromise with art a bit where her daughter was concerned.

She realized suddenly that she was tired. Palm down at either side, she slid her long person back until she could lean against the wall. The silk of her Chinese garments made no sound against the silk of the divan rug. She adjusted a great, black-velvet pillow,

against which her head flamed. There were not enough gray hairs yet to dim that gorgeous red crown. As she reached for a cigarette she noticed that her hand was trembling.

"Excited!" she said aloud. Her voice was not Latin, but American. "And why not? Joy is twenty-one to-day; the day I had set to tell her!" She closed her eyes. "Oh, dear God, thank you for her!"

She had made that prayer every day of Joy's life.

"But I must keep hold of myself," she scolded. "I—whose pride is serenity—mustn't give way now, after all these years!"

She flung her cigarette into a tray, and sat very still. Temptation was upon her. The temptation to review life fully, wildly. Garda seldom yielded to such impulses. She could throw a big tradition to the winds, but her Puritan blood clung to small penances.

But this was a special occasion, she argued. She *must* live over the years, now, in the half hour before Joy would come bursting in.

She yielded.

What a fuss there had been when she had got that scholarship to study in Italy! Ye gods! Aunt Faith had laid it to the devil, and Aunt Comfort had laid it to her Spanish grandmother. They had both cut her out of their wills. Poor aunts!

Then the days of wonder and work at the ateliers of Florence. The visit,

along with a handful of chattering students, to the villa of the Duke of Gilano, the meeting with the duke's nephew, Francesco Celli.

She and Francesco had been aware of each other instantly. They had known that they would meet again. He was learning to be a painter, against family sanction.

And they had met again. And the sweep, the depth, the satisfying absoluteness of their relationship, had amazed her. For comradeship, understanding, quiet content, were things which she had seldom observed among mated couples in America.

Francesco had, by rites of his own—since Italian law would not—divorced the fiendish, middle-aged wife to whom family politics had yoked him. And by rites of their own they had married each other.

Paradise had been brief. Now, looking back, she knew it was well. For if Francesco had not taken the fever and died suddenly, the duke, sooner or later, would have found means of plunging her into a blacker and emptier hell. But, at the time, she had thought never to touch clay or chisel again. Life had been intolerable—almost.

Before he died, Francesco had, by hook or crook, managed to liquidate some holdings, and had supplied her with considerable money. She lived with some peasants, former servants, whom he loved and trusted, and who, in turn, loved her. And there Joy was born.

The inescapable details of maternity proved a blessing. God reigned in heaven again.

One day she returned to her work. The students eyed her with more or less curiosity. That was all. Italy is not America. And the maestro said:

"Welcome, child! I think you will do good work now."

She did good work, hard work. The little Joy thrived under the adoring care

of Giovanna, her peasant nurse, the very same person whose melody floated from the kitchen now. Courage returned. She began to sell some of her work. It was then that she changed her name definitely from Regard Howland to Garda Francesco. *Garda Francesco!* He would have liked that.

They went to France, Spain. Then the undercurrent of homeland drew her to New York. Joy was nine then.

And all the time Garda had led the little fair-haired, blue-eyed girl to believe that she was her guardian, that Joy's mother had died, and given her to Garda. It was true. Regard Howland had died, in Garda Francesco.

To go into Garda's reasons for the deception is to go into the psychology of warring blood. Garda's grandmother had been the daughter of a Spanish gentleman who lost his life in a wreck off Nantucket. The rest of her was straight Puritan. She wanted, longed, to claim Joy as her own before the world. But, more than that, she wanted Joy herself to *understand*. And so, little by little, she had worked out this philosophy: that a marriage celebrated in heaven alone can be better understood by a woman than an adolescent girl. She had set the time of enlightenment for Joy's twenty-first birthday. And meanwhile she had paved the way very, very carefully. She had raised the girl to be fine, brave, and tolerant.

Joy would be here in fifteen minutes now!

She had dreaded the return to America. But the aunts were dead, and there were no immediate Howlands. Moreover, New York was not New England. After a fluttery interval she leased a studio and settled down. Giovanna cooked and scoured for them contentedly.

Quietly she had won her way. She avoided the circus set of artists. No one knew her history, or dreamed of asking it. She made no intimates. Ad-



"Well, there's not much to tell. I'm engaged, that's all."

"To—whom?" Garda heard her own voice, far away.

mirers, had she wished it so, would have been plenty. Even yet, Sandison, for whom she consented to sit in her Chinese indoor costume—the picture hangs in the Museum now—asked her to marry him on the average of once a fortnight.

Joy was always querying about Sandison.

"He's so splendidly simple, Garda," she would say. "I don't see how you can resist him. I wonder if I couldn't capture him myself!"

Ah, well, Joy would know very soon now why she could resist Sandison, and every other man! Would know that Garda was as much married to-day as she had been that more than score of

years ago. Far more married, she thought, with a scornful twist of her firm lips, than many of her American sisters, with their intrigues, and their Reno looming pleasantly. There could never be any man for Garda, save the grave-eyed Francesco Celli, sleeping so peacefully in the ancestral tomb of the Duke of Gilano.

"Giovanna!" Garda called suddenly.

A short, smiling figure in rich browns and yellows appeared. Garda would never hear of Giovanna wearing a crisp, unbecoming uniform.

"Put the kettle on now. She'll be here any minute!"

Giovanna threw out her hands in despair.

"I boila two ket' al-a-read', an' she no come!"

"It is hard to wait, isn't it?" Garda laughed happily.

The Italian turned back to the kitchen, muttering.

"Oh, Vanna!"

"Sì, signora." Giovanna always would call her that!

"This is—her birthday, you know."

"You thinka I for-r-rget? Me?"

Again Garda laughed happily.

There was a light step outside. With a single, graceful movement, Garda stood upright. A butterfly figure, all gold and blue and rose, darted in. The Chinese sleeves fell away from Garda's arms, as the butterfly projected itself in her embrace.

"Gracious, Garda! I'm so overwhelmingly excited, I can't think! Bless my eyes, if we aren't all set for a party!" Joy had the gift of talking lightly in tense moments, a feat that Garda had never accomplished.

"You look a little thin," said Garda.

"I've been going it rather fast, I guess. More fun, up in that quaint, poky old place, than I ever had in all my life!" Joy flung off rose-colored sweater and Panama hat, and pirouetted in her short, white silk skirt. "I

was tempted to stay longer, but for my clothes, and my birthday, of course."

Garda winced. The birthday part savored of a duty phrase.

"But why did you wear those sport things on the train, dear? Your blue cape and tam would have been better."

"My blue cape and tam"—Joy threw out her arms dramatically—"are on their way to Africa, in a jolly missionary box!"

Garda sat down quickly, controlled her mouth corners.

"A missionary box!"

"Yes. The Rocky Village women were packing one, you know. And I thought it would be good for my soul to do without them. But, Garda, I wouldn't really have stayed away on my birthday, you know. You always tell me about my mother on that day, and I want especially to hear about her now! Why doesn't Vanna come in? Oh, Vanna!"

Garda knew why the servant was keeping herself away. Giovanna was giving her a chance to impart the secret. But the time for that was later. Life, to Garda, was a tapestry. Each stitch in its own good time, that the pattern might go on, unbroken.

At the cue Giovanna bounded in.

"Gioja mia!" She clasped the girl. Then her face darkened. She thrust Joy at arm's length. "*Santo cielo!* You changa! You foola signora! But you no foola Giovanna! You havea da lova beeziness!. I know! Da cheek so r-r-red! Da eye so br-r-right!"

"Nonsense, Vanna!" Joy shook her old nurse by the shoulders. But her color deepened still more.

"You foola Signora Garda. Sì! She Americano—stupid! But I know!"

"Vanna, go make use of that third kettle you've boiled," laughed Garda. "And make the tea strong. And bring Joy two of the chicken patties. She's tired and hungry." She went to the table and began to rearrange the gold-

orange cups and plates. Could it be true? A love affair? Giovanna had an uncanny way of seeing things.

Joy was ranging about the room.

"It all looks so good to me, so good! But—you'll laugh, Garda—but it looks actually bohemian, after those prim houses up in Maine!"

"Were you invited to many houses, dear? I thought the hotel guests rather clanned together."

Joy did not answer that.

"Oh, here's your fountain! What makes you bother with fool things like this, Garda?"

"I hate to be idle!" The pattern of the tapestry blurred.

"You mean that they're paying uncommonly well for it, and you want the money to buy things for me!"

"Your powers of perception are startling. But, since you mention it, since you seem to have grown up lately, according to Vanna, just why shouldn't I buy things for you?"

"I'm not worth it, and besides, I wish that——"

Giovanna came trundling the tea wagon. Joy pounced on the patties and the thin bread and butter. But food choked Garda.

"What were you going to say, dear? 'And besides, I wish——'"

"Oh! Well, say, Garda! What makes you bother about me so much any more?" The blue gaze fixed the dark gaze. "Why don't you—make your own life and—and happiness instead of being so everlastingly good to me? I'm not worth those awful nymph ladies, you know. And you could marry Alan Sandison!"

Garda gasped.

"I'm afraid I don't quite 'get you,' as you say."

"I'll tell you. I've been thinking. All the way down here on the train. Don't look so tragic, Garda! Oh, it's hateful of me, I know, to go smashing through things this way, forcing an issue so fast!

I'll stop it! Tell me about my mother!"

"Not yet, Joy!" There was a tiny edge on Garda's tone. "Tell me all about yourself, instead. About this 'lova breeziness,' which, I confess, escaped me, if it didn't Vanna!"

"Trust that woman not to miss anything!" Joy grinned. "Well, there's not much to tell. I'm engaged, that's all."

"To—whom?" Garda heard her own voice, far away.

"To the Reverend William Hastings Briggs! Sounds formidable, doesn't it? But it isn't, really. He's just a kid. This is his first 'call,' as they say up there."

"Go on!" Garda's lips smiled. The pattern was clear again; the needle plied steadily. "This is—interesting."

"First of all, I must admit that it's a relief to have you approve, Garda!" The girl flushed honestly. "Living unconventionally, as you and I do here, I was afraid you might think it was a little odd, getting myself engaged to a minister!"

"Oh, not at all!" Garda was almost fluent. "You need never fear my disapproval, so long as you play your games fair!"

"Good old Garda!" Joy speared a tiny wedge of pineapple delicately. "There's almost nothing to tell. He's an awfully new minister. But he's making great strides, Garda, waking people up."

"How did you meet him?"

"Oh, some church women called on me, and asked me to a 'function,' and he was there! And we just fell, that's all—plump! Both of us! Sounds pretty raw to you, I imagine, since you refuse to consider the most fascinating man in New York!"

"I can understand it, I think. I've known it to happen." Garda succeeded in swallowing a bit of bread.

"You're the best sport, Garda! I've had my fears for nothing! He comes



"You never adopted me legally, did you, Garda?" asked Joy. "You see, William wanted to know all about this."

of a perfectly splendid, old family, the Hastingses. And the Briggses are Plymouth stock, too. Awfully strait-laced, and proud of it, and all. But—the funniest thing, Garda—I don't seem to mind it a bit! There's a lot more to tradition and background than I realized. Isn't there?"

"Yes. But the main thing is—is he worthy of you?"

"Ye gods! What would his family say to that! The point with them is—bless their anxious hearts!—am I good enough for their William? But they've been lovely to me. I've met the whole crowd. The Hastingses and the Briggses and the Abernathy cousins. And, I must admit, knowing them has been a liberal education to me. You've always led me to believe that there was a good deal of bull-headed dogma about New England."

"Have I, Joy? I didn't mean to!"

"Oh, of course you didn't, Garda!" Joy's tone was magnanimous. "You're always absolutely fair, as far as your vision lies. But I imagine you've never

really known New England. I spent a week-end at William's home, twenty miles from Rocky Village. And they were so sweet to me, in their stiff, delicious way! And, Garda, that house! Such loads of old mahogany!"

"Yes—yes!" Garda's head was whirling. "But are you sure you love him well enough to—to marry the whole family?"

"Yes, Garda!" Joy's tone was hushed, her eyes were blue stars. "And I don't resent your expression, 'marry the whole family,' either! For I shall be marrying the whole family. He is the apple of their adoring eyes. I marvel at poor, humble me passing their approval at all!"

"They'd better approve of you!" Garda blazed suddenly. "You're as good as any Hastings or Briggs that was ever born!"

"Oh, no, I'm not, Garda! At least, we can't prove it. Of course, I'm well brought up—*aesthetically*, *mannerly*, kindly brought up—but not *religiously*! I couldn't recite the Apostles' Creed

to save my soul! You must know, my precious, beloved Garda, that going to a Catholic chapel one Sunday, and a New Thought place another, with a Methodist mission thrown in occasionally, isn't exactly conducive to—to——"

"To what?"

"Oh, I'm stumped, but it's clear to me! You see, you've got to be one thing, and be it from the ground up! You can't philander."

"Joy!"

"Oh, I don't mean that, in your case! The way you work for those orphans over at Our Lady of the Little Children Chapel is just as fine as the things those Maine women do. But—well, I guess it's my Puritan blood cropping out. I just know I'll make William a good wife! You're pretty sure my mother was a New Englander, aren't you, Garda?"

"Pretty sure."

Joy was silent, her face glowing from a light within.

"Garda!"

"Yes?"

"William's sisters came down with me. It's their first trip to New York, and they're scared stiff. They want me to stay with them to-night at their hotel. Would you mind very much?"

"Why, no, of course not!"

"And I thought—you see, William's coming on, too, the last of the week, and—and——"

"And he wants to be married right away!" The human clockwork that was Garda went on automatically.

"Yes. I want to be married here, Garda!"

"I should hope so, Joy! We'll have a little party beforehand; shall we not? And you must bring William's sisters to tea to-morrow."

"You darling! Oh, Garda!"

"Yes?"

"Er—would you just as soon not smoke when they come? They wouldn't

understand, you know. I've given it up myself."

Garda laughed.

"All right, dear. Shall I go out and buy me a nice stiff, black taffeta dress, too?"

"Mercy, no! I've told them about your indoor clothes, and they're dying to know you! I want them to see you at your lovely, mysterious best! It was just the cigarettes, you know."

"I understand. I'll try to be improper without being really iniquitous!"

"Are you laughing at me, Garda?"

"No, child!" Garda went back to the divan, lighted a cigarette. Her hand was not trembling. "So you're absolutely sure he is the man?"

"I would stake my life on it—and yours—and everything else I love!"

"I'll write you a check before you go, for your clothes. William's sisters will enjoy shopping with you. And you must wear my gray cape to-night. Your old suit is too shabby, and you can't go to a hotel in those things."

"All right, thanks, Garda, have I any money of my own?"

"I'm sorry—no."

"You never found a single clew about my people?"

The studio was very still. Giovanna was not singing.

"No, nothing except what I've always told you."

Joy crept up on the divan into Garda's arms. And the birthday story began, the story Joy had been told every year since she was old enough to understand.

"The train was wrecked on the Austrian border. I was on my way to Rome. Scores of people were dead—dying." Joy's yellow head dropped to Garda's silken shoulder. "We who escaped were doing what we could, going from car to car. I passed a young woman, lying so still I thought she was dead, but she put out a hand and plucked at me. 'You look good,' she

said, oh, so weakly! 'Take my baby. My husband—is dead—here. And I am going with him.'

"I was stunned, numbed, from the sights of that night. I took you mechanically. Somehow I managed to ask her who she was. But all I caught was something about '*my home, Vermont.*' Then suddenly she spoke out clearly, '*Her name is Joy!*' and died. I remember trying to get hold of some of their papers and effects. But the train officials were so fussy and you were crying and it was so dark and others were moaning.

"I took you to a farm hut near by. And the wife there and I worked over you. You were such a feeble, tiny thing! For days we thought you would die. But we pulled you through. And then it was too late to find out about your parents. The Austrian officers had cleared up every sign of the wreck. But your mother's face was beautiful, dear!"

"You couldn't see what my father looked like?"

"No. The sights were terrible. All I know is that his hair was black and curled crisply."

"You never adopted me legally, did you, Garda? You see, William wanted to know about all this."

"No. Not legally. I was traveling about, from this master to that. And I'm not a very practical person, anyway. But you're twenty-one now, so it doesn't matter."

"Garda," Joy said, weeping, "how could you—bother with—a little baby—and you so keen about your career?"

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe I needed you!"

"You'll always be next to William with me, Garda!"

"I hope so!"

Giovanna came in and gathered up the luncheon things. Her shoulders were belligerent. But her step dragged.

"You'd better freshen up now, Joy,"

began Garda briskly. "You're due to meet William's sisters."

Joy kissed her, jumped up, disappeared.

A sound of merry splashing came from the green-and-white bathroom. Garda rose, and wrote a check. In the kitchen the dishes jingled.

Half an hour later Joy whirled out of the apartment, half laughing, half sad, in Garda's gray cape, a black velvet tam atop her fluffy head.

"What for-r-r you no tella her-r-r?" Giovanna's voice was fierce.

The crumpled head of silk on the divan quivered.

"They—William—wouldn't understand!"

"Then I tella mineself! I tella her-r-r father-r-r was Francesco, *il nipote del—del—*"

"No, Vanna! It's all right this way! She must have her chance, as I did!"

"You say he no understan'? He stupid! He no gooda man, no gooda fam'!"

"Oh, yes; he is good! I understand William! This is America, Vanna! Please go away, and let me have hysterics in my own way! For to-morrow"—she laughed—"we entertain William's sisters!"

Wildly Giovanna flung herself down beside Garda.

"You must never tell her, Vanna! Promise me! Promise me by your *Maria*!"

Giovanna moaned, crossed herself, promised.

"Now go, please. Go make some little pastries for tea to-morrow!"

Heavily Giovanna obeyed.

It was very quiet in the studio. The late afternoon daylight drifted in upon the bowls of grinning flowers. Life was a tapestry. Sometimes the figures blurred, the needle halted. But, if one was very, very careful, one could pick out the pattern—and go on.

NEW YORK STAGES SUCCESSSES

"Nice People"

By Rachel Crothers

"I simply can't think what we are coming to!" wails the well-bred woman of the middle-aged generation. "The very 'nicest' girls—girls from the best families—drink, smoke, go out unchaperoned at all hours, dress immodestly and disgracefully, and outrageously flout social conventions. They have no modesty and no manners. They're vapid and worthless beyond belief!"

Whereupon Miss Crothers sets the stage for her new comedy of modern manners.



FRANCINE LARRIMORE
who plays the rôle of *Teddy* with great skill and understanding.

THEODORA GLOUCESTER, twenty, radiantly alive, headstrong, and temperamentally high-strung, but straightforward and a good sport, is the motherless daughter of a wealthy man who has indulged her every whim. With her smart young friends she is going the pace—dancing, dining, smoking, drinking, flirting. Cynical and ultrasophisticated, Teddy—as she is called—sits in the luxurious music room of the Gloucester home, surrounded by her friends, Hallie Livingston, Eileen Baxter-Jones, Trevor Leeds, and Oliver Comstock. Hallie is a beautiful, showy, full-blown blonde, and a genuine cat in disposition. Eileen is dark, piquant, and rather lovable. Trevor and Oliver are typical society men, hovering about the girls, mixing their drinks, lighting their cigarettes, and dancing with them. The five are waiting for Scotty Wilbur to fill out the party; then they are going out somewhere to dance.

TREVOR: You look like an orchid, Hallie, absolutely.

HALLIE: You say it as though you'd made a great discovery. That's what I'm supposed to look like, darling.

EILEEN: Time Scotty was turning up, I should say, if he is ever going to.

TEDDY: I'm not at all sure that he will. I know of nothing in life so uncertain as the uncertainty of Scotty Wilbur.

HALLIE: How you can allow him to be so rude to you, Teddy, is absolutely beyond my comprehension.

TEDDY: There are many things beyond your comprehension, Hallie dearest. Scotty isn't rude to me in the least. On the contrary, he's perfect.

HALLIE: Not according to my ideas. I call it horribly rude to phone you at the last minute that he couldn't come to dinner.

EILEEN: Sweetly adding he forgot he was booked for some other place.

OLIVER: At least he might have had the decency to lie a little.

TEDDY: But it was adorable of him not to lie. How can he help it if he forgot? I think it was wonderful of him to go there when he wanted to be here. Rena Maxwell actually needed him. Rena's so intellectual that her dinners are deadly. The repartee sounds like the encyclopedia. And there's nothing to drink there now—not a drop. She's taken prohibition seriously.

EILEEN: She's taken it as an excuse, you mean. She always was too stingy to give a fellow a real drink.

TEDDY: Rena believes in drinking only with thine eyes.

TREVOR: Yes, Rena's a fish.

HALLIE: It's so awfully middle-class to make one's education as evident as she makes hers. Isn't it?

EILEEN: Is that why you conceal yours so carefully?

By Courtesy of the Author and of Sam H. Harris, Producer.



Eileen (Katherine Cornell)

Teddy (Francine Larrimore)

Hallie (Tallulah Bankhead)

TEDDY: If he's young enough to like your mother, he's too young for you.

HALLIE: I was educated beautifully in Paris, of course.

TEDDY: But not in much of anything else.

HALLIE: Mother was clever enough to have me taught just enough to appreciate everything in the world—but not to go far enough to be—you know. They said I might have been a great musician. But that would have been too stupid.

TREVOR: Of course, appreciation is our vocation—appreciation of other people's work.

EILEEN: I don't know. Sometimes I think I'd like to be able to do some one thing awfully well. To dance, for instance; I'd love to dance on the stage.

TEDDY: Why don't you, then?

EILEEN: They wouldn't let me.

TEDDY: Piffle! Do it anyway. What are you afraid of? I think the most vulgar, second-rate thing in the world is to be afraid. Anything can be made chic and frightfully individual—if one just does, you know.

TREVOR: Of course, if one has the individuality to get away with it.

OLIVER: Ted, I think you come as near getting away with anything you want to do as anybody I know.

HALLIE: I do, too. If I did half the things you do, Ted, I'd be horribly talked about.

TEDDY: Well, of course, because you're always trying to hide things. Do everything right before everybody's eyes—and dare them to talk!

EILEEN: I was having a very nice time last night—went some place to dance a little more, you know, after the party was over—got in about four o'clock this morning, turned on the light in the drawing-room, and there sat mother in the firelight with a man. And what do you think? She had the nerve to give me the devil for being out so late. Can you beat it?

TREVOR: Who was the man?

EILEEN: Oh, I don't tell on mother. But I do think that was going some.

TREVOR: I don't see that you have any kick coming so long as mother hadn't taken over one of your own beaux.

EILEEN: But that's just it—she had.

TEDDY (laughing): Oh, if he's young enough to like your mother, he's too young for you, Eileen. There's Scotty now.

The arrival of young Mr. Wilbur completes the party, and, after another

round of cocktails, the six young people are ready, at eleven-thirty, to start out for a night of dancing. Margaret Rainsford, Teddy's aunt, recently arrived from overseas, is amazed at the idea of these young girls starting out without a chaperon.

TEDDY: Heavens, Aunt Margaret! We're not babies! Why, I haven't been any place with a chaperon for a million years!

MARGARET: You're twenty, I believe. You surely don't consider that old enough to go about alone?

TEDDY: We won't be alone. We'll all be together. Everybody does it. It would be too foolish to have— Why, I'd feel as if I had a nurse!

Teddy borrows one of her father's cars, his key—her own being lost, as usual—and then, the others ushered out, she turns back.

TEDDY: Oh, Lordy, Dad, I forgot! I haven't a cent, and this is my party.

GLOUCESTER (*peeling some bills off his roll*): I don't think I can do much for you.

TEDDY (*counting them*): Twenty—forty. Oh, come on, Dad! You must have some more. Try again. Forty—eighty. That all?

GLOUCESTER (*indulgently*): Absolutely.

TEDDY (*as she hurries away*): For this relief much thanks. If anybody telephones—tell them I'll be home early in the morning. Good night.

MARGARET (*turning to her brother-in-law as the door slams*): The guests didn't even say good night. It isn't done, I suppose.

GLOUCESTER: Nothing is done that's too much trouble—you can count on that.

MARGARET: You think bad manners are amusing?

GLOUCESTER: Not especially—just prevalent.

MARGARET: It's appalling!

GLOUCESTER: What?

MARGARET: All of it—everything.

GLOUCESTER: Oh, you take it too seriously entirely, Margaret. It's the way things are. The manners of yesterday have nothing to do with the case. This is to-day.

MARGARET: If my sister could see her daughter to-day—I only hope to heaven she can't!

GLOUCESTER: Bosh! If Lucille had lived she would have come right along with the tide.

MARGARET: Never!

GLOUCESTER: Yes! She was too much a woman of the world not to.

MARGARET: A woman of the world—but a gentlewoman.

GLOUCESTER: See here, Margaret, do you mean you think I'm not keeping Teddy to what Lucille would have made her?



Just twenty, radiantly alive, headstrong and high-keyed, *Teddy Gloucester* is the spoiled daughter of a man who has indulged her every whim.



Sweet
Hattie
Tresser
Topsy
Oliver
Eileen
 TEDDY: I think the most vulgar, second-rate thing in the world is to be afraid. Anything can be made chic and frightfully individual—if one just does, you know.

MARGARET: Well, do you think you are?

GLOUCESTER (*defensively*): Why, these are the nicest kind of young people. Smart families, every one of them.

MARGARET: That's just it! That's what makes it so horrible. If they were common little upstarts and parvenus it would be easy enough to understand, but *nice people*! What are their parents thinking of? Can't they see what it is going to do to future generations?

GLOUCESTER: Why, Margaret, there never was a generation that grew up that didn't think the next one coming on was going to be the dogs. They're freer—yes—because they are younger. But, by Jove, I actually believe they're safer than the bottled-up age I went through, when we had to sneak about all the devilry we got into. They're perfectly open and aboveboard about it. You'll have to admit that. And they're going to work out their own salvation in their own way and come out all right.

MARGARET: Oh, there's something far more serious in it than merely the difference between two generations.

GLOUCESTER: Oh, you exaggerate. Frankly, I think you're awfully priggish. If you measure everything from your own conservative ideas of good form, of course these youngsters seem a little raw. But this is their day, not ours, and we can't—

MARGARET: Oh—their day! I'm not talking about superficial fashions and manners. The vital things of character don't belong to anybody's day—they're eternal and fundamental, and I see Lucille's daughter without them!

GLOUCESTER: That's pretty plain talk.

MARGARET: I mean to be plain. I know I am feeling now as she would feel. I know that what I find in her house since I—

GLOUCESTER: And what have you found? I'm able to do more for Teddy than I did for Lucille. That's the only bad thing about it—that she isn't here to have it.

MARGARET: She would have hated it. She wouldn't have let you give that child eighty dollars to throw away in an evening.

GLOUCESTER (*amused*): Eighty dollars! Well, that won't give them more than a sandwich or two apiece.

MARGARET: She wouldn't have let her go about half naked, and wearing pearls no young girl should ever wear.

GLOUCESTER: Nonsense! You're old-fashioned and entirely too damned narrow. What in the name of Heaven is the matter with Teddy? What's the matter with her? She's a charming girl, and a great success, and her friends are as nice as anybody in New York.

MARGARET: The emptiness—the soullessness of it all! I've been here now three days and I haven't heard her or any of her friends say a single word or express a thought about anything on earth but their clothes, their motors, and themselves. They all talk alike, dress alike, think alike, and sound alike. And the drinking—your house is a bar. It pours out at all hours.

GLOUCESTER: That's prohibition. It only amuses them to have it about when they can't get it other places.

MARGARET: Is that all you see in it?

GLOUCESTER: That's all there is in it.

MARGARET: And the smoking. Those delicate young girls are as dependent on their cigarettes to quiet down their nerves as any—oh, it's too terrible!

GLOUCESTER: I have rowed with Ted about cigarettes. That is bad, I admit. But what are we going to do? It's not her fault. They all do it.

MARGARET: Who are those boys who are making love to her—running about with her alone? Are you willing for her to marry any of them?

GLOUCESTER: I don't know that she wants to.

MARGARET: Do you never advise her?

GLOUCESTER: I'm doing all I can to make her happy. She's all right. She's a nice girl. She's perfectly capable of taking care of herself.

MARGARET: She isn't! She isn't! She's only a child. She's surrounded by everything that can hurt her and nothing that can help her. It's all chaos and waste and degeneracy. And my boy lying out in France! And this is all it was for. He went so gladly. He gave himself for something greater than himself—to save civilization. Oh, the farce of it! The hideous, horrible, useless sacrifice!

GLOUCESTER: Don't think I don't know how you feel. Of course, you're cut up. But, Margaret, if you'll allow me to say so, you're allowing your own personal sorrow to color everything. You're letting it make you bitter and—well, I don't see what all this has to do with Teddy.

MARGARET: It has everything to do with her. She's the most poignant part of it all. I came back so eager to see her, because she meant a part of Lucille. I was so thankful she was alive, even if John— (*She breaks down.*)

GLOUCESTER: Margaret—

MARGARET: I said I'll try to put my own grief aside. I'll try to mean something to her—something of what she's lost in her mother. I could scarcely wait to get here.

She was going to be so wonderful— (*She stops abruptly, despairingly.*)

GLOUCESTER: Well?

MARGARET: And instead of that—

GLOUCESTER: Well—what?

MARGARET: Oh, my God, Hubert! She's been killed and thrown away just as absolutely as John was. She's the very essence of this thing that's in the air. America's infinitely worse than Europe. There's some excuse for it over there, perhaps—as the inevitable reaction that is dinned into one's ears all the time, but why in Heaven's name are sane, decent people allowing themselves and their children to wallow in food and clothes and pleasure at the expense of their breeding—their culture—and their inheritance of wholesome American common sense? Why have you let it kill Theodora?

GLOUCESTER: I don't admit what you say. I don't admit that she's doing anything that isn't the custom of any nice girl with— (*The door opens and TEDDY, followed by SCOTTY, enters. They have changed their minds, are going some place else, and have come back for TEDDY's heavier coat.*)

GLOUCESTER (*looking at TEDDY sharply*): What place?

TEDDY: Why, some place—farther up—out— Everything's so frightfully crowded, you know, it's really no fun.

GLOUCESTER: Where are you going?

TEDDY (*nonchalantly*): A place Oliver knows. Where is it, Scotty?

SCOTTY (*uncertainly*): I'm not dead sure. I've been there. Awfully nice. But Oliver'll have to direct us. We're all going together, you know.

GLOUCESTER (*to TEDDY*): I don't want you to go.

TEDDY: Why, Dad! What do you mean?

GLOUCESTER (*firmly*): Just that. It's too late. You've done enough to-night.

TEDDY (*coolly*): You're frightfully amusing. Why this sudden sternness? Of course I'm going. The others are waiting.

GLOUCESTER (*sternly*): You can't go. Say good night to Mr. Wilbur.

TEDDY (*amazed, but equally firm*): Really, you're funny. I'll do nothing of the kind. I'm not going to disappoint these people.

GLOUCESTER: You're not going; that will do. (*Turns his back and walks up and down the room.*)

TEDDY (*after writing on a slip of paper, which she hands to SCOTTY*): There's the telephone number I promised you. Good night, Scotty. Please apologize to the others for me and tell them how extremely sorry I am that such a ridiculously embarrassing thing has happened. Good night. (*SCOTT, dum-*



The belated Scotty Wilbur enters

founded, exits.) What on earth do you mean, Dad? How dare you treat me so?

GLOUCESTER: You shouldn't have made it necessary. If you don't know by this time that a young girl can't be motoring out to dance halls at this time of night, it's high time you did.

TEDDY: Do you think we've never done this before? We do it all the time, and then we come downtown and have breakfast at Childs'. It's a lot of fun, and I intend to keep on doing it—or anything else I want to do. I suppose I can thank you, Aunt Margaret, for this sudden interest in my affairs!

GLOUCESTER: Teddy!

TEDDY: I've never been so humiliated in my life! Father's always had the decency and the common sense to believe that what I did was all right. This is absolutely the first time he's ever behaved in this absurd manner, and I know you—



to find Teddy dancing with Oliver Comstock.

GLOUCESTER: I—I simply didn't know you were doing such things. It isn't necessary. There are plenty of other things to do for amusement.

TEDDY: I think I must be the judge of what I find amusing. I like this.

GLOUCESTER: Then your judgment is not to be trusted.

TEDDY: Trusted? I don't know that yours is, Father. You do a great many things that I don't think altogether good taste. Mrs. Allister, for instance, is far from what I call good taste, and yet you seem to find her extremely amusing.

GLOUCESTER (embarrassed): A—go to bed.

TEDDY: Are you going to decide when I go to bed, too? (Sarcastically) You'd better put me on a leash, Father. It will be easier for you.

GLOUCESTER: You don't treat me with any respect.

TEDDY: I didn't know you wanted me to.

GLOUCESTER: You—
(Trying to look dignified and stern, he goes helplessly out of the room. TEDDY turns and looks steadily at her aunt.)

MARGARET: Oh, my dear girl—understand this! It all happened because I'm interested in you—because I love you very much. You're so young, dear. I'm saying things your mother would say to you if she were here.

TEDDY: Just what's wrong with what we were going to do tonight? Just what's wrong, pray? Don't you think we can be trusted alone? Don't you think we're decent enough to behave without being watched every minute?

MARGARET: I think you're young and impetuous and human, and that you're getting your pleasure in the very way that the fastest, commonest sort of people get it, and it all leads to a looseness and laxness that can't possibly have anything but harm in it.

TEDDY: I don't agree with you at all. I believe in freedom. I think it makes us strong and independent. Nothing is so dangerous as narrow evil-mindedness—and nothing is so safe as frankness.

MARGARET: That's the song the world is riding to the devil on just now. That's what we are fooling ourselves with.

TEDDY: If you're going to judge me and what I do by yourself and what you think is right, I dare say everything I do and say and think is wrong. But I don't think it's so, and we aren't getting anywhere, so let's drop it.

As soon as she is alone Teddy takes down the receiver of the house phone and speaks into it very softly.

TEDDY: Hello! Is there a young man down there? Ask him to come to the telephone. . . . Hello, Scotty! I'll change



Aunt Margaret (Merle Mauden)

Teddy

Scott Wilbur (Hugh Hamley)

Teddy is astonished at her father's sudden refusal to allow

my dress and be down in fifteen minutes. Telephone the others and ask them to wait for us. I know a peach of a place to go for breakfast. What? . . . Yes, of course he nearly choked. Stuff! I hope you don't think I'm afraid of Dad. He was only showing off before Aunt Margaret—trying to make a noise like a father!

So the party dances all night and has breakfast at a "darling" place Teddy knows about. Then Scott and Teddy manage to get lost from the other four and spend the day motoring over the

country. Toward evening they find their way to a little country place which belongs to Teddy. Breaking in through the window, they sit down at the table to eat the lunch they have purchased at a road house, and to rest a little before motoring back to New York. Teddy feels certain that this display of independence on her part will do her father good and serve to show him that the stern-parent idea is extinct. Neither



Mr. Gloucester (Frederick Perry)

her to go to the dance.

Scott nor Teddy fully realize the folly of their acts. During the day Scott has been drinking considerably, and he is none too sober by evening, while Teddy has been too angry and rebellious to care for appearances. Supper finished, Scott builds a fire in the grate, and proceeds to tell Teddy how much he loves her and to ask her to marry him. Teddy cares for him, or thinks she does, but she is always dubious of the quality of

his love for her, since her friends have told her that he is interested in her on account of her money.

TEDDY: Do you know what would make us know that we really loved each other?

SCOTT: What?

TEDDY: If we hadn't any money at all—just ourselves.

SCOTT: Couldn't be done.

TEDDY: But what if I hadn't any money?

SCOTT: But you have. Thank God, there's nothing like that in ours.

TEDDY (*looking at him keenly and drawing away from him a little, realizing he has had too much to drink*): Does it really mean a lot to you—my money?

SCOTT: Kiss me. What does anything else mean?

TEDDY: What if you knew this minute I didn't have a cent—what would you do?

SCOTT: Don't say disagreeable things. We're happy.

TEDDY: Would you want to marry me then?

SCOTT: What's the use talking moonshine? We know each other too well for that, don't we? I couldn't marry anybody on earth without money.

TEDDY: Is money the most important thing in the world to you, Scott?

SCOTT: Kiss me!

TEDDY: No! No! No! You don't love me—this is horrible. I want to go. Listen—it's raining!

SCOTT (*stupidly*): Come here, dearie. Where are you? Come here and sit beside me. See? Here's a nice little place for you, right here. (*He catches hold of her; she gives him a little push, and he topples over on the davenport and falls asleep.*)

TEDDY (*shaking him*): Scotty, get up! I hate this! You're not going to sleep! (*Terrified*) Oh, aren't there any candles here!

A terrific storm has been brewing outside and now bursts out in all its fury. Repeated flashes of lightning show Teddy trying in vain to rouse the sleeping Scott. Finally, having given up in despair, she sits gazing desperately into the fire when the door opens with a gust of wind and rain, and a young man, flash light in hand, enters breathlessly, seeking shelter. He apologizes for startling her and introduces himself as Billy Wade. Being a clean-cut, sturdy young man, of the sort to inspire confidence, Teddy, in her dilemma, is glad of his

company. Together they find candles, build up the fire, and sit talking while the storm rages.

TEDDY: I must say I'm glad you dropped in. (*Looking toward SCOTT, who is still sound asleep on the couch*) The other member of the party doesn't seem to be adding much to the gayety of nations.

BILLY: I'm glad to be a better talker than the other fellow for once.

TEDDY: It certainly is the chance of your life to sparkle. I was never so much in need of entertainment.

And young Billy Wade is persuaded to tell Teddy all about himself. He

has recently come from the West to New York to see life, and has been fortunate beyond his wildest dreams, falling into a ten-thousand-dollar job and the friendship of some awfully nice people. The New York pace is pretty swift for him, he admits, and he still has a few illusions he is trying to hang on to.

TEDDY (*interestedly*): You say you've met some awfully nice people.

BILLY: I'm just coming from a house party now—on up farther.

TEDDY: Any attractive girls there?

BILLY: Oh, yes! One beauty, one stunner, and one peach.

TEDDY (*amused*): You gobbled the peach, I s'pose.

BILLY: No — the bloom on her cheek kept me guessing.

TEDDY: That's the cleverest thing a cheek can do.

BILLY: Oh, I don't know.

TEDDY: There's nothing so dull as being sure. Don't you like something left to the imagination?

BILLY: I do. But Lordy! There's precious little a girl leaves to the imagination now.

TEDDY: Oh! That sounds as though you'd been shocked.

BILLY: Shocked? I've been stunned. I knew the pace was pretty swift, but—whew! Wow!

TEDDY: You'll get over your provincial ideas. Freedom and frankness and beauty are so easily misunderstood by the outsider.

BILLY: I'm allowing for all I don't understand, but there's one thing I'm dead sure of. They're making a circus out



TEDDY: How silly! There are kisses and kisses. Kissing doesn't mean any more now than shaking hands did when you were a girl.

of some things. The casual way they get engaged and unengaged makes my hair stand on end. What do they think it is, anyway? A game of tag? What on earth do they think being married means?

TEDDY: And what on earth do you think it means?

BILLY: Oh—just the most important thing in the world—where everything starts, and where great things come from—if it's right—and where the worst things come from if it's wrong.

Teddy does not divulge her identity nor anything of her affairs except her present plight and her overwhelming desire to get back to New York. As the hour grows late and the storm shows no sign of letting up, Billy urges Teddy to take a candle and go off upstairs to bed. He will sit by the fire, he tells her, and will be gone before morning, so that there will be no embarrassment caused by his presence. She consents—a bit reluctantly—and says good-by to him. "You've helped me through an awfully hard place. But I'd rather not tell you my name, and I'd rather not see you again. It will be easier."

When Teddy comes down in the morning Billy has gone, and Scott, just awaking from a heavy sleep, greets her apologetically.

SCOTT: I'm too horribly sorry. I wouldn't have had this happen for anything.

TEDDY: That's all right. It's not your fault.

SCOTT: Never mind, dear. What difference does it make, after all?



TEDDY: But I can't always help how people kiss me!

TEDDY: None at all. Let's go home as fast as we can.

SCOTT: But, Ted, it's going to be all right. You don't blame me, do you?

TEDDY: Not the least bit.

SCOTT: It might have happened to anybody. Lots of people are caught in storms.

TEDDY: We certainly were caught.

SCOTT: I'll do anything on earth to make it right.

TEDDY: There isn't anything you can do to change it one way or the other. Get your coat and let's go.

But just as they are leaving the house Teddy's father and her Aunt Margaret appear on the scene. Hallie has told them that Teddy spoke of driving to her farm. Mr. Gloucester, angry and

outraged that his daughter should have done a thing like this, will listen to no explanations. He insists that Teddy must marry Scott at once, and do what little she can to save her reputation.

GLoucester: What in the name of heaven do you mean, acting like the lowest, commonest kind of a thing? Does nothing mean anything to you but this brazen, disreputable, loose—Where do you get it? Where does it come from? What have you done with your bringing up? How do you expect me to believe—anything but the—what am I to believe?

MARGARET: That she's your daughter. That all the other things you've let her do—have done this. That she needs your help now as she never needed it before. Theodora, you are going to marry this boy, aren't you?

SCOTT: Of course she is. We're engaged.

TEDDY: Oh, no, we're not.

GLoucester: What? What do you say?

TEDDY: I'm not engaged to him.

MARGARET: But didn't you expect to be?

TEDDY: Why should I? What good will that do? How can that change anything?

GLoucester: What? At least it's some faint hope of persuading people that you haven't quite gone to the dogs—that you wouldn't have been quite so wild as to go off with him if you weren't going to marry him. It's a very little thing, I admit. But at least it's the only thing we can do.

SCOTT: Ted, listen! Come and marry me now—quick. We'll go on to another town and telephone back to your father that we've eloped.

MARGARET: That's a very good idea, Theodora—really it is. The best possible thing you could do.

GLoucester: Yes, it is. Do it! And get at it now.

TEDDY: I don't want to.

GLoucester: It isn't a question of what you want, but a question of saving yourself.

TEDDY: Saving myself from what? I can take care of myself.

GLoucester: So you've thought. And this is what you've got yourself into!

TEDDY: I'll do a good deal for your sake, Dad, but I can't marry somebody I don't want to—for your sake.

GLoucester: And why don't you want to marry him?

TEDDY: Because I don't love him—like that.

GLoucester: You probably love him as much as you're capable of loving anybody.

TEDDY: You must let me be the judge of that. I can't marry you, Scott—I know now—I'm sorry.

MARGARET: Be careful, dear. Don't make another mistake with this serious thing.

TEDDY: I'm trying not to. Why do you ask me to marry him when I tell you I don't want to? I don't love him that way, I tell you. What has anything else got to do with it? How can you be so stupid and old-fashioned and afraid? Of course, I've done a perfectly idiotic thing, and I'm just as sorry as I can be. But what has that to do with the rest of my life? What if people do talk and tell a few lies about me? I'm not going to sneak and do a trumped-up thing as though I were guilty. If you can't take me home now, Dad, and hold up your head and say, "This is my daughter, and I trust her and know she hasn't done anything wrong," then I never want to go home at all.

GLoucester: And if you don't obey me—if you don't marry this boy, I don't want you to come home!

MARGARET: Hubert!

GLoucester: Are you going to do it?

TEDDY (*proudly*): No!

And so Teddy stays on at the farm. Her Aunt Margaret, impressed by the girl's sincerity and her real need, stays on also. The next day, Hallie, Eileen, Oliver, and the rest of the crowd come out to see Teddy and try to induce her to return to her father and marry Scott. When she tells them of the strange young man who appeared out of the storm that night and sat before the fire, they refuse to believe her. Even when Billy Wade himself appears and corroborates the story, they are unconvinced that it isn't a "deuced clever trick" of Teddy's. And when Teddy hears from her friends what people are saying about her, she realizes the uselessness of continuing her battle alone.

TEDDY (*simply*): Scott, I've got myself where people won't believe me and where my friends can't help me. If you still want me, I'll marry you.

SCOTT (*delighted*): Ted!

TEDDY: Go in town and tell Dad I'll marry you—that we'll *blaze* and have the most gorgeous wedding anybody ever had.

SCOTT (*ardently*): Now you're yourself again. I adore you!

TEDDY: Oh, no, you don't! Let's be hon-

est. It's a jolly arrangement for us both, and we'll probably get on as well as most people do who pretend to be in love.

SCOTT: But I do love you.

TEDDY (*sadly*): Yes—with all my accessories. Now let's play fair and run straight and make the best of it.

SCOTT (*earnestly*): Dear old girl! I'll try to make you happy.

TEDDY: Well, everybody's going to *think* I'm happy, I can promise you that.

But when Billy Wade hears of the plan he is obviously distressed.

BILLY: Are you only doing it because—of this thing that happened?

TEDDY (*calmly*): He's marrying me for my money and I'm marrying him to save my reputation.

BILLY: That's hell!

TEDDY (*cynically*): Is it? It's often done, you know.

BILLY: You don't have to do that.

TEDDY: It's easy enough for you to talk. You're a man. Men can do anything.

BILLY: If they will! So can a girl.

TEDDY: Oh, no! One dose of a thing like this for a girl

and she's done for, if she hasn't any money.

BILLY: How much money do you need?

TEDDY: I don't know. I don't know. Dad gives me twenty-five thousand a year and then pays all my debts. I have three thou-

sand a year of my very own, from my mother, and this little place—so that doesn't leave me very much if I throw Dad over, does it?

BILLY: Well, I've just thrown up a job which seemed like a million to me!



Teddy

Billy Wade (Robert Ames)

Storm-bound at her farm, Teddy engages in conversation with a stranger who has sought shelter there.



BILLY: I know you better than I ever knew anybody. I've thought about you every minute since I saw you, and I came back just to find you.

TEDDY: Given it up?

BILLY: Yes. I got just what was coming to me. I knew it was crooked when I went into it. I knew the man stole from the government, and called it big business, but I fell for it. But it was eating into me all the time, good and hard. And do you know what happened to me? After I saw you the other night I hated it so, I went back and chucked it. I haven't got a job and it won't be so easy to get another one—but I can look myself in the face—and

I'm free. And I don't see why you can't do the same!

So Teddy decides to stand firm. Billy and Aunt Margaret help her to run the little farm. In this happy combination of work and play and who'some, simple living, Teddy and Billy become much attached to each other. Hallie, meantime, circulates a story relating how Teddy is living out at the farm with a stranger who also spent the eventful night there, and who, with his eyes on Teddy's millions, has thrown up his job and gone out to help her. Mr. Gloucester hears the story and, thoroughly incensed, goes to the farm. He upbraids his sister-in-law for having allowed Teddy to fall into another scandalous affair. Aunt Margaret insists that

the summer has been the making of Teddy, that Billy is a splendid sort who hasn't a mercenary thought in his head, and that she will fight for the happiness of the two, who really love each other deeply.

At the very moment, however, Billy is in the depths of despair. He has heard how every one has misunderstood his motives in helping Teddy, and he

has decided to "clear out." But before he can utter a word, Teddy meets him with an exclamation of delight.

TEDDY: Billy, I've been thinking! I want money more now than I ever did in my life. I want it for you. So you can go on with your dreams and schemes.

BILLY (coldly): My schemes will take care of themselves.

TEDDY: No, they can't. And do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to Dad and tell him my pride is all gone. I'm going to tell him how wonderful you are—

BILLY: You'll do nothing of the sort!

TEDDY: He'll be so proud of you—so glad to have me marry any one so splendid! I'm going to him to-morrow.

But Billy's pride is still smarting from the accusation of Teddy's friends. He accuses her of merely flirting and of caring more for luxury than for him, and tells her that he is going to clear out and let her be happy in the old way. Teddy protests, but, unshaken in his resolve, Billy goes into the house. Mr. Gloucester, who wants his daughter back and is ready to forgive and get for her everything she wants, enters to find her almost in tears. She rushes into his arms. After a little, she confides in him her love for Billy—and the young man's refusal to marry her if she insists on having her money.

GLOUCESTER (incredulously): Well, let's have a look at the paragon. He must be rather a world-shaking character. At least, I'd like to pay him back for his work out here.

TEDDY: I'd like to see you try it. (*And when BILLY comes in that is exactly what Mr. GLOUCESTER attempts to do.*)

GLOUCESTER: It seems my daughter is under very heavy obligations to you for what you've done here this summer. I'd like to express my appreciation in a practical way. It'll be quite possible to put you in the way of something good in New York.

BILLY (firmly): Thank you. I don't care for it.

GLOUCESTER (taken aback): Oh! I un-



BILLY: Don't be afraid. You've got hold of something to fight for. Pull yourself up high.



AUNT MARGARET: Billy isn't anybody's slave, you know. If you've burned your fingers on him, I'm sorry.



derstand you gave up something pretty fair once before in New York. Why did you give it up, may I ask?

BILLY: If you insist, because the business is crooked.

GLOUCESTER: Um! (*Sarcastically*) And you gave it up to make a living on this scrubby little place, instead.

BILLY: It's a pretty poverty-stricken living out here.

GLOUCESTER: And yet you persuaded my daughter it was a good thing for her to do?

BILLY: And it was, wasn't it? Better than the other thing that was offered her just then?

GLOUCESTER: And you mean to say you've had the audacity to say anything about marriage to her—with just this—to take care of you both? And you weren't counting on her money?

BILLY: There are other places in the world besides New York. And there's a place where I ought to be—doing things I know I could do. But I wanted to see the finest life in America. I had a look. I'm through. I know what I want.

GLOUCESTER: But you don't want my daughter, I understand.

BILLY: Is it necessary to discuss that?

GLOUCESTER: Have you made love to her—asked her to marry you, and then changed

your mind? Have you the faintest idea of the insufferable impertinence of that?

BILLY: Theodora has decided she wants her money, and I can't marry her with that, Mr. Gloucester.

TEDDY (*eagerly*): Billy—when you thought I didn't have any you loved me, and I know you love me now. It's the money, Dad. He won't take me with it, so I give it up—absolutely—everything you could possibly give me.

GLOUCESTER: Steady, Ted. You're talking very big.

TEDDY: Billy, I'm just the way I was an hour ago—and I love you better than anything in the world. Will you marry me?

GLOUCESTER: My God!

BILLY: Ted!

MARGARET: You ask him, too, Hubert. Do all you can to hold him.

GLOUCESTER: I suppose I'm turned out—am I—with my money? Is there anything I could do—give it away, or anything—to induce you to accept me as a father-in-law?

TEDDY: You leave me alone with him a minute, Dad, and I'll see what I can do for you. (*Turning to BILLY, appealingly*) Billy, Billy, will you marry me?

BILLY: Ted, I know you've flirted an awful lot, but you're the only girl in my life—and if you're fooling me, I'll kill you.

TEDDY (*joyously*): Go on, dear—I love that.



IMAGINATION

ROME was not founded in a day, nor did

The glory that was Greece leap into life
Within an idle hour; the pyramid

Was born of centuries of toil and strife.

Time rules the world, and at his beck and call

Come priest and peasant, emperor and slave;

By his command the nations rise and fall

And man pursues his journey to the grave.

But one thing ever must elude his sway—

Imagination: free-born gift of grace.

For some times, dreaming at the close of day,

I watch the light and shadows on your face,

And sail strange seas; and lordly pageants stage;

And build a city, while you read a page.

HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER.

An Eminently Practical Person

By
Virginia Middleton

Author of "And in Their Death—"
"The Crowning Charm," etc.



FLORENCE wanted, with all the practicality which might have belonged to a young woman of the period of Jane Austen, to marry. But being removed by so many generations from that comparatively one-ideaed day, she was obliged to camouflage her desire. She couldn't—so the taste of the time decreed—go about the world saying:

"Careers for those who want them! Give me a home with Swiss curtains of my very own to put up and take down, to wash and to iron, preferably by proxy, and my own silver to arrange in neatly lined silver drawers."

She couldn't say, with the necessary decorum:

"Experiments for those who want 'em, trial trips for those who can get away with them, but as for me, give me one permanent husband of my own and I'll not ask for an inch more of freedom than satisfied my grandmother and my mother. I want to have my own kitchen and my own babies, my own linen press, and my own window boxes. Ecstasy and passion for those to whom they may seem appropriate. For myself, I'm merely a practical, domestic person, and I want marriage for the sake of domesticity rather than for the sake of love. Though, of course,

it would have to be some one I could like who would be coming in damp and tired on rainy autumn evenings and who would be thinking that our fireside was heaven."

But Florence could not, in the third decade of the twentieth century, say these things to the community at large. It wasn't being done.

Especially she couldn't say them to Jimmy Gilmore. Yet it was Jimmy's chunky figure that she always saw in her vision of the home-coming man. Being a practical person, she knew that this did not mean that she was in love with Jimmy; it merely meant that his figure was more familiar to her than any other young man's. She had known him ever since he was born. Oh, yes! She was two years older than Jimmy, which was another reason for being perfectly sure that she wasn't in love with him. She almost thought that she could remember the day she had been taken across the lawn to see the new baby, but knew that what she recalled was her mother's oft-told tale of the visit.

He had lived in the next house always. They had fought and played together. She knew all his ways. No, she wasn't in love with Jimmy. She wasn't in love with any one.

But she could be in love with almost any one, she was quite convinced, provided he insured her the Swiss curtains and the white-tiled kitchen and the pink-baby in the blue-lined nest of an enameled perambulator. Love, with her, would be a matter of growth. Almost any nice man would answer, and almost all men, of the sort that one met in Frederickstown, were nice—at any rate almost all the men one met, if one were old Doctor Gerard's youngest daughter, the sole blossom on the Gerard branch still unplucked.

By the time she was twenty-eight she was a little desperate. There wasn't a new young man in Frederickstown, and all the old young men were married or about to marry—except Jimmy, with his exasperating brotherliness and his general slowness and sameness. And, of course, when she said that she wanted to marry, and would regard almost any one as a possible partner in the enterprise of setting up an establishment, she didn't mean that she wanted to marry a man as old as her father! It had been stupid—egregiously conceited, indeed—of Colonel O'Dowd of the Spanish War period to imagine that she would consider his offer. Nor did she mean that she would marry a widower like Howard Green, who obviously wanted a nurse for his five children.

But Jimmy need not have laughed so whole-heartedly over the devotion of the two swains, and he need not have taken it so completely for granted that their suits were foredoomed to failure!

It was when things were at their darkest that, like a response to prayer, Robert Mayhew walked into Frederickstown, and into the Gerard circle. He was a lawyer in his early thirties, and he was the nephew of Judge Mayhew, who had never relinquished the title he had worn for a short period on the circuit bench. Judge Mayhew, in his late sixties, had wanted some one in his office to help him and some one

to whom to hand on his practice by and by. And from the very first, Robert Mayhew began to qualify for the position of partner in the enterprise which the practical Florence desired, in her practical way, to initiate.

She was excited by the possibility. She was agitated by it. She liked him; she told herself frequently that she liked him. He was so good looking—much taller than Jimmy! He had such delightfully experienced eyes, and such a charming semicynicism—so different from Jimmy's horseplay, which was only now and then illumined by a startling flash of real wit. He shared so many of her tastes. And, quite evidently, he shared her desire for that old-fashioned stability in a shifting world—a home.

Of course, she was going to marry him as soon as he proposed! And, of course, she wasn't going to delay his proposal by any foolish cat-and-mouse tactics! Only—only—oh, well!

Of course, she was going to marry him, gladly, thankfully!

Nevertheless, she refused him the night he brought her home from the Eldridges' dance. She didn't know why she refused him. She had not meant to do it. But, in the hall, with the glass door into the vestibule closed behind them, she did refuse him when he said: "Florence, I don't want to leave you. I never want to leave you. Say that you don't want me to—that—that you'll marry me!" She had refused him, with an agitated burst of tears, unaccountably, insanely, refused him.

Some of the tears she had wept away on his shoulder, for he had been brotherly kind to her, and had soothed and petted her. He had even kissed her at the end, a kiss of farewell, he had said. He did say such pleasantly sentimental things.

And she had lain awake half the few hours until dawn, sobbing and deriding herself. Hadn't she always said that

she could learn to love any one, any one decent and suitable? And who on earth could be more decent and suitable than Robert? And to think that the immaterial vision of a stocky man, coming home in the damp of an autumn evening, had obtruded between her and a most desirable reality. Oh, she was an imbecile, she was a lunatic, to have refused to marry Robert Mayhew, who wanted to marry her, for the sake of Jimmy Gilmore, who didn't want to marry her, especially when it was marriage and not Jimmy that she had wanted! Imbecile!

The next night Jimmy came to see her. He looked queer, determined, dogged. Her heart went into the floor below her slippers; it had been as low as her boots all day. Jimmy was coming, she believed with a flash of inspiration, to announce his engagement.

"I've decided to accept that offer from Crowe & Goodenough," said Jimmy abruptly, not meeting her eyes. "In New York, you know. There's more of a chance for a young architect with a firm like that than plodding along on his own in a one-horse place like Frederickstown. I'm—I'm going."

"But you always said——" cried Florence.

"I know I did. I didn't know what I was talking about. I—I talked like a darned fool. I've been a darned fool." He raised his eyes to hers at last, and they were as miserable as it was possible for a pair of brown eyes, beautiful as a deer's and faithful as a dog's, to

be. A strange happiness began to make Florence dizzy at the sight of their misery. "A darned fool," he repeated with emphasis. "I—I—say, Florence, for the love of Mike, tell me and let's get it over!"

"Tell you what?" She told herself, practically, that it was the loss of sleep of the night before that filled her ears with the swelling rapture of music and dazzled her sight with a gold-and-silver glory.

"About you and Mayhew. I"—he gulped—"I saw you—your shadows—on the door as I came home from the Eldridges' last night. Everybody else in town could have seen you, too," he added indignantly. "Outlined on the ground glass that way! Why not take City Hall steps for your courting and be done with it? Well, fire ahead! Tell me!"

"There's nothing to tell you!" Florence almost sang it.

"He was kissing you. I'll punch his damned silly head off, if—he thinks this new-school, hit-or-miss stuff goes with you!"

"I was allowing him," said Florence, with dignity, "to—kiss me once, once only, in good-by."

And then, blinded against Jimmy's worsted shoulder, blinded by light which pulsed and shone and sang, she saw the chunky figure of her man coming home on damp autumn evenings. And she clung to him crying:

"Oh, Jimmy! It was you all the time! Why did you keep me waiting?"



AUTUMN GARDEN

GREAT red and yellow dahlias nod on slender, leafy stalks,
And white and purple asters crowd upon the garden walks;
The vines hang low with sun-warm grapes—there is the hum of bees—
And bright-cheeked apples wait to fall before the lightest breeze.
I drink great gulps of heady air like wine in sparkling glass,
And turn my face up—not to see the dead leaves on the grass.

ADELE L. DE LEEUW.

The Copper Isle

By Jeanne Judson

Author of "Crowns of Tin," "The Stars Incline," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY P. J. MONAHAN

A strong story of the North, by a well-known young writer whom you will welcome to the pages of SMITH'S.

A GAIN McNair allowed the boat to go back to the mainland without him. He watched it, steaming off across the waste of November-gray water, and wondered just how he would explain to his host, Doctor Carey. He had said good-by to his father's old friend that morning before he started on his round of professional calls; his kit was scattered around him on the dock, and the boat was gone. There was an icy chill in the air which suggested that this might be the last trip the *St. Mary* would make that year. The channel would be choked with ice and all communication with the mainland would be cut off until the ice was strong enough to bear a sleigh.

McNair knew all this, knew that his delay might make him a winter-long prisoner on Otter Island, yet at the last minute he had realized that he couldn't go.

When he had come four months ago he had intended to remain just one month, but he had lingered on and on through the gold-and-blue summer of the North. When he had come back from France to find that his father had died while he was crossing, he had been at a loss to find some way to dispose of his life. Of course, like his father, he was a surgeon, but he had no love for the profession and had only gone in for it to please his father. He

was thirty years old, with a sufficient income and not a tie in the world. Then, in looking through his father's papers, he had found the letter from Doctor Carey begging his father to come to Otter Island for the rest which he could never be persuaded to take. Doctor Carey had been with his father at Magill, but Doctor Carey had buried himself in Otter Island and his own father had become a famous New York surgeon. He wrote Doctor Carey asking if he might come in his father's place.

Doctor Carey was still unmarried and strangely young for sixty. McNair had grown to love him, but it was not his love for Doctor Carey which had kept him lingering on long after the date originally set for his departure, nor was it the admitted fascination of the lake country, nor the long evenings when the doctor and Father Arno sat in the doctor's comfortable library telling stories of the old days when Otter Island had been a Mormon settlement and before that a last stand of the Indians.

The real reason why McNair had lingered was Mrs. Lester—Nurse Mary, as she was called all over the island. He could not, would not, leave Otter Island until he had solved whatever mystery it was that surrounded her, and had heard his fate from her

own lips. He wondered how he would explain to the doctor. Not that Doctor Carey wouldn't be delighted that he had remained, but he would most certainly suspect the reason and he had decidedly snubbed McNair when he had manifested curiosity about the nurse. Nurse Mary was one subject of island history that the doctor would not talk about, and the priest shared his reticence.

McNair was superintending the replacing of his luggage in the rattling motor when he was approached by a man who must have come from the boat though he had not previously noticed him. He was a strange, incongruous figure to be met on Otter Island—a youngish man with a dissipated face and dark, curling hair. He was dressed in clothing that made McNair think of Second Avenue.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Lester—Nurse Mary, I think they call her—lives?"

The words Nurse Mary were given a sneering emphasis, and McNair answered without hesitation:

"I am a stranger here myself."

His tone was so rude that the man looked at him suspiciously before moving off down the irregular main street of the village. McNair decided to walk himself, letting the car go on ahead



"I've tried to talk to you before, but you wouldn't let me. I realized that I couldn't go leaving

with his luggage. The chance meeting with the man who was searching for Nurse Mary troubled him. He did not like the man, did not like to think that such a man could mean anything in her life, and he determined that even at the cost of offending Doctor Carey he would demand something of Mary's history.

He had met Nurse Mary on the street the first day he arrived at the island. Her little, four-year-old boy was toddling at her side, but McNair



stayed ashore at the last moment because Nurse Mary behind."

had thought she was a nun, mistaking her white uniform for that of the Church. Doctor Carey had just pointed out to him the little convent on the hill. She had come toward them, fresh and pure as the newly awakened spring, and McNair remembered that he had thought of Longfellow's Evangeline. Then Doctor Carey had introduced them.

"Mrs. Lester, Nurse Mary, who is supposed to be my aid. In reality, I help her whenever she leaves me any-

thing to do. She keeps the mothers and babies so well that if it weren't for brawling men I'd have no work at all to do."

She had spoken to him, pleasantly, but with a reserve which he had felt even then. He had lifted the boy to his shoulder. There were no reserves to be broken down there. He and Colin became friends at once.

Mrs. Lester lived in a small cottage next to the doctor's house. When Colin was not in the kindergarten school with the nuns he was under the eye of Doctor Carey's housekeeper. Nurse Mary worked night and day. She was the only nurse on the island, but she never seemed overworked or tired. Once McNair had asked Doctor Carey if her husband was dead, and the doctor answered:

"I have never asked her."

McNair had never dared ask again. He had tried to talk about her with Father Arno, but the priest had been even more reticent, yet McNair felt certain that one or both of them could have told him her story had they chosen to do so; felt certain, too, that there was a story.

Doctor Carey's housekeeper met him at the door when he returned to the house.

"You didn't miss the boat, surely?" she asked.

"No; not exactly. The truth is my heart failed me at the last moment and I couldn't leave the dear, old island and Doctor Carey."

"Are you quite sure it's the island and the doctor that are holding you?" asked Mrs. Jordan with the familiarity which long years in the service of the doctor had given her.

McNair could only smile. He wasn't in the mood for being teased.

"I'll stay a few days longer at least," he said.

"Perhaps you'll stay longer than you think. There's a wind coming up and

ice to follow, and the channel has a nasty way of freezing up long before it should. We may not see the *St. Mary* again for months."

"Nonsense; it couldn't freeze as quickly as that. Navigation will be open for another ten days at least."

Mrs. Jordan only shrugged her shoulders.

"The doctor will be back at four o'clock," she said. "There's a fire in the library."

Mrs. Jordan was right: As the afternoon wore away the fire which had been a pleasant luxury became a necessity. The wind was rising and blowing bitterly cold from the north.

The doctor did not return until almost five o'clock. When he entered his library the early darkness was lit only by the leaping flames in the fireplace.

"So you decided to stay a few days longer. I'm glad."

The last words sounded forced, and McNair looked up quickly as the lights flashed on, revealing the doctor still brushing from his fur coat the snow which was now blowing in great, white sheets out of the muddy sky.

"I'm glad—and sorry," the doctor said, answering his questioning look.

McNair waited until the doctor was seated comfortably beside him at the fire.

"I've tried to talk to you before, but you wouldn't let me. Perhaps it was idle curiosity at first, but now it's something more. I stayed ashore at the last moment because I realized that I couldn't go leaving Nurse Mary behind.

"I haven't spoken to her about it," he continued. "I know there's a story connected with her—not that anything matters—but I don't want to hurt her in any way, so I'm speaking to you first."

His heart beat heavily as he saw the genuine distress in his old friend's face.

"Couldn't you take the boat to-morrow—that is if she runs—and forget all about this? Nurse Mary is happy, reasonably happy. She has her child and her work. Besides, I need her here." He smiled as if trying to finish with a jest, but the smile was feeble.

"No, I can't go—won't go. I've never been in love before. This is the real thing, and you've got to help me."

"My dear boy, if I only knew myself. No one here knows except perhaps Father Arno. And you might as well try questioning the sphinx as to get a confessional secret from Father Arno. He is a real priest, almost a fanatic, a convert you know. They're always the worst, or the best. That's why he's here in this obscure parish. In the city he embarrassed his bishop with his piety."

Doctor Carey was evidently trying to lead the conversation away from Nurse Mary.

"Then there's only one thing to do. I must go to Mary herself, tell her that I love her, and if there's an obstacle, she'll tell me."

McNair half rose from his seat as if he would go out into the storm that moment in search of her.

"Wait!" said the doctor. "Don't do anything rash. Of course I know a little, but not enough. I have no right to tell you even this little, but I would rather tell you myself than cause Mary a moment's pain."

"You've heard of old 'King' Humbolt, the last of the Mormon elders who lived here with five wives in open defiance of both State and Federal laws? Don't be impatient; this all has to do with Mary. King Humbolt's fifth wife was an Indian girl, the only daughter of Chief White Eagle, also the last of a long line of monarchs. You have, perhaps, also heard the legend of the copper isle. Of course there is copper in small quantities all through these little islands, but the

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story was that on one small island in this group there was a veritable little mountain of copper rising out of the sea. The secret of this copper isle was supposed to be known to White Eagle alone, and King Humbolt married his daughter thinking that the Indian would take him to the island. Chief White Eagle, however, had become a Catholic and he disinherited his daughter instead. But when she died he adopted her baby daughter and lived to see her a woman grown. The daughter of King Humbolt and Chief White Eagle's child was the mother of Nurse Mary.

"In other words, Mary's grandfather was King Humbolt and her great-grandfather was Chief White Eagle. That makes her about one-eighth Indian."

McNair made an impatient gesture. "I agree that that makes no difference. Her mother married a white man. It isn't the Indian blood that is so doubtful, but the white—first, King Humbolt, as wicked an old Turk as ever lived; then her father, a miner who married her mother and deserted her within six months of the wedding. He'd heard the story, current at the time, that Chief White Eagle on his deathbed had told the secret of the copper isle to his granddaughter, making her swear that she would never reveal it to a white man. Whether White Eagle did tell her, even whether he actually had anything to tell, I don't know, but if Mary's mother knew about the copper isle she kept her secret and her husband deserted her. She lived until Mary was eighteen years old and when she died Mary left the island to seek her fortune. She sang like an angel.

"I've always thought that she must have been on the stage, but she never wrote and I didn't see her again for five years. Then she returned to this island one day and came here. She

was ill and had no money. The boy was born two months later."

"Her husband?" questioned McNair.

"She said her name was Mrs. Lester and begged me not to ask questions and to call her Mary as I had when she was a little girl. It was she who suggested nursing as a profession for herself, and I financed her to a three-year course in Detroit. She came back and offered her services to me, partly out of gratitude, partly because, as you know, Otter Island is the most isolated place imaginable. We are only twelve miles from the mainland, but we might be twelve thousand for all the interest we take in the rest of the world or the interest the rest of the world takes in us. Now I've told you all I know."

For a few moments there was silence. The doctor gazed steadily into the fire as if he dared not look too closely at the emotions plainly visible on the face of the younger man. At last McNair spoke, trying to hide the fear in his voice.

"You've told me the facts, but you haven't told me what you think. - I might as well know everything."

"If I am wrong, God forgive me, but women are only women after all! From the life Mary has lived since she came back to the island, she might easily be the nun you thought her when you first saw her. I have told you the story of her ancestry so that you would understand the blood that has produced her. Not very promising, you will admit. When she went away she was just a very beautiful, high-spirited, innocent child, but she was gone five years. She returned as I told you, and though she told me she was Mrs. Lester, she wasn't wearing a ring and if there is a husband, no one has ever seen him or heard of him. She may have married some brute who deserted her as her father deserted her mother. Whatever her story, I know that she has been wronged. But wronged

women—you know how the world treats them. Her past is best left in obscurity."

"I don't think so," said McNair decisively. "You've been her friend, and I can't blame you for what you think. But I don't believe it. I'll never believe anything wrong of her, not even if she tells me with her own lips. If she is free, I'm going to marry her. If she's not free, I'll find some way to make her so."

"You forget that Mary is a Catholic. Also, you've been here several months and your best efforts haven't made an opportunity for telling her that you love her, though I've seen it struggling in your eyes for weeks now. Best sleep over it and then take the boat back home."

"You're not very hospitable," said McNair, smiling.

"Don't even joke about that. You know how I'll miss you. It's like having your father with me again. You've made me young, but much as I want you to stay, I'd rather have you go until you recover from this."

Mrs. Jordan called them to dinner, and it was not until they were smoking their cigars that McNair remembered the man who had come from the boat and asked for Mrs. Lester.

Doctor Carey looked troubled.

"From your description it must be some one out of her old life. I'm almost sure she was on the stage. I



"Let us stay here to-night! You will let us stay here?" Her voice was both pleading and insistent.

wonder if she has come home. She was at the other end of the island caring for a mother and a very new baby this morning. I left her there myself. She was to have come into the village with a neighbor this afternoon if the woman was comfortable. Otherwise



she was to remain there all night. I think I'll ask Mrs. Jordan to step next door and see if she is home."

They were again in the library at the back of the house. Otherwise they would have heard, even above the howling of the wind, the violent ringing of the front doorbell. Doctor Carey had risen to ring for the house-keeper, but his hand did not touch the bell, for at that moment the door burst open and Nurse Mary stood before them, holding Colin in her arms. The child was crying a little at having been wakened from sleep, and the woman's

great, dark eyes were wide with horror. It was not fright so much as the look of one who sees something unspeakably repulsive.

"Let us stay here to-night! You will let us stay here?"

Her voice was both pleading and insistent.

The doctor placed a chair for her near the fire, and McNair took the heavy child from her arms and laid him on a couch where his weeping ceased as he sank back into almost instant sleep.

"Now try to remember that you're a nurse and tell us all about it calmly," said the doctor. "Surely you're not afraid of the storm."

His voice, trained to the soothing of ragged nerves, seemed to have no effect on her.

"He's come back. He says if I won't live with him, he'll take Colin away from me. He can't do that, can he, doctor? He's not my husband; legally perhaps, but not in the eyes of God. He has forfeited all right to Colin and me."

In her distress she did not seem to have observed that she and the doctor were not alone, and McNair spoke partly to attract attention to himself, partly to give her assurance of protection.

"Your husband came on the boat to-day. I think I saw him. We'll see that he doesn't trouble you."

She looked at him gratefully, without speaking.

"But of what are you afraid? H

can't live with you, if you don't want him. Has he threatened you?" asked the doctor.

"He has gone to see Father Arno. He will think only of the attitude of the Church toward marriage. He will recommend forgiveness, reconciliation. He doesn't know Harry Lester. He won't understand."

At this moment Mrs. Jordan appeared at the door. Before she could speak, the man McNair had seen that noon pushed past her into the room, closely followed by the tall, spare figure of the young priest.

The man Lester had a triumphant smirk on his face which made McNair long to hit him. The priest looked troubled.

"I must apologize for intruding on you at this hour, but this man has appealed to me as a priest to effect a reconciliation between himself and his wife. He says Nurse Mary is his wife and he told me that I would find her here. The last part of what he says is true."

He turned to Mary who seemed to have regained all her composure.

"Yes, Father; he is the man I told you of—the man I married six years ago."

She turned then to Doctor Carey and addressed him quietly. As she spoke McNair watched Lester, whose shifting eyes moved from face to face, striving to read the effect of her words on the different hearers.

For what stake was he playing? McNair wondered. It was not love. Had he loved Mary he would never have left her. It could not be gain, for Mary was earning her own living and that of the child by her own work.

"I never told you the story," Mary was saying, "because I wanted to forget it and him. I was working in a department store and singing in a church choir when he met me. He was on the stage. You know how girls—

girls who have lived as I have lived—think of the stage. It was the height of my ambition. And I loved him. I must have loved him once, though God knows it seems incredible now."

For the first time she threw him a glance of mingled contempt and fear; then turned away her face again.

"Of course, he was to make our fortune with his knowledge of acting and my voice. We were married and he got an engagement on the Keith circuit. He treated me well then, because I brought in money. I know now that he was no more an actor than he is a man. Then I knew that Colin was coming. I was happy. I was happy until I told him. Then he made my life miserable. Five months later I was too ill to go on working. He left me in a hotel without even paying the bill. He went off with another woman. There was a woman in the hotel who loaned me money enough to come here. Until to-day I have never seen him or heard of him."

She paused, her glance sweeping the room as if for judgment.

"I do not ask you what you think. He has forfeited all claim to me and to Colin. I would not willingly touch his hand though he stood outside my door a thousand years."

Before she had ceased speaking, Lester turned to the priest as the least inimical man in the room.

"What she says is true," he whined; "all except the woman. I didn't go with her in the way she implies. There was a woman, but I just employed her to take Mary's place in the sketch. I was short at the time and I thought Mary'd wait until I sent her money. When I wrote she had gone, leaving no address."

"He lies," said Mary quietly.

Never once did she address him directly.

"I admit I was wrong and I am sorry. All I want is another chance.

I want to take care of her and the boy. It was only a month ago that I found out where she was."

McNair was relieved to see that there was no sign of softening in Mary's face and that the doctor looked contemptuously incredulous, but he feared the priest. His office would make him incline to the reuniting of families, to forgiveness, to peace at any price, and he was so simple and honest himself that he would believe the man. Indeed, search as he would, McNair could think of no reason why the man should lie, though he felt convinced that every word of his professions of remorse was a lie.

"It was a very grievous wrong that you did, my son," said the priest sternly; "but our church teaches forgiveness. Nor is it well that father should be parted from son and husband from wife."

He turned to Mary.

"My daughter, can you not find it in your heart to forgive this man?"

Lester's eyes lighted up with evil triumph and, encouraged by what he thought was the backing of Father Arno, he strode toward Mary as if he would have kissed her.

She rose and looked at him with flashing eyes, her hands spread out, warding him off.

"I have forgiven him long ago, Father, and forgotten him. For me he does not exist."

McNair was surprised to see that the priest did not look altogether displeased at this reply. He turned again to Lester, who had slunk back to his chair.

"Let us be frank with each other, Mr. Lester," he said. "I am a priest, but I was not always a priest and I know the world so well that you can deal honestly with me."

He stretched out one long hand toward Lester.

"You did not come to Otter Island

because you love your wife and child," he said in a tone which startled Lester out of his mood of triumph and sent the blood from his face. "Tell us honestly why you came, what it is you want, and if it is something that will not injure either Nurse Mary or her child, we will give it to you."

Lester looked nervously from one person to another in the room. In the faces of McNair and the doctor he saw open hostility. The priest was an impassive judge whose emotions he could not read, and Mary still stood, her face averted, a picture of unyielding contempt.

"I suppose I can't blame you for not crediting me with any natural feelings," he said. "I don't deserve any better reception. But suppose that I do love my son and that I happen to know that he should be heir to great wealth and that his mother is deliberately keeping him from it."

If his intention had been to surprise them, he succeeded admirably. Even Mary turned to look at him with wide eyes. McNair and the doctor felt that the affair was in the hands of Father Arno and waited for him to speak.

"Explain," he said briefly.

For answer Lester drew from his pocket a folded newspaper clipping and gave it to the priest. It was a highly colored Sunday supplement story. Some wandering scribe had visited Otter Island, heard the story of the copper isle, and had written a page on the fanciful tale. There were pen-and-ink drawings of White Eagle whispering the secret to his daughter on his deathbed; then a sketch of Mary as a nurse with the caption, "Great-granddaughter of Chief White Eagle works as nurse, but keeps secret of fabulous wealth in Copper Isle."

So this was the secret of Harry Lester's newly awakened paternal affection. McNair and the doctor could not forbear a smile. Surely no one be-

lieved at this day that the copper isle was anything except a myth.

"So what you want is the secret of the copper isle," said Mary. She spoke in a low monotone, her eyes turned toward Lester, but looking through him. "There is a copper isle. My grandfather gave the secret to my mother, and she swore never to reveal it to a white man. My mother told me, but I swore no oath to keep the secret. There is another tradition about the copper isle—that he who gains its shores will lose his life. I tell you this as a warning. If you are not afraid, I will take you there to-night, but you must promise that if I keep faith and give up the secret, you will never trouble me again or claim any rights over Colin. Do you want to go to-night?"

"To-night? My God! It's eleven o'clock and snowing. I'm not in that much of a hurry. To-morrow—yes, I'll promise anything you like, sign an agreement if you wish."

"To-morrow will be too late," said Mary tonelessly. "To-morrow all the little channels between the islands will be filled with ice, but it will be a month before the ice will bear, and there is one place that never does freeze, where a spring rises under the lake. To-night you can go. The moon is rising; the clouds are moving always and from time to time one can see quite plainly. And I know the way even in the darkness. You are afraid. You want a fortune, but you are willing to risk nothing. There are canoes at Foley's landing. Doctor Carey has a key to the boathouse. I am not afraid, but of course if you fear—to-morrow will be too late."

Something in the trancelike look on her lifted face froze the blood in McNair's veins. She was no longer a white nurse, but an Indian priestess. Lester's face had gone white, but greed was stronger than fear.

"Far be it from me to deny a lady her whims," he said, forcing a smile. "If one of these men will go with us, I guess I've got enough courage. After all, it's just a canoe trip around the islands. We'd think nothing of it in daytime."

"I'll go with you," said McNair. He had decided some minutes before that if Mary embarked on the wild adventure, he would follow to protect her.

"And I," said the priest.

"Come," said Mary, drawing her cloak about her. She had removed her nurse's cap, and her dark hair was uncovered. As they went into the street of howling wind McNair could see the snowflakes falling on her hair.

They reached the boathouse in silence and safety, but McNair's heart failed him as he felt the strength of the wind against which they fought every step of the way.

"I will lead," said Mary. "You have only to follow me."

In the dim light McNair could see that Lester was trembling, but not with cold, for the exercise of walking had kept them warm.

"There are enough canoes here," he said. "I'll take one alone."

He was afraid to go in the same canoe with Mary.

"That is well," said Mary. "I will lead, you can follow, and Mr. McNair and Father Arno can come together behind you."

In this order the canoes were launched on the dark water, stretching out to where a deeper shadow marked the group of islands, too small to be inhabited, which rose like a range of tiny, fir-clad hills from the surface of the lake.

"Follow me closely and watch," shouted Mary's clear voice across the water. "You must remember the way for yourself next time."

The moon was up as Mary had said, but the black clouds scudding across



The canoe whirled madly for a moment, then capsized, and both canoe and man were sucked down into the black heart of the whirlpool.

the sky covered it for the greater part of the time. There was no sound except the wind and the lifting of the paddles, but in the flashes of moonlight McNair thought he could still see the snowflakes falling on Mary's hair, and resting there for a brief second like stars in a black sky.

They reached the shore of the outermost isle and followed Mary who cir-

cled it, passing into a narrow channel. In and out they went between the tiny islands. Sometimes the water, sheltered as it was by two shores, was as quiet as at calm noonday, sometimes it whirled and eddied, fed by invisible currents from below. At last they came into a wide, circular place, like a lake, in the center of the group of islands. Before them rose an island

among islands, higher than the others, like the peak of a mountain rising above the water, its top crowned by three giant fir trees.

Mary stretched her arm toward it, pointing:

"Here is the copper isle," she shouted. "Be careful! The water is dangerous!"

The warning seemed unnecessary, for the water just there was as calm as any through which they had passed.

Then, as she shot her canoe forward with quick, strong strokes, it was caught, as in some mighty current, and whirled about against her will until it lay athwart the two following canoes. Only a second she rested so; then with an obvious effort she turned about again and, in a few rapid paddle strokes, she passed the danger spot and rounded a jutting point of the land.

Lester followed. His boat was grasped by the current as hers had been, but with disastrous results. The paddle was wrenched from his hand by the force of the water; the canoe whirled madly for a moment, then cap-sized and, suddenly, before their eyes, both canoe and man were sucked down into the black heart of the whirlpool.

Even had McNair wished, it was

now too late to hold back his own canoe. In another moment he had reached the same spot and was struggling to force his boat across to safety. Whether he was more skillful or whether he had profited by what went before, he only knew that the struggle was brief and he found himself shot out into safer waters, round the point where Mary's canoe had disappeared. Some wild idea of rescue prompted him to try to turn back, but Father Arno laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"It is too late, my son."

They were in calm waters now, sinisterly calm. The moon emerged from a bank of clouds and shone on them with a quiet radiance. In the silence McNair was startled at the sound of Mary's sobbing.

"It was not murder," she said. "We all passed through in safety."

"No, it was not murder," said the priest. "It was a judgment of Almighty God."

For many minutes no one moved. The canoes rocked gently to and fro on the quiet water. Mary was sobbing still, and behind him McNair could hear the voice of the priest repeating the prayers for the dying.



PERFUMES

OH, roses' breath, it brings to me a waft of summer heat;
And crimson petals clustered by a latticed garden seat;

And mingled scent of gillyflowers, and phlox, and marigold
Gives back a dear and fleeting sense of childhood in my hold;

The pungency of box brings close a whisper of the sea,
And valley lilies always link with robin songs to me;

But ah, when through the springtime dusk the sickle moon hangs low
And little, stealing gypsy winds set lilac blooms ablow,

A sudden drift of lilac scent blurs close-forgotten years,
And walks with me to greet again old happiness and tears.

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK.

Midsummer Night's Scheme

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

ILLUSTRATED BY T. VICTOR HALL

In which Miss Vera Sidmons puts through a little business deal and unexpectedly turns the tide of her heart affairs.

WHEN the dry heat of a Southwestern summer closes in upon St. Louis, the greater part of the city's West Side packs up and packs off, fleeing as from the plague to Maine or Michigan. The North and South Sides remain at home to keep a finger on the city's pulse and to see that the easternmost section of the city—which, figuratively speaking, is the city's heart—continues to pump its lifeblood of commerce.

Evenings, when the city is left sticky with the heat of the day, open-air movies and amusement parks entice with vague promises of genuine breezes, and each garden proclaims itself in no small lettering to be the "coolest spot in the city."

The one most worthy of this rather dubious title is, perhaps, Forest Heights Garden. Perched on the city's highest point, overlooking the verdant acreage of Forest Park, it winks derisively its thousands of incandescent eyes at the heat-baked roofs spread far below it. Surface cars execute à loop at its radiant entrance, deposit their freight before the ticket windows, and grate back to the city for another load. And many are the well-laden trips they make; for to the workers of St. Louis, Forest Heights Garden is the concentrated essence of Maine and Michigan. There they may splash in the cool waters of a tile-lined lake and, emerging, veritably shiver on soft, white sand; may take thrilling rides over rolling trestles through papier-mâché mountains with tunnels as dark as Erebus and as wel-

come as paradise; may forget the wilting sultriness while the spin of a wheel decides the ownership of a box of candy or a teddy bear.

Behind the low counter of one of the many boxlike concessions which cater to the public's love of skill or chance at Forest Heights Garden, Miss Vera Sidmons held forth a numbered paddle in one hand and in the other an oblong box tied with a blue ribbon and set off with a great bow.

"Who wants th' last one?" she cried in a voice which strove to rise above "Il Trovatore" from a neighboring carrousel, the incessant pop-clang of a near-by shooting gallery, and the deep-voiced exhortations of the man in the next booth urging the public to "throw three rings in th' tub an' get a baby for ten cents."

"Who wants th' la. one? One more an' we spin the wheel. What about you, mister? Just th' kind o' candy your young lady likes. You got one? Well, try another; maybe this is th' lucky one. We can't spin till they're all sold. Somebody's gotta win every time. You want it? Thanks! Now we're ready."

She turned and reached for the wheel; spun it. The triangular mirrors, radiating outward from the hub, revolved to a blur of reflected lights. The little group of small gamblers edged closer. All eyes were riveted upon the whirling wheel—all, that is, with the exception of those belonging to Mr. William Gordon. Mr. Gordon

stared shamelessly at Miss Vera Sidmons.

The wheel, spending the force of its spin, slowed down. The limp leather indicator flapped from peg to peg—fifty, three, sixty-nine, thirteen, twenty-four—and stopped. Miss Sidmons turned from the wheel, seeking the triumphant face among the disappointed ones.

"Number twenty-four wins. Who's got number twenty-four?"

No one responded. The losers came forward and turned in their paddles, wonderingly, suspiciously. Miss Sidmons placed her hands on her slim hips.

"Say! Somebody's got number twenty-four. Somebody wins every time here. What's th' idea?" Her searching glance caught the gaze of Mr. Gordon full upon her. He held a paddle, numbered side downward, limply in his hand. "You, mister! What numbers have you got?"

Mr. Gordon started, flushed to his ears, and looked at his paddle.

"I've got four, fourteen, and twenty-four," he replied.

"Well, you win." She thrust the oblong box into his hands. "For th' love o' Mike!"

"Pardon me," he murmured. "I—I was thinking."

"That's all right," she said without looking at him, stacking the paddles.

The crowd in the garden was thinning, streaming to the exits. The stringing lights of the circle swing leaped suddenly to darkness. Along the line of booths, boards were being clamped into place. Mr. Gordon lingered.

"Don't you remember me?" he ventured at length.

Miss Sidmons looked up sharply, her eyes receding warily.

"I can't say that I do."

"I guess I'm not the kind you'd usually notice," said Mr. Gordon, his

face showing his disappointment nevertheless. "I've been out here buying paddles from you for the last four nights."

"You got perseverance," Miss Sidmons said caustically. "You ought to be satisfied now. You won to-night."

He brushed invisible flecks from the sleeve of his Palm Beach suit.

"I didn't buy 'em to win."

"Oh, of course not! You just done it to help out th' management."

"Wrong again," he said, bolder now. "I did it to try to get acquainted with you."

"You'll find th' exit just on th' other side o' that Japanese band stand, mister. When you reach Th' Mountain Ride, turn to th' right."

He removed his Panama hat, revealing a head of thick, curly hair, two shades darker than his brown mustache. His mouth and eyes were earnest, but the tiny lines in their corners showed that they were not unused to laughter. He half seated himself on the counter, which swayed slightly under the two hundred pounds of him.

"I'm not going to eat you, girl. Why are you afraid of me?"

Miss Sidmons threw a cover over the boxes ranged on the shelves.

"Afraid! You flatter yourself, mister."

"I came out here for the first time last Wednesday night, and—and I fell for you the second I saw you."

She turned about to face him, one hand resting gracefully on her hip, the other on her high-piled blond coiffure, and her blue eyes turned skyward.

"Rilly! Now, where have I heard that before?"

"I guess you've heard that many times before," he said earnestly. "A girl as sweet and beautiful as you—"

She flushed, pleased despite her firmness.

"If you ain't th' limit. Every remark



"Well, you win." She thrust the oblong box into his hands. "For th' love o' Mikel!"

you take up an' make somethin' of it. You almost make me think you mean what you're sayin'."

"I do." He leaned toward her, and she drew back from him. "I do mean what I said. I'm not one of these tinhorn sports trying to make a mash. Don't you believe that?"

"If—if you ain't th' limit!"

"I fell for you so hard the first night I saw you that I came back every night since, wanting to talk to you, but always afraid you'd get me wrong." He

reached for his wallet and extracted a card. "Here's my card. Isn't that enough introduction?"

She read it, a new light of interest leaping to her eyes:

Gordon & Brown Amusement Co.
41 West 50th Street
New York City.
Mr. William Gordon.

She looked up at him slowly, thrusting the card into her blouse.

"Are you th' firm that manufactures these circle swings an' things?"

—He nodded.

"That's what we do. I'm here on a little business trip. I intended staying only a few days, but now that I've seen you I guess I'll stay longer. Now won't you tell me your name?"

"My name's Vera Sidmons."

"It ought to be Vera Beautiful."

"Aw!" She tossed her head in mock displeasure, but smiled a contradiction. "Especially when you blush like that."

"I'm not blushin'."

"Well, that's your own color, all right."

"You bet it is!"

"You know, that's another thing I like about you—you don't have to doll up to be beautiful."

"Aw!" she said again, and reached under the counter for her hat. She put it on, jabbing the hatpin through with the carelessness of a woman who knows that her hair is heavy.

"Will you let me take you home?"

She shook her head.

"I'm sorry, but I'm meetin' a—a friend at th' entrance."

"He or she?"

"He."

Mr. Gordon frowned darkly.

"Gr-r-r! I hate him already."

"Silly!"

They both laughed, and she turned to close and lock the small tin money box.

"I turn this in at th' office on my way out," she said. "Want to help me board this place up?"

"Surest thing you know."

He sprang lightly over the counter, and together they clamped the boards into place.

"I'm gonna leave you here," she said as they emerged through a rear door. "You wait around here for a few minutes, will you?"

He nodded wisely.

"I get you."

She held out her hand to him.

"Good night, Mr. Gordon."

He took her hand, looked down at her, unsmiling.

"Good night, Miss Sidmons. I don't have to tell you how glad I am that I met you, do I? It's something new for me, falling for a girl like I fell for you."

"I'll bet!"

"I mean it, Miss Sidmons. I—can't I see you some time to-morrow?"

She thought a moment.

"I'm off to-morrow afternoon. I only work evenings. I—I'll give you my phone number." She opened her purse and wrote on the back of a card she took from it. "Here. Call me any time before ten. I'll be at church after that."

"All right. Thanks."

"Good night."

"Good night," he called, smiling after her as she walked quickly away toward the exit.

She dropped in at the manager's office, turned in the cash box, and received her week's wages. When she emerged, she was still smiling reflectively, and rather cynically.

"It's th' same old stuff," she thought: "that 'I fell for you th' second I saw you,' an' 'I'm different from th' rest; my intentions are honorable.' Oh, don't I know! Well, here's one time little Vera's gonna play with fire. Gordon & Brown. Gee!"

Under the gilded arch of the entrance—and exit—lighted now only by two rows of tiny bulbs, deserted save by a few stragglers waiting for the less-frequent cars, Mr. Thomas Meegan, who had waited for Miss Sidmons all of ten minutes, looked at his watch for the twelfth time, scowling darkly. He was tall, and the slight roundness of his shoulders at this moment was not caused solely by the dejection which now weighted them. His straw hat was pushed well back from his brow, which was also characteristic of him. The scowl did not leave his face even when

Miss Sidmons approached, smiling and hooking her arm through his.

"What was your hurry?" he greeted.

"I—I couldn't get away any quicker, Tom. I'm sorry if I kept you waitin' long."

"Oh, aw right!"

She looked up at his averted face anxiously.

"What's th' matter, Tom? Didn't you get any work done on th' plans?"

"Finished 'em," he grunted.

"Oh, wonderful! I'm——"

"Here's our car," he interrupted, hurrying forward.

She hung to his arm, detaining him.

"Please, let's not take this one. We'll walk through th' park a while. I can't wait till you tell me all about it, Tom, darling."

He assented grumblingly, and they crossed the tracks to Forest Park, walking to one side of the macadamized, lamplighted road.

"Why are you so grouchy, dear?" she said, urging him from his silence. "I'm just dyin' to hear all about it. You say you finished th' plans?"

"Yeh."

"An'—an' they're all ready to take up to th' Slocum Company?"

"I took 'em up this afternoon."

"Oh!"

"Turned 'em down flat—flat."

"Oh!"

They were silent. An automobile came toward them, throbbing heavily on the upgrade, drenching them with white light; chugged past them, bathing them in blue fumes.

"I never have no luck," he said bitterly. "There's a fortune in that Submarine Ride of mine. There ain't a manager in th' country that wouldn't buy one for his park, once it was on th' market an' advertised. It's some-thin' new an' timely. That's what gets th' public. Don't I know?"

"Why—why wouldn't th' Slocum Company take it then, Tom?"

"Costs too much to manufacture, he says." He spat contemptuously. "Th' cheap skate!"

"But, Tom"—she laid her hand soothingly on his arm—"Slocum ain't th' only manufacturer in th' world. How about th' Mound City Amusement Company?"

"That shyster firm! Say, they couldn't see it with a telescope."

She paused.

"Tom, I—I was afraid you'd find it hard to get it taken. Everythin' bran' new like that is hard to put across. It just takes time, dear, an'—an' you mustn't lose heart so quick. You take it up to th' Mound City on Monday, anyway. It don't do any harm, an' if they turn it down, why—why—I——"

"You what?"

"I—I'll try to think of some scheme to sell it. Have you got th' plans with you, dear?"

He nodded.

"Want to see 'em?"

"I'd love to. Let's sit over there."

They seated themselves on a green-painted bench, within the rim of the cone of light from the lamp-post behind them. He took a paper from his pocket and, unfolding it carefully, spread it across their knees. They bent over it, their heads touching.

"Here's th' start," he said, indicating a red cross with a long thin finger. "You get into th' boat, like on one o' them Ye Old Mill rides. Th' boats are built like this drawing down here, to look like submarines. See? This entrance here is all fixed up like a harbor. Then you start off an' go into this tunnel. Th' tunnel is lined with glass cases on all sides like one o' them—they fish places."

"Aquarium, you mean?"

"Yeh; an' th' cases are filled with water, an' some fish, of course, an' things like that. Th' cases are all lit up inside an' are close to th' boat on all sides. Underneath is real water. It'll

look just like you're goin' through th' water under th' surface."

"It's great!" she exclaimed, looking up, her eyes wide and shining. "It—it's wonderful!"

"Wonderful," he repeated sourly, his momentary enthusiasm crowded out by the return of bitter recollection. "What good is it if I can't sell it?"

"Oh, but you will, darling! I'm sure you will. If you can't do anything with th' Mound City on Monday, why, I—I've got a scheme up my sleeve."

"What is it?"

"It's a secret."

"Some fool idea, I'll bet."

She wagged a finger at him and puckered her lips.

"Kiss me."

"Aw, I don't feel like mushin' to-night."

She turned from him and fell back, staring into the blackness beyond the roadway. A small brown dog emerged from that blackness, and hesitated at the edge of light, perceiving them. Miss Sidmons leaned forward, snapping her fingers, and called gently:

"Here, doggie! Nice doggie!"

Thus encouraged, the dog ventured slowly toward them, cringing low, and sniffed doubtfully at the toe of Mr. Meegan's tan oxford. Mr. Meegan kicked out savagely, and the dog, its distrust of mankind justified, ran, yelping, across the road and back into the protecting darkness of the trees.

"Get out o' here!" Mr. Meegan hurled after it. "Scat!"

"Oh, Tom, how could you? That poor little dog!"

"I hate dogs," he said. "Dogs an' kids."

She fell silent again, the ends of her heavy eyebrows coming together in a momentary frown. Then she turned to him, the frown smoothed out, her eyes soft.

"You're so cross to-night, Tom. You don't mean—that. I know you love

children." She paused, her eyes growing softer still. "I—I want us to have four, Tom; two boys an' two girls."

He turned to her quickly, fixing her with his small black eyes which all at once had gathered points of anger.

"Cut that! Ain't you ashamed? A nice girl's got no right to think about such things."

She drew back, hurt to the heart.

"But, Tom," she quivered, "we—we're engaged."

"We ain't married—yet."

She leaned toward him again, laying her hand lightly over his.

"Please, Tom, don't be so—so discouraged. I told you I'd wait for you till you were makin' enough. I—we don't have to be in no hurry, Tom. I'm sure that Submarine Ride'll turn out big."

"Rats!"

"I—I gotta scheme to put it across, even if you can't."

"I'm bankin' a lot on that, I am!"

"You'll let me try, Tom? If th' Mound City turns it down, you'll let me have a copy of th' plans for a coupla days?"

"First I want to know what fool idea you got turnin' in that head of yours."

"Won't you please, Tom? You—you do so little to please me, an'—an' this is for you as much as for me. Can't you trust me just this once?"

"Humph!"

"Can't you, Tom, dear?"

He rose, shaking down the legs of his white flannel trousers.

"Oh, aw right!" He looked at his watch. "Come on. If we miss that one-o'clock car we'll wait forty minutes."

St. Louis knows not the fifty-and-something-story office building with the subway rumbling beneath it and the elevated rattling the windows of its third layer. It knows not the pâtisseries and rôtisseries which, through their num-



"I think I'll buy this from you, Vera, if you care to sell it to me. I'll give you a thousand dollars for it."

bers, keeps the for-rent sign from the plate-glass windows of Broadway.

But King's Highway Boulevard, running straight and wide across the city like an asphalt river, flows at certain points past small brick dwellings, each with its green lawns and nasturtium-bordered geranium beds; hems the eastern edge of Forest Park, and continuing southward between two rows of shading maples, hems, too, the western edge of Tower Grove Park. And in these parks, benches are placed where the trees are thickest, and keep-off-the-grass signs are not too many. All of which New York knows not.

To Miss Vera Sidmons of St. Louis, who had not journeyed farther east than Belleville, comparisons were not possible, and Mr. William Gordon of New York was at the moment oblivious to all things save Miss Vera Sidmons.

They were seated on a bench in Tower Grove Park, whither they had walked from Miss Sidmons' home two blocks away. It was late afternoon, and the sun slanted not so burningly through the trees behind them. Mosquitoes circled above their heads in dark patches. Mr. Gordon threw his hand to his neck with a sharp slap.

"Wow! I think I got that fellow!"

"Ain't they th' awfulest things? That's th' only reason I don't like th' park."

"It's fine here, though. I don't get to go through the parks much at home, and when I do it's always in my machine. Wish I had my car here, don't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Niftiest little raceabout you ever saw. I can make sixty miles in it like nothing."

"I hear it costs an awful lot to keep a machine in New York."

"It does; but—but that part doesn't bother me."

She was silent a moment.

"Well, to-night you can go back to your little car an' all."

He nodded moodily.

"You mean I got to go. My partner getting sick that way puts an end to the pleasantest week I ever spent in my life."

"St. Louis ain't such a bad place, all right, even if you do come from New York."

"I—I hate to leave you so soon, Vera. I didn't get to see you nearly enough while I was here."

"Why, Mr. Gordon! I saw you Saturday night, an' Sunday afternoon, an' for a while at th' Garden last night, an' now to-day again."

"I—I feel like I want to see you all the time, forever and ever."

"Aw, Mr. Gordon, you——"

"Vera"—he turned to her, his hands reaching toward her, but not touching her—"Vera, you always act like you're afraid of me, always trying to keep me at arm's length. I'm not such a fool that I don't understand. You think that because I'm—because I've got money I—I don't mean to do the right thing."

"Mr. Gordon, I don't——"

"I'm not the one to believe that a man or a girl should marry out of their class. But—but I'm not one of those—those blue bloods, Vera. When Brown and I started in business, we had to do it on borrowed money. We just worked hard, and things went well with us. Money isn't always a—a barrier that way, Vera. My friends could be your friends, and——" He paused, searching her face eagerly as if to find there the answer to the question he had not yet asked. "You got me wrong from the first night, Vera. I know how you must've thought all along. You

mustn't think that way of me. I—I love you. I want you to marry me."

She sat very still, staring at her hands clasped in her lap. But she was not without emotion. She liked this wealthy man who was rather bashful and who patted small children on the head and spoke gently to horses. She had liked him from the first moment she had seen him, there at the Garden; liked him more than she dared admit to herself. She had encouraged him because she felt all along that she was playing a game, and that he, too, was playing a game. And now she wished that she had never begun it, even though it meant so much to her and Tom.

In the pocket of her skirt was the diagram of Tom Meegan's invention. A protruding corner of it caught her eye. Guiltily, she shoved the paper deeper into her pocket.

"Will you, Vera?" Mr. Gordon was pleading. "Will you marry me this afternoon and go back with me to-night?"

She shook her head slowly.

"I—I don't think you ought to ask me that. We—I've only known you four days."

"But, Vera——"

"Please, let's not mention it again. I—I won't hear it," she said desperately.

He fell back, his head bowed, and stared at his shoes.

"I—I guess we'd better go home, Mr. Gordon."

She made as if to rise, and he laid a restraining hand on her arm.

"I'll be good, Vera. I—I won't mention it again. Don't go yet."

She settled back again, silent.

"You said before that you had something to tell me," he said at length. "What was it?"

She hesitated a moment; then drew the paper from the pocket of her skirt.

"I wanted to show you this," she said, steeling herself as if for an ordeal. "It's th' plans of an idea—I worked out for

a new thriller." She unfolded the paper and spread it out. "You're in th' business, an'—an' I thought maybe you could advise me."

"Let me see that." He studied the paper a moment; then looked up at her thoughtfully. "Did—is this your invention?"

She lowered her eyes before his searching gaze.

"Y-yeh. Let me explain it to you."

"I think I get it all from the plans," he said slowly, looking down at the paper again. "It—it's easy to put two and two together. It—it seems to be a great thing."

She caught at his sleeve impulsively.

"Oh! Do you think so?"

He nodded, not looking up.

"The Submarine Ride. Jingo! That ought to go fine."

"I'm—I'm so glad," she quivered. "You see, these glass cases marked G. C. are—"

"I understand it," he interrupted. "I get it all right here. It's splendid. It takes a brain like yours to think out a—a scheme like yours. Have you tried to sell it?"

"N-no."

"Well, about what did you expect to get for it?"

"I—I didn't know. What do you think it's worth?"

He passed his hand across his brow and frowned thoughtfully.

"I think I'll buy this from you, Vera, if you care to sell it to me. I'll give you a thousand dollars for it."

"A thousand dollars! Mr. Gordon!"

"Isn't that enough? Maybe—"

"Enough? Why—"

"And ten per cent of the net profits, if there are any."

"If there are any," she repeated, regarding him. "If—if you're doubtful, why do you take it?"

He shrugged.

"Everything's a gamble, Vera. It

looks good to me, and I'm willing to risk a thousand dollars on—on my judgment, but nothing's sure."

"It's too wonderful," she murmured, staring into space. "It's too wonderful."

"I'll give you my check for a thousand dollars right now," he said, putting the paper into his pocket and drawing out a check book. He filled out a check.

"Here, Vera. We won't need any written contract between us. I—I hope this brings you happiness." There was the slightest tremor in his voice.

"I—I don't know what to say," she murmured, the slip of paper trembling in her grasp. "I—I—"

"You mustn't thank me," he protested. "This is a—a business proposition, Vera." He rose slowly. "Hadn't we better be going back now?"

They walked home in silence. At the foot of the stone steps which led to the porch of her flat, he stopped.

"Good-by, Vera," he said, taking her hand in his. "I—I suppose this is the last time I'll see you."

She bowed her head. When she looked up at him, her eyes were moist.

"Good-by, Mr. Gordon. I—I'm sorry you're goin' away."

"I—I was kind of figuring on taking somebody with me on that midnight train to-night, little girl. Well, it's better to have loved and lost—" He paused. "If ever you want to drop me a line, you've got my card with my New York address. I'll let you hear from me about—about that Submarine Ride. If—if you should want to reach me to-night before I go, I'll be at the hotel till eleven. The number's Main two hundred. Good-by, Vera."

"G-good-by, Mr. Gordon."

She watched him with dimmed eyes as he swung down the street, until he rounded the corner; then slowly, heavily, she climbed the steps to the doorway. She fumbled in her pocket for her pass-key, but before she found it,



"Sol!" He drew away from her touch, holding his clenched fist close to her face.
"That's how you got this!"

the door swung open and Thomas Meegan stood on the threshold.

"Why, Tom!" she exclaimed. "How did you get in? Did Aunt Julie get back?"

"Nope. Climbed in through the cellar window. I waited for you over 'n hour."

"I know. I—I was over in th' park." She entered. Mr. Meegan slammed shut the door behind her. "Why didn't you make a light, Tom? It's gettin' dark."

"I didn't want no light." He caught her arm and swung her about to face him. "Who was that guy you just left at th' door?"

"Why—why——"

"No beatin' round th' bush now! Who was he?"

"Leggo my arm, Tom. You hurt."

He released his hold; stared down at her through narrowing eyes.

"Well?"

"Gimme time, can't you, Tom?" she said, rubbing her arm. "I'll tell you all about it. I——"

He seized her arm again and shook her, his face disfigured with jealousy.

"Who was he?"

She jerked free of him; looked up at him with frightened eyes. "Leave me alone, you—you—crazy——"

"So you won't tell?" he cried, fury husking his voice. "You won't?"

"Did I say I wouldn't?" she broke in angrily. "You—you act like you're crazy. You got no right to jump at conclusions like that."

Her evident sincerity gave him pause. He buried his hands in his pockets and waited sulkily.

"You—you ought to be ashamed of yourself, that's what you ought," she went on, blinking to keep back the tears which would come. "I—I had somethin' so wonderful—so wonderful to tell you, an'—an'—oh, you!" She flung her arm across her eyes and ran past him into the adjoining parlor. He followed her into the half dusk of the room and stood beside the chair into which she had huddled herself, laying his hand lightly on her heaving back.

"Aw, Vera, I—I——"

She shrugged away his touch.

"Lemme—lone."

"I'm sorry, baby. Honest, I am."

"I don't care. You——"

He dropped to his knees before her, thrusting his fingers under her chin and lifting her streaming face.

"Lemme wipe away them tears, baby. You—you little baby you." He brushed back the hair from her eyes, leaning forward to kiss each wet eyelid. "Now smile, baby."

She looked at him, but unsmiling.

"You—you've no right to act th' way you do, Tom. I—I'm gettin' tired of it."

"Didn't I say I was sorry? If I didn't love you so much, I wouldn't be jealous, would I? I looked out of th' window an' saw some guy just walkin' away, an' you standin' there lookin' after him, an'—an' I thought you'd been out with him."

"Well, I was out with him. I was out with him four times."

"Vera!"

"Now are you gonna get crazy again an' not let me tell you about it?"

"But—but, Vera——"

"It would serve you right if I wouldn't tell, after th' way you acted."

"Baby, please!"

That momentary doubt that she still cared for Tom was swept away. Here was Tom as she knew him long ago, as she loved him. She laughed; leaned forward to kiss his parted lips.

"I won't tease you. Tom, I sold th' Submarine Ride!"

"You sold it!"

She nodded, her face glowing.

"Got th' check right here in my pocket."

"Sold it?"

She laughed again, her nervous happiness scaling her voice upward.

"I'd give a hundred dollars if you could see your face!"

"You—you've knocked me silly, baby. Sold th' Submarine Ride!"

"Didn't I tell you I would?"

"Who'd you sell it to? How much did you get for it? How did you——"

"Buz-z-z-z. One thing at a time, Tom. I got a thousand dollars for it."

"No!"

"Yep. An' ten per cent on all th' profits."

"You're kiddin' me."

"Does this look like I am?" She drew the check from her pocket.

"Here light th' lights an' read this."

He took the check with a cold, trembling hand and rose. He found a switch on the wall and clicked on the lights. In the quick glare he read the check, his eyes staring, his jaw dropping.

"William Gordon! William—Gordon!"

She half raised herself by her arms, looking at his face in bewilderment.

"Tom! W-what's th' matter?"

"William Gordon! My God!"

"Tom!" She hurried to him, shaking his arm. "What's th' matter with you?"

He looked up at her, his jaw snapping shut, his face livid with rage, the check crushed in his tightened fist.

"Tom, you——"

"So!" He drew away from her touch, holding his clenched fist close to her face. "*That's* how you got this!"

She regarded him, amazed.

He made as if to spring at her; then suddenly straightened, throwing aside his rage with a tremendous effort.

"I was thinkin' of killin' you," he said, trembling. "But you ain't worth it. You—you ain't worth touchin'." He threw the check to the floor. "There's your thousand dollars. I don't want it. It ain't th' payment for no plans."

She stepped back, and held out her arms, palms toward him, her fingers widespread and rigid.

"You think——"

"Think! I know—*know!* You wanna know *how* I know? Do-you? You wanna know how you didn't put this over on me?"

She was silent, numb, quivering.

"Well, I'll tell you. I'll tell you how I found you out for what you are. Yesterday, when I took them plans up to th' Mound City an' they turned 'em down, they told me that there was a New York man here that might be interested in 'em. His name was William Gordon."

"Oh!"

"An' this mornin' I took 'em up to his hotel an' showed 'em to him. He turned 'em down, just like all th' rest. Do you get that? Turned 'em down! Said they were rotten; that he wouldn't make 'em up if I'd give 'em to him for nothin'."

"Tom, you don't think——"

"An' yet he give you a thousand dollars for plans he told me weren't worth ten cents!"

"Oh, my God!"

"Sorta stuns you, don't it? Four times you been out with him, eh? Four times, right under my very nose; an' it's only th' devil's own luck I ever found it out at all."

"You—you——"

"Only luck, that's all, or I'd a married a——"

"Don't say it!" she warned. "Don't dare!"

He stood, leering at her.

"Well, who'd have thought——"

"Get out of here!" she shrielled.

"You bet I will." He turned. "An' it can't be too soon for me."

She stood rigid, staring at the portières of the doorway long after the front door had slammed shut. She was thinking; and, strangely enough, it was not of Thomas Meegan.

She picked up the check from the floor and walked, trancelike to a chair, seating herself on its edge. She gazed at the crumpled bit of paper in her hand, but saw far and beyond it.

"Billy Gordon," she said softly, "I—I loved you all th' time, an' I didn't know it till now!"

She rose, spurred to sudden decision. Half blinded by her tears, she groped through the thickening gloom of her bedroom to the darker hallway beyond, and along the wall until she found the telephone. She lifted the receiver from its hook and waited. She was still crying softly, but there was no note of sadness in her voice as she said:

"Main—two hundred."

SHEILA OF BIG WRECK COVE

By James A. Cooper



Author of "Tobias o' the Light," "Cap'n Jonah's Fortune," "Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE A. ROWE

The second installment of a stirring romance set among the quaint folks of Cape Cod, and in which the well-known author is at his best.

WHAT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED.

Captain Ira Ball, a retired sea captain, living at Big Wreck Cove, and his wife, Prudence, generally called "Aunt Prue," need some one to look after their little household in their declining years. They send an invitation to Ida May Bostwick, a niece they have never seen, who lives in Boston, to come and share their home with them. Tunis Latham, a young friend who is captain and owner of a schooner called *The Seamew*, undertakes to deliver the message on his next run to Boston, and agrees to bring the girl down. He finds her a painted shoppirl, who declares she will not "live out of sight of movie signs and electric lights," and flippantly and ungratefully refuses the offer. Discouraged and annoyed with her, Tunis drops into Sellers' restaurant, where he has previously noticed a very attractive young girl who is waiting on tables there. A man sitting next to him, at her table, begins to argue with her in an insulting fashion about his check. Tunis rises to her defense and the proprietor charges at him. The young sea captain, however, knocks down both the patron and the proprietor, while the cashier runs for the police.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE captain of the *Seamew* held the two struggling, cursing men as though they were small boys. His eyes flamed a question at the girl. She understood and nodded, if ever so faintly.

"I ought to send both of you to the hospital," said Tunis in a grim voice. "But I'm satisfied if you beg her pardon and let her go." This to the restaurant proprietor.

The man opened his lips to emit something besides an apology, although the smaller man was already quelled. But the look in Tunis Latham's face made the black-haired man pause.

"Well, she can't cause a disturbance here. But I meant no offense."

The smaller man hastened to add:

"So help me! I was that mad I

didn't know what I said. I didn't mean nothing."

Tunis nodded solemnly.

"Get your coat and hat, miss," he said. "I guess it won't be a pleasant place for you to work in after this."

She slipped away. Tunis let the men go. They both stepped away from him, panting, relaxing their shoulders, eying the young captain with as much curiosity as apprehension.

Suddenly there was an added commotion at the front door. Tunis saw a policeman enter. The coarse-featured proprietor of the restaurant instantly recovered all his courage.

"This way, officer! This way!" he cried. "Here's the man."

At that moment Tunis felt a tug at his coat. He flashed a glance over his shoulder. It was the girl. She wore a little hat pulled down over all that

The story began in the October number.

black hair, and she was buttoning a shabby jacket. There was a way out by the alley; he well knew it. Nor was he anxious of appearing before either a police lieutenant or a magistrate for creating a disturbance in the place.

"Run along. I'll be right behind you," he whispered.

The policeman was some distance, and several tables away. Tunis looked to see if all was clear. The girl was just passing through the swinging door into the kitchen. Tunis stepped back, turned suddenly, while the restaurant proprietor was making ready to address the policeman, and leaped for the rear exit.

"There he goes!" squealed the patron who had been the cause of the trouble.

But nobody stopped Tunis Latham. At a flash, when he got into the kitchen, he saw the girl opening the outer door. The way was clear. He crossed the room in several quick strides and caught up with her. The startled chef and his assistants merely stared.

The alley was empty, but they walked swiftly away from the square. The arc lamp on the corner which they approached sputtered continuously, like soda water bubbling out of a bottle. He looked down at her curiously in the flickering illumination from this lamp and found the girl looking up at him just as curiously.

"That was an unwise thing to do. You might have been arrested," she said, ever so gently. Then she added: "And it has cost me my job."

"That is the only thing that worries me," he rejoined promptly.

"You need not mind, sir. I really am not sorry. I could not have stood it much longer. And Mr. Sellers paid yesterday."

"So they don't owe you much on account, then," Tunis said soberly. "I came away without paying for my din-

ner. I'll pay the worth of my check to you; that'll help some."

For the first time she laughed. Once he had sat all afternoon in a gully back of Big Wreck Cove in the pine woods and listened to the cheerful gurgle of a spring bubbling from under a stone. That silvery chuckle was repeated in this girl's laugh. With all her timidity and shyness, she was naturally a cheerful body. That laugh was quite involuntary.

"I think I may be able to get along," she said, with that quiet tone of finality which Tunis felt would keep the boldest man at a distance. "It is difficult, however, to get a position without references."

"I'll go back and wring one out of him—when the cop has gone," grinned Tunis.

"I don't think a reference from Mr. Sellers would do me much good," she sighed. "But at the time I took the place I was quite desperate."

The captain of the *Seamew* made no comment. They were walking up the hill through a quiet street. Of course, there was no pursuit. But the young man began to feel that he might have done the girl more harm than good by espousing her cause in the restaurant. Perhaps he had been too impulsive.

"You—you can find other and more pleasant work, I am sure," he said with hesitation. "I hope you will forgive me for thrusting myself into your concerns, but I really could not stand for that man backing up your customer instead of you. He did order meringue pie. I heard him."

She smiled, and he caught the faint flicker of it as it curved her lips and made her eyes shine for an instant. Minute following minute, she was becoming more attractive. His voice trembled when he spoke again:

"I—I hope you will forgive me."

"You did just what I should have expected my brother to do, if I had a

brother," she replied frankly. "But few girls who work at Sellers' have brothers."

"No?" Something in her voice, rather than in the words, startled Tunis.

"Let me put it differently," she said, still with that gentle cadence which ameliorated the bitterness of her tone. "Girls who have brothers seldom fall into Sellers' clutches. You see, he is a last resort. He does not demand references, and he poses as a philanthropist."

Tunis felt confused, in a maze. He could not imagine where the girl was tacking. He was keenly aware, however, that there was a mystery about her being employed at all in Sellers' restaurant.

They came out at last upon the brow of the hill overlooking the Common. The lamps glimmered along Tremont Street through an opalescent haze which was stealing over the city from the bay. Without question they went down the steps side by side. There was a bench in a shadow and, without touching her, Tunis steered the girl's steps toward it.

She sat down with an involuntary sigh of weariness. She had been on her feet most of the time since eleven o'clock. She relaxed in contact with the back of the bench, and he could see the contour of her throat and chin thrown up in relief against the background of shadow. The whole re-



"Can you bear to tell me what misfortune took you to that place?" he asked gently.

laxed attitude of her slim body betrayed exhaustion.

"I hope you will not blame me too severely," Tunis stammered.

"I don't blame you."

"I fear you will after you have taken time to think it over. But—but perhaps there may be some way in which I can repair the damage I have done."

She looked at him levelly, curiously.

"You are a seaman, are you not?"

"I'm Tunis Latham. I own the schooner *Seamew*, and command her. We are going to run back and forth from Boston to the Cape—Cape Cod."

"Oh! I could scarcely fill a position on your schooner, Captain Latham."

She smiled again. It was a weary smile, however, not like the former flash of amusement she had shown. Her head drooped as her mind sank into unhappy retrospection. Tunis looked aside at her with a great hunger in his heart to take all her trouble—no matter what it was—upon his own mind and give her the freedom she needed. What or who the girl was did not matter. Even what she had done, or what she had not done meant little to Tunis Latham.

She was the one girl in all this world who had ever interested him beyond a passing moment, and he was convinced that she alone would ever interest him. The cheap environment of their meeting meant nothing. If she was free, her own mistress, and he could get her, he meant to make this girl his wife.

"You didn't tell me your name," he said directly. "Won't you? I have been frank with you."

"Why, so you have," said the girl. There might have been a strata of laughter underlying the words; yet her face was sober enough. "If you really wish to know, Captain Latham, my name is Macklin."

"Miss Macklin?" he asked, a positive tremor in his voice.

"Certainly. Sheila Macklin, spinster."

Tunis drew a long breath. That was enough! He would take his chance in the game with any other man as long as she was not promised. But there was no use in spoiling everything by being too precipitate. The captain of the *Seamew* might be simple, but he was not the man to ruin a thing through impulsiveness. That exhibition in the restaurant was hooked up with wrath.

There had been an undercurrent of thought in his mind ever since he had met this girl for the second time, and

it was quite a natural thought, comparing her with Ida May Bostwick. If Sheila Macklin had only been Ida May, after all! It was a ridiculous idea. Not a feature or betrayed trait of character was like any that the disappointing great-niece of Prudence Ball possessed. This girl sitting beside Tunis on the bench and Ida May Bostwick were as little alike as though they were inhabitants of two different worlds.

He had begun to imagine, too, how well this girl beside him would fit into the needs of the old couple living there alone on Wreckers' Head. It was an idle thought, of course. He had no plan, or scheme, or definite suggestion in his mind. It was only a wish, a keen longing for an impossible conjunction of circumstances which would have enabled him to present Sheila Macklin to Cap'n Ira and Prudence and say:

"This is the girl you sent me for."

"Just what will you do now that you have lost that job, Miss Macklin?" Tunis asked abruptly.

"Oh, after I am rested, I will go home!"

He had a sudden flash of the memory of that stark lodging house where Ida May Bostwick lived, and he felt assured this girl's home could be no better. But he did not mention this thought.

"I did not mean it just that way," he told her, smiling. "First you and I will go and get supper somewhere. I did not half finish mine, and you have had none at all."

"I don't know about that," she interposed. "It is generous of you. But ought I to accept?"

"You need not question that. We are going to be friends, Miss Macklin. Is it necessary for me to bring you references?"

"It may be necessary for me to obtain a sponsor," she said, quite seriously. "You do not know a thing about me, Captain Latham."

"You know nothing about me, except what I have told you." And he laughed.

"And what I read in your countenance," she said soberly.

"Don't tell me that I am as simple as all that, that I can be read like an open book," he objected, with some vexation.

"I think you are quite frank. Why do you mind if your face is a pleasant page for your friends to read?" she returned. "Do you desire to be disingenuous?"

He grinned at her, but rather ruefully.

"I never knew my thoughts were advertised in my face."

"Oh, no! Not that! But your character is. Otherwise I would not be sitting here with you."

"I guess that's all right then," he declared with satisfaction. "Well, let's call it a draw. If you take me at face value, I'll take you at the same rating. Anyhow, we can risk going to supper together."

"Well, somewhere to a quiet place. Don't take me where you are known, Captain Latham."

"No?" He was puzzled again. "But, then, I am not known anywhere in Boston."

"All the better. I ought not to lend myself in any way to making you possible future trouble."

"I do not understand you, Miss Macklin."

He sat up suddenly on the bench to look at her more sharply. There was an underlying, but important meaning to her speech.

"I know you do not understand," she rejoined gently. She sighed. "I must make you clearly see just who I am and the risk you run in associating with me."

"The risk I run!"

He uttered the words in both amazement and ridicule.

9—Smi.

"You do not quite understand, Captain Latham," she repeated in the same gentle tone.

There was no raillery in her voice now. She was altogether serious. Her eyes, luminous, yet darkly unfathomable, were held full upon his face. He felt rather than saw that she was under a mental strain. The revelation she was about to make throbbed in her voice when she spoke again.

"You do not quite understand. Sellers gives girls work in his restaurant who could by no possibility offer proper references, girls from the Protectory, from homes, as they are called; some, even, who have served jail sentences. I had been two years in the St. Andrew's School for Girls when I went to work for Sellers."

CHAPTER IX.

There was a ringing in Tunis Latham's ears. As you make Paulmouth Harbor coming from seaward, on a thick day you hear the insistent tolling of the bell buoy over Bitter Reef. That was the distant, but incessant sound that the captain of the *Seamew* seemed to hear as he sat on that bench on Boston Common beside this strange girl.

He was not a man likely to become enamored of a woman of loose morals or likely to be drawn into an association which would be shameful in any particular. Indeed, the girl who had so startled, so shocked him, had read his character quite correctly in his face.

Without being a prig, Tunis Latham was undeniably a good man. Whether he was altogether a wise man was perhaps a subject for argument. At least, his future conduct must settle that point.

But for the moment, when Sheila Macklin had made her last statement, it seemed that every atom of thought

and all ability to consider matters logically were drained out of the man's mind. That mind was perfectly blank. What the girl had said seemed mere sound, sound without meaning. He could not grasp its significance.

And yet he knew it was tragic. It was something that had made the girl what she was. It explained all Tunis had been unable heretofore to understand about Sheila Macklin. That timidity, that whispering shyness, the shrinking from observation and from any attention, were all explained. She had suffered persecution and punishment, harsh and undeserved, that made her recoil from contact with other more fortunate people. She felt herself outcast, ostracized, and was unable to defend herself from malign fortune.

Gradually Tunis regained his usual self-control. He felt a great rage that society should have treated this girl so scurvily. But he determined not to betray the hot fires of this wrath which seethed within him.

If Sheila had said anything following the bare statement that she had spent two years in the St. Andrew's Reformatory for Women, he had not comprehended it. Nor could he have told how long he sat silent on the bench getting control of his voice and of his tongue. When he did speak he said quite casually:

"And what kind of a place is that—er—school, Miss Macklin?"

"You can imagine. It harbors the weak-minded, the vicious, and the unfortunate runaway girls, thieves' consorts, and women of the streets. It is, I think, a little like hell, if there really is such a place, Captain Latham."

The poignancy of expression in her voice and words made the man tremble. And yet she did not speak bitterly nor angrily. Her feeling was beyond all passion. It was the expression of a soul that had suffered everything and could no longer feel. That

was just it, Tunis told himself. It explained her attitude, even the tone of her voice. She had endured and seen so much misery and heartache that there seemed nothing left for her to experience.

"Can you bear to tell me what misfortune took you to that place?" he asked gently, yet fighting down all the time that desire to roar with rage.

"Why do you not say 'crime,' Captain Latham?" she asked in that same low, strained voice.

"Because I know that crime and you could not be associated, Miss Macklin," he said hoarsely.

At that she began suddenly to weep. Not aloud, but with her hands pressed over her eyes and her shoulders shaking with long, shuddering sobs which betrayed how the horror of past thoughts and experiences controlled her when once she gave way. Tunis Latham could have behaved like a madman. That berserk rage that had seized him in the restaurant welled up in his heart now. He gripped the back of the bench till the slat cracked. But there was no opponent here upon whom he could vent this violence that he longed to express.

"Don't cry! For God's sake, don't cry!" he whispered hoarsely. "I know it was all a mistake. It must have been a mistake. How could anybody have been so wicked, so utterly senseless, as to believe you guilty of—of—what did they accuse you of?"

"Stealing," whispered the girl.

"Stealing? What nonsense!"

He put a wealth of disdain into the words. She sat up straighter. She dropped her hands from her face and looked at him. Dark as it was on the bench, he could see that her expression was one of wonder.

"Do—do you really feel that way about it, Captain Latham?"

"It is ridiculous!" he acclaimed heartily.

She sighed. Her momentary animation fell and she spoke again:

"It did not seem ridiculous to the police or to the magistrate. I worked in a store. A piece of sterling silverware disappeared. Other pieces had previously been stolen. The police traced the last missing piece to a pawnshop. The pawnbroker testified that a girl pawned it. His identification of me was close enough to satisfy the judge."

"My God!"

"I was what they call a first offender. At least, I had no police record. Ordinarily I might have been let go under suspended sentence or been put on probation. But I had nobody to say a good word for me. I had been in Boston only a year, and I could not let people where I came from know about my trouble. Even if the judge had given me a jail sentence, I could have shortened it by good behavior. He did what he thought was best, I suppose. He considered me a hardened young criminal. He sent me to the St. Andrew's School until I was twenty-one—two years. Two long, long years."

"Six months ago I got out and Sellers gave me a job. Now, that is all, Captain Latham. You will readily see my position. I do not want to go anywhere with you to eat where your friends are likely to see you."

He uttered a sudden, stinging, harsh sound; then he removed his cap and bent toward her.

"But what you have said— Why, were they all crazy? Couldn't they see that such a thing would be impossible for you? Impossible!"

She put a hand gently on his arm to quiet his excitement, for others were passing. Her eyes glowed up into his for an instant. Her lips parted in a happier smile than he had seen on them before.

"Then you will not get up from this bench, Captain Latham, and excuse

yourself? I should not blame you if you did so."

"Do you think I'm that kind of a fellow?" he demanded bluntly.

"I—I told you I thought I had quite read your character in your face. But that is no reason why I should take advantage of your kindness to do you harm."

"Harm? How do you mean, 'harm?'"

"Sheila Macklin is a creature from a reformatory. She has been sentenced by a magistrate. She was arrested by the police. She was accused by her employers of theft, and the theft was proved. If any of your friends should see you with me, and I should be identified as the Sheila Macklin who was sentenced for stealing—"

"Cat's foot!" ejaculated Tunis with a sudden reversion to his usual cheerful manner. "Are you going through the rest of your life feeling like that?"

"Why shouldn't I? I am always expecting somebody to see and recognize me. Even in Sellers' place. That man this evening, when he called me 'jail-bird'—"

"I wish I had wrung his neck!" exclaimed the captain of the *Seamew* heartily.

"I appreciate your kindness." Her eyes twinkled. For a moment he caught a glimpse of what Sheila Macklin must have been before tragedy had come into her life. "You are a good, kind man, Captain Latham."

"You just look on me as though I were your brother," he said sturdily. "You are not going to be alone any more, not really. If you had had friends before, when it happened, somebody to speak for you, I am sure nothing like what did happen to you could have happened."

"I come of respectable people," she said quietly. "But they are all dead. I was an orphan before I came to Boston. The friends I had in the little in-

land town I came from would not have understood. They did not approve of my coming to the city at all. Oh, I wish I had not come!"

"And now you ought not to stay here. Should you?"

"What can I do? I must support myself. I cannot go back. I could not explain those two years. Yet I am always expecting somebody to make inquiry for Sheila Macklin. And then I cannot conceal my story longer."

He nodded thoughtfully. It seemed that, once she had opened the dam of speech, she was glad to talk about herself and her trouble.

"I do hate the city. I have been so unhappy here. If I were only a man I would start right out into the country. I would tramp until I found a place to work. You don't know what it means to be a girl, Captain Latham, and be in trouble."

"I guess all city girls aren't alike, after all," he said with a short laugh. Then he looked at her keenly again. "Do you know what sort of an errand brought me up into the city from T-Wharf to-day?"

"What errand? I cannot imagine."

"There are two old people down on the Cape that I am much interested in. They live near my home."

He told her quietly, yet with earnestness, about Cap'n Ira and Prudence. He described their home and their need of some young person to live with them, somebody who would not only help them, but who would love to help them. Then he related, perhaps rather tartly, his experience with Ida May Bostwick.

"What a foolish girl!" she breathed. "And she would not accept a chance like that?"

"Lucky for Cap'n Ira and for Aunt Prue that she won't take up with their offer," he said grimly. "But I dread taking back word to them about her. It will be hard to make them under-

stand. And then, they need the help a good girl could give them."

"Captain Latham, if I only had a chance like that!" she exclaimed. "I'd work my fingers to the bone for a home like that, for shelter, and kindness, and—and—oh, well, some girls have all the best of it, I guess!"

She sighed. It was half a sob. He saw her hands clasped tightly before her in the dusk. The gesture was like a prayer. He knew that her pale face was flushed with earnestness. He cleared his throat.

"You have the chance, if you want it, Miss Macklin," he said.

CHAPTER X.

There was a long minute of utter silence following Tunis Latham's last words. Then the girl's whisper, tense, yet shaking like a frightened child's:

"You do not know what you are saying."

"I know exactly what I am saying," he replied.

"They—they would not have me."

"They will welcome you—gladly."

"Never! I am a stranger. They must be told all about me. They could never welcome Sheila Macklin."

He knew that. He knew it only too well. She was just the sort of girl to make Cap'n Ira Ball and Prudence happy, to bring to their latter years the comfort and joy the old couple should have. But the Puritanism which, after all, ingrained their characters would never allow the Balls to welcome a girl with the stain Sheila Macklin bore upon her name. Tunis remembered clearly how scornfully Cap'n Ira had spoken of the possibility of their taking in a girl from the poor farm. Pride of family and of name is inbred in their class of New Englanders.

Nothing would satisfy the Balls that Sheila was guiltless. Or, even if she was, they would shrink from having

such a person in their home. Disgrace might come of it.

The old people wanted a girl whom they could love and look upon as their own. They would welcome nobody else. They had set their minds and hearts upon Ida May Bostwick. The fact that Ida May failed to come up to their expectations, that she was perfectly worthless and inconsequential, did not open the way for another girl to be substituted for Ida May. Possibly Tunis might be successful in an attempt to interest the Balls in Sheila Macklin's case. But the girl did not want charity, not charity as the word is used in its general and harsher sense.

Should she carry with her wherever she went this name which had been so smirched—the identity of Sheila Macklin, the ghost of whose past misfortune might rise to shame her at any time—the girl could never be happy. Did Tunis Latham succeed in getting the Balls to take Sheila in and give her a home, this story that so bowed her down would continually threaten its revelation, like a pirate ship hovering in the offing!

And there was, too, a deeper reason why he could not introduce Sheila Macklin to Big Wreck Cove folk. It was no reason he could give the girl at this time. In some ways the captain of the *Scamew* was wise enough. He felt that this was no time to put forward his personal and particular desires. Enough that she had admitted him to her friendship and had given him her confidence.

She had accepted him in all good faith in a brotherly sense. He dared not spoil his influence with her by revealing a deeper interest.

"We may as well look at this thing calmly and sensibly," Tunis said, answering her acclamation of what was indubitably a fact. "It is quite true my old neighbors would not accept you as Sheila Macklin. But they need you;

no other kind of a girl would so suit their need. And you could not help loving them; nor, they you, once they learned to know you."

"I am sure I should love them," breathed Sheila.

"Then, as you are just the person they want and their home is just the place you need for shelter, I am going to take you back with me."

"Oh, Captain Latham! We—we can't do it. My name—somebody will some time be sure to hear about me, and the dreadful secret will come out."

"No, it won't," said Tunis doggedly. "There will be no secret, not such as you mean, to come out."

She gazed upon him in open-eyed surprise, her lips parted, all her face aglow.

"You mean——"

"We'll leave Sheila Macklin sitting on this bench, if you will agree. She need never be traced from this point. Let her drop out of the ken of the whole world that knew her. The name can only bring you harm; it has brought you harm. Through it you are threatened with trouble, with disaster. Your whole future is menaced through that name and the stain upon it."

She looked at him still, scarcely breathing. Latham did not realize the power he held over this girl at the moment. He was to her a living embodiment of the All Good. Almost any suggestion, no matter how reckless, he might have made, would have found an echo in her heart and the will to do it.

To few is vouchsafed that knowledge which makes all clear before the mental vision. Tunis Latham's perspicacity did not compass this thing. He did not grasp the psychological moment, as we moderns call it, and consummate there and then the only reasonable and righteous plan that it was given him to complete.



— It was surprising how much those two found to talk about. Two young people can tell a great deal to each other under certain circumstances in the midwatch of a starlit night.

The captain of the *Seamew* was a young man very much in love. He did not question this fact at all. But in his wildest imaginings he could never have believed that the girl beside him on this bench returned his passion, that she would even listen to his protestations of affection. Not for a long time, at least.

Nor had he ever considered marriage as possible in any case when there was not love on both sides. Although he commiserated Sheila Macklin's situation most deeply, he could not dream of those depths of despair into which the girl's heart had sunk before he came upon the scene of action. He did not understand that she was at that bitterly desperate point where she would grasp at any means of rescue which promised respectability.

He almost feared to put before her the proposition he did have in his mind. In the dusk, even, those violet eyes seemed to look to the very bottom of his soul. Fortunate for him that its clarity was visible to the girl at that moment.

He bent closer. His lips almost brushed her ear. He whispered several swift sentences into it. She listened. Some of that glow of exaltation drained out of her countenance, but it registered no disagreement. They sat for some time thereafter, talking, planning, this desperate young girl and the captain of the *Seamew*.

"What do you know about this?" Orion Latham growled. "The mate bunkin' in with cooky and the skipper slingin' a hammock in the fo'c's'le while the whole cabin's to be given up to a girl. A woman aboard! Never knew no good to come of that on any craft. What is this schooner, a passenger packet?"

"You was sayin' she was already hoodooed," chuckled Horace Newbegin. "I cal'late a gal sailing one trip

won't materially harm the *Seamew* nor her crew."

"Who is she? That's what I want to know," said the supercargo, who seemed to consider the matter a personal affront.

"Skipper says she's going to live with Cap'n Ira Ball. She's some kin of his wife's. And they need somebody with 'em, up there in that lonesome place," said the ancient seaman reflectively. "That's what the skipper was doin' all day yesterday, lookin' this gal up and making arrangements for her going back in the *Seamew*. He's gone up town to get her now. We'll get away come the turn of the tide, if he's back in time."

The taxicab with Tunis and the girl arrived in season for the tide. It was quite dark on the dock to which the *Seamew* was still moored. The captain hailed, and two of the hands were sent up for the trunk. Tunis carried the girl's hand bag.

Every member of the crew was loitering on deck, even Johnny Lark and Tony, the boy, to get a glimpse of the mysterious passenger. They saw only a slender, graceful, quick-stepping figure, her face veiled, her hands neatly gloved. Just how she was dressed and what she really looked like only daylight would reveal.

Tunis went below with her and remained until the men brought down the trunk. It was a small trunk and brand-new, as was the bag. Had one observed, the hat she wore, and even her simple frock, were likewise just out of the shop. At least the girl who was going with the *Seamew* to Big Wreck Cove seemed to have made certain preparations for a new life.

The captain came out on deck and closed the slide. The commercial tug was puffing in toward the *Seamew's* berth.

"Come alive, boys!" said Captain Latham, taking instant command of the

deck. "Cast off those lines! Get that tug hawser inboard, Horry. Mr. Chapin, will you see that those lines are coiled down properly? Keep the deck shipshape. Make less work for your watch when we get under canvas."

"Lay aft here with your men now, Horry. Tail on to those mainsheets. All together! Get way on her so we can cast loose as soon as possible from that smoky scuttle butt."

He referred to the tug. He stepped aft to take the wheel himself. The mainsail was going up smartly. The old boatswain and the Portygees swung upon the lines with vehemence. There was not more than a capful of wind; but once let the canvas fill, and the schooner would get steerageway.

"I'd rather take my chance through the channel under sail than depend on that tug," the captain added. "Like a puppy dragging around an old rubber boot. Lively there! Ready to cast off, Mr. Chapin."

The schooner was freed of the "puffing abomination," the smoke of which sooted the *Seamew's* clean sails. The heavy hawser splashed overboard and the schooner staggered away rather drunkenly at first, tacking among the larger craft anchored out here in the harbor.

The wind was not a very helpful one and soon after midnight it fell almost calm. There were only light airs to urge the *Seamew* on. Yet she glided through the starlit murk in a ghostly fashion as though some monstrous submarine hand forced her seaward.

The water chuckled and gurgled under her bow, flashing in ripples now and then. There was no phosphorescence, no glitter or sparkle. The schooner moved on as through a tideless sea. Now and then a clutter of spars or a suit of listless sails loomed up in the dark. But even if the other craft likewise was tacking seaward, the

Seamew passed it and dropped it behind.

Tunis paced the deck—Horry was at the wheel—and quite approved of the feat his schooner was performing.

"If she can sail like this on only a breath of wind, what can she do in a gale?" he said buoyantly in the old man's hearing.

"That's all right. She sails pretty. But I don't like that tug to sta'bo'd," growled Horry. "It 'minds me too much of the *Marlin B.*"

Captain Latham gave no heed.

The sun stretched red beams from the horizon and took the *Seamew*, all dressed out at sunrise in her full suit of canvas, in his arms. She danced as lightly over the whitecaps that had sprung up with the breeze at dawn as though she had not a ton of ballast in her hold. Yet she was pretty well down to her Plimsoll mark.

The girl's first glimpse through the cabin window at sea and sky was a heartening one. If she had sought repose with doubt, uncertainty, and some fear weighing upon her spirit, this beautiful morning was one to revive her courage. She was fully dressed and prepared to go on deck when Tunis tapped at the slide.

"Miss Bostwick," he called, "any time you are ready the boy will come in and lay the table for breakfast."

She ran to the companionway, pushed back the door, and appeared smiling in the frame of the doorway.

"Good morning, captain!"

Her cheerfulness was infectious. All night Tunis Latham, even while lying in his hammock in the forecabin, had been ruminating in anything but a cheerful mood. Determined as he was to carry his plan through, and confident as he was of its being a good one and eminently practical, he had been considering many chances which at first blush had not appeared to him.

With his first look into her smiling countenance all those anxieties seemed dissipated. He met her smile with one which transfigured his own handsome face.

"May I come out on deck, captain?"

"We shall be honored by your company up here, Miss Bostwick."

She even made him a little face in secret for the formality of his address, as she flashed past him. There was a dancing light in her eye he had not seen before—at least, not in the openness of day. There was something daring about her that was a revelation. He knew at once that he need not fear her attitude when they reached the point where she must carry on her part without his aid. She displayed an innocent boldness that must dissipate suspicion in the mind of the keenest critic.

Tunis introduced Mason Chapin to her, who quite evidently liked the girl at once. Orion Latham lounged aft to meet her, his pale eyes betraying surprise as well as admiration.

"Hi golly!" said the supercargo. "I guess you come honest by the Honey side of your family tree, Miss Bostwick, though you don't favor them much in looks."

"'Rion is given to flattery," said the captain dryly.

Horace Newbegin touched his forehead. He had been a naval man in his prime and knew what was expected when a lady trod the deck. The Portygees were all widely asmile. Indeed, the entire company of the *Seamew* was cheered by the girl's presence.

At breakfast time, which was served by Tony to the guest and the mate as well as Captain Latham, her sweet laughter floated out of the cabin and caught the attention of everybody on deck. Horry grinned wryly upon Orion.

"How 'bout this schooner being hoo-dooed?" he rumbled in his deep bass.

"Lemme tell you, boy, I'd sail to ary end o' the world with that gal for mascot. This won't be no Jonah ship while she's aboard."

"Hi golly! Tunis Latham has all the luck," whined Orion. "Taking her down to live with Cap'n Ball and Prudence! Huh! She won't live with 'em long."

"Why not?" demanded the old salt.

"Can't you see what he's up to?" sneered Orion. "Aunt 'Cretia will be takin' a back seat 'fore long. 'Latham's Folly' will be getting a new mistress."

"Latham's Folly" was a name Medway Latham's big brown house behind Wreckers' Head had gained soon after it was built. Such a huge house for so limited a family had suggested the term to the sharp-tongued Cape Codders.

Horry Newbegin turned the idea and his quid over several times, then commented:

"Well, the skipper wouldn't be doing so bad at that!"

CHAPTER XI.

The girl had never been to sea before, not even on a pleasure boat down the harbor. The delights of a sail to Nantasket were quite unknown to her. Naturally this voyage out through the bay and into the illimitable ocean was sure to be either a delight or a most unpleasant experience.

Happily it was the former. She proved to be a good sailor.

"You was born for a sailor's bride, miss," Horry told her.

But he said it when nobody else was by to see the blush which stained her cheek. And yet she did not look happy after the old salt's observation. He hastened to interest her in another theme.

It was the tail of the afternoon watch. Because of the light and shifting airs the *Seamew*, in spite of her

wonderful sailing qualities, had only then raised the northern extremity of the Cape and, turning on her heel, was now running out to sea again on the long leg of a tack into the southeast.

Horry hung to the spokes of the wheel while the skipper was helping Orion make up the manifest. The steersman had jettisoned his usual quid of tobacco when the girl approached him, and without that aid to complacency Horry just had to talk.

"Did you see the wheel jerk then, miss? That tug to sta'bo'd is the only fault I find with this here schooner. She's a right tidy craft, and Cap'n Tunis is a good judge of sailing ships, as his father was afore him.

"But although this *Scamew* looks like a new craft, she isn't. Sure, he knowed she wasn't new, Cap'n Tunis did, when he bought her up there to Marblehead. Only trouble is, he didn't seem to go quite deep enough into her antecedents, as the feller said. He bought her on the strength of her condition and the way she sailed on a trial trip."

"Well, isn't that all right?" asked his listener. "How would one go about buying a ship?"

"Huh—ship? Well, a schooner ain't a ship, Miss Bostwick. Howsomever, buying a schooner is like buying a race horse. You want to know *his* pedigree. They said the *Scamew* had been brought up from the Gulf to sell. And maybe she was. But she is Yankee built, every timber and rope of her. She warn't built down South none."

"Shouldn't that make the bargain all the more satisfactory?" queried the girl, smiling.

"Ordinarily, yes, ma'am. But it looks like they was hidin' something. It looks like, too, she was built for sailing and fishing, not to be a cargo boat."

"I think she is beautiful."

"She is sightly, I grant ye," said

Horace. "But there's something to be considered 'sides looks when a man is putting his money into a craft. As I say, her pedigree oughter be looked up. What was the schooner before they changed the slant of them masts, painted her over, and put a new name under her stern?"

"I don't understand you at all, Mr. Newbegin," said the girl, staring at him with a strange look dawning in her own countenance.

He bent toward her, after casting a knowing glance aloft. His weather-bitten face was preternaturally solemn.

"Ye can't help havin' your suspicions 'bout ships or folks that are sailin' under cover. There's got to be some reason for a man changing his name and trying to get by on one that ain't his'n. Same with a schooner like this."

"Oh!"

"There is such things as hoodooed ships, Miss Bostwick, just like there is hoodooed folks," he said hoarsely, without seeming to notice her shrinking from him and her changed countenance.

"Oh! Is there?" she inquired faintly.

"Surest thing you know," acclaimed the old seaman with his most impressive manner. "There was a hoodooed schooner sailed out o' Salem some years back, the *Marlin B*. She had the same tug to sta'bo'd that I feel when I'm steerin' of this here schooner."

The girl was recovering from her momentary excitement. She saw that Newbegin had no ulterior meaning in his speech. He shook his head and cast a wary glance toward the companionway to see that the skipper was not appearing from below.

"Listen here, Miss Bostwick," he said hoarsely. "It's a mighty curious thing. I had just come back from a v'y'ge to New Guinea, and I thinks I'd like a trip to the Banks, not havin' been fishin' since I was a boy. I went

to Sutro Brothers in Salem and got me a berth on the *Marlin B.* I marked that every man aboard her, skipper and all, warn't Salem men, nor yet from Gloucester nor Marblehead. But I didn't suspicion nothing.

"Tell you, Miss Bostwick, them that goes down to the sea in ships runs against more than natur's wonders. There's mysteries that ain't to be explained, scource to be spoke of. I dunno why we shouldn't believe in spirits and ghosts and dead men come alive. The Bible's full of such, ain't it?"

"Well, then! And what I tell you is as sure, as sure. I took the *Marlin B.* out of that harbor, being at the wheel. It was February, and a nasty snow squall come up and smothered us complete and proper. That schooner was a hummer; she sailed just so pretty as this one. She did for a fact. But I felt that tug to sta'bo'd. Do you know, Miss Bostwick, as I was tellin' Cap'n Tunis, there ain't never two craft just alike, no more than there is two men."

"Is that so?" she said.

"Ships is almost human. I never did see two so much alike as this *Seamew* and the *Marlin B.* Well, to continue, as the feller said, we was smothered in that snow squall for 'bout ten minutes. At the wheel there I heard off to windward the rushing sound of another craft. She was a tall ship, too, and she had as much canvas spread as we had. She came down on us like a shot.

"I shouted to the mate, but he had heard it too. He yelled for all hands on deck. We both knowed the *Marlin B.* was due to be run under unless a miracle intervened. It was a moment I ain't likely to forget, for we stood there, the whole ship's company, hanging on by backstay and rail, peering out into the smother of the snow, while the amazing rush of that unknown craft deafened us.

"Then out of her upper works—I swear I could see the tangle of ropes and slatting canvas—came a voice that rang in my ears for many a day, no matter how the others heard it. It shouted:

"We're the spirits of them ye run under! We're the spirits of them ye run under!"

"My soul and body, Miss Bostwick, but I was scairt!" confessed the old salt. "That rushing sound and the voices crashed on through our rigging and went down wind in a most amazing style. It was a ghost warning like nothing I'd ever heard before, or since. And it struck the whole crew the same way. We begun to question what the *Marlin B.* was. She was a new schooner and had made but one trip to the Banks previous to this one we was on. We began to ask why her original crew had not stayed with her.

"You can't fool sailormen, Miss Bostwick," continued the old man, shaking his head with great solemnity, "They sees too much and they knows too much. Sutro Brothers had got rid of the *Marlin B.*'s first crew and picked up strangers, but murder will out. The story come to us through the night and in the snow squall. We couldn't stand for no murder ship. We made the skipper put back."

"Why, wasn't that mutiny?" gasped the girl.

"He was glad enough to turn back hisself. Even if he lost his ticket he would have turned back. Then we learned what it meant. On her first trip for fish, returning to Salem, the *Marlin B.* run under a smaller fishing craft and every soul aboard of her was lost. And it stands to reason that every time that murder schooner went out of the harbor and came to the spot where she'd run the other craft down, those uneasy souls would rise up and denounce the *Marlin B.*"

"Oh!" gasped the girl, startled, for

Tunis Latham and Orion stood behind her.

"Your tongue's hung in the middle and wags both ends, Horry," growled the young skipper. "You trying to scare Miss Bostwick out of her wits? What you poor, weak-minded, misguided fellows heard that time in the snow squall was a flock of black gulls coming down with the wind. And somebody aboard of the *Marlin B.* was a ventriloquist. Your whole crew weren't ignorant of the accident that happened on her first trip. Somebody had it in for Sutro Brothers, and made much of little, same as usual."

"Oh, they *did*?" muttered Horry.

"Anyway," said Captain Latham, "that's neither here nor there. We aren't sailing the *Marlin B.*, for she's in Chilean waters, owned by a South American millionaire. You can stow that kind of talk, Horry—anyway, while Miss Bostwick is aboard."

They were until late in the evening beating into Paulmouth Harbor, but the heavens were starlit and the air as soft as spring. The tolling of the bell buoy over Bitter Reef was mellow and soothing; they heard it for a long time before the *Seamew* made the short leg of the final tack and went rushing in past the danger mark under the urge of a sudden puff of the fitful breeze.

"The old bell is welcoming us, Ida May," Captain Latham said to the girl who reclined in a canvas chair which the cook had raked out of the lazaret for her use. "I've beat my way in here when it hasn't sounded so cheerful."

"I am wondering what sort of welcome I shall receive when we get to Wreckers' Head, do you call it?" she asked softly.

"That'll be all right, too," he told her with confidence. "Just wait and see."

They dropped anchor near the Main Street dock in order that they would

be able to warp the schooner in to unload her cargo in the morning. Tunis allowed shore leave, late as the hour was. But he sat beside the passenger on the *Seamew's* deck, and they talked. It was surprising how much those two found to talk about! Perhaps a good deal of their inconsequential chatter was to hide the anxiety each felt in secret as to the future.

However, that talk was a memorable one for both Tunis Latham and the girl posing as Ida May Bostwick. Two young people can tell a great deal to each other under certain circumstances in the midwatch of a starlit night. The lap, lap of the wavelets whispering against the schooner's hull, the drone of the surf on a distant bar, and the sounds of insect life from the shore were accompaniments to their long talk.

Orion Latham, tumbling over the forward rail from a waterside dinghy, whispered hoarsely in Johnny Lark's ear:

"What do you know about that? There they are, billin' and cooin', just where we left 'em when we went ashore. Wouldn't it sicken you?"

But Johnny only grinned and chuckled, shaking the tiny gold rings in his ears till they sparkled in the faint light. He had a girl himself in Portygee Town, at Big Wreck Cove.

The creaking of the hawsers and the "heave hos" of the crew as they warped the *Seamew* in to the wharf awoke the girl passenger in the cabin. There was little fancy about the schooner's after house, but it was comfortable.

There was a tarry smell about the place that rather pleased the girl. The lamp over the round table vibrated in its gimbals, but did not swing. There were several prints upon the walls of the cabin, prints which showed the rather exceptional taste of the *Seamew's* master, for they had been

Sheila of Big Wreck Cove



"For a city gal, you are the handiest creature!" cried Prudence, marveling.

tacked up since she had come into Tunis Latham's possession.

There was, too, a somewhat faded photograph on a background of purple velvet, boxed in with glass, screwed to the forward stanchion. It was the photograph of an overhealthy-looking young woman, with scallops of hair pasted to her forehead undoubtedly with quince-seed pomatum, her basque wrinkled across her bust because of the high-shouldered cut of it. But it had been in the extreme mode when it was made and worn, in the eighties.

The brooch which fastened the lace

collar had been painted yellow by the "artist photographer" of that day, and even the earrings she wore had been touched up, or perhaps painted on with the air brush.

This was Tunis Latham's mother, the girl who had seemed so promising an addition to the family in the opinion of Medway Latham, the builder of "Latham's Folly." The rather blowzy prettiness of Captain Randall Latham's young wife had been translated into real beauty in her son; for Tunis had got his physique and open, bold physiognomy from his mother.

The girl lying in an upper berth, a close cap tied over her neatly braided hair, parted the cretonne curtains to look at these ornaments hung about the cabin. She realized that the photograph, so strangely contrasting with the prints of some of the world's masterpieces, was a sort of shrine to Tunis Latham. He revered the mother whom he had told the girl he could not remember of ever having seen. His love and admiration for that unknown mother had helped make the captain of the *Seamew* what he was.

He was a good man, a safe man for any girl to trust. And yet he was lending himself to a species of masquerade which, if ever it became known, would bring upon his head both derision and scorn. He risked this contumely cheerfully and with a reckless disregard for what might arise through the plans they had made while sitting beside each other on that bench on Boston Common.

He would not admit the point of his own risk. He would not consider it when they had talked, only the night before, on the deck of the schooner. He scouted every possibility of any harm coming to him through their attempt to replace the girl in a firm niche in society and give the Cap'n Ira Balls what they needed of companionship and care.

The girl sat up in the berth and let her bare legs dangle a moment before dropping to the rug. In her bare feet she padded to the photograph of Captain Randall Latham's young wife.

The girl stood before the old photograph, her hands clasped, her gaze raised to the pictured face, as a votary might stand before the Madonna. There were tears in the girl's violet eyes. At that moment she was uplifted, carried out of herself by the wealth of feeling in her heart. Her lips moved.

"I promise," she said softly. "I

promise you that I will never do anything that will hurt him. I promise you that I will never let him do anything that may harm him. He has given me my chance. I promise before you and God that he shall not be sorry, ever, that he has raised me out of the dust."

She stood on tiptoe and pressed her lips to the glass which covered the photograph.

The wind held fair, a quartering off-shore blow, and the schooner, having discharged her cargo, just past noon spread her upper sails, caught a gentle breeze of old Boreas, and shot out of the harbor and so to the southward with a following wind which brought her to the mouth of Big Wreck Cove long before nightfall.

Upon the bluff of Wreckers' Head was to be dimly seen the sprawling Ball homestead. Tunis pointed it out to the passenger.

"That is where you are going to be happy, Ida May," he said to her softly. "I wonder," murmured the girl.

He looked down into her rapt face. The violet eyes were fixed upon the old house and the brown-and-green fields immediately surrounding it. Perhaps Cap'n Ira and Prudence were out there now, watching from the front yard the white-winged *Seamew* threading so saucily the crooked passage into the cove, the sand bars on one hand and the serried teeth of the Lighthouse Point Reef on the other.

Inside the cove the schooner's canvas was reduced smartly to merely a topsail and jib, the wind in which carried her close enough to Luiz Wharf for a line to be cast ashore. Tier upon tier of barrels of clams were stored under the open shed, ready to be packed away in the *Seamew's* hold. Orion loudly acclaimed against a malign fate.

"Hi golly! Ain't we goin' to have

no spare time at all? This running in a coasting packet is plain slavery; that's what it is! A man don't have a chance even to go home and change his socks 'tween trips."

"Have a clean pair in your duffel bag; then you won't have to go home for 'em, 'Rion," advised Tunis. "We've got to make hay while the sun shines. There'll be loafing enough to cut into the profits by and by when bad weather breaks."

Orion grunted pessimistically. Little in this world ever just suited Orion.

"She's a hoodooed packet. I said it from the first," he muttered to Horry. "You know well enough what she was before they gave her a lick of paint and a new name. We'll all pay high yet for sailin' in her."

"I wouldn't let Cap'n Tunis hear me say that 'nless I was seekin' a new berth," rejoined the old mariner.

Tunis left the mate and Horry to carry on while he took the passenger ashore, meaning to spend the night himself at home with Aunt Lucretia. He stopped to get Eunez Pareta's father to harness up his old horse and transfer Miss Bostwick's trunk and bag to the Ball homestead. Eunez was in evidence—as she always was when Tunis came by—a bird of paradise indeed. Her languishing glances at Tunis flashed in their change to suspicious glares at the girl waiting in the roadway.

"You have a guest, Tunis Latham?" she asked with a composure which scarcely hid her jealousy and doubt.

"I'm taking her up to the Balls'. She's Mrs. Ball's niece, Eunez," Tunis said, good-naturedly. He was always friendly with these Portygees. That was why he got along so well with them and they liked to work for him. Many of the Big Wreck Cove folk looked upon them even now as "fur-riners" who had to be shouted at if one would make them understand.

"What does she come for?" asked Eunez sharply.

"They need her up there. Mrs. Ball is feeble and so is the captain. She is going to live with them right along."

"Ah-ha!" whispered Eunez, as he passed her to step outside the house again. She seized his arm and swung him around to face her, for she was strong. "You think she is pretty, Tunis?" she demanded.

"Eh? What's eating on you, Eunez? I never stopped to think whether she was or not."

But he flushed, and she saw it. Eunez smiled in a way which might have puzzled Tunis Latham had he stopped to consider it. But he joined the girl who was waiting for him, and they went on up the road and out of the town without his giving a backward glance or thought to the fiery Portygee girl.

When they mounted to the wind-swept headland the visitor looked about with glowing eyes, breathing deeply. The flush of excitement rose in her cheek. He knew that as far as the physical aspect of the place went, she was more rejoiced than ever she had expected to be.

"Beautiful—and free," she whispered.

"You've said it, now, Ida May," he agreed. "From up here it looks like the whole world was freer and a whole lot brighter. It is a great outlook."

"And is that the house?" the girl asked, for in approaching the Ball homestead from this angle it looked different from its appearance as viewed standing on the deck of the inbound *Scamew*.

"That is the Ball house, and Aunt Prue taking in her wash," Tunis replied. "I suppose she had John-Ed William's wife over to wash for her, but Myra will have gone home before this to get the supper. Tush! Aunt Prue ought not to try to do that."

The fresh wind blowing over the headland filled every garment on the lines like ballooning sails. The frail, little old woman had to stand on tiptoe to get each article unpinned from the line. The wind wickedly sought to drag the linen from her grasp.

Cap'n Ira, hobbling around from the front of the house, hailed his wife in some rancor:

"I don't see why you have to do that. Don't we pay that woman for washing them clothes? And ain't she supposed to take 'em down off'n the halyards? I swan! You'll be inter that basket headfirst, yet, like ye was inter the grain chist. Look out!"

"They wasn't all dry when Myra Williams went home, Ira. And I don't dare leave 'em out all night. Half of 'em would blow over the edge of the bluff. The wind is terrible strong."

It was much too strong for her frail arms, that was sure. The captain turned in anger to look for help about the open common. He saw the two figures briskly moving up the road toward the house.

"I swan! Who's this here?" he exclaimed. "Tunis Latham, and—and Ida May!"

His face broadened into a delighted smile. He had seen the *Seamew* come in, and had prayerfully hoped her master had brought the girl that he believed would be their salvation. This person with the captain of the *Seamew* could only be Ida May Bostwick!

At the moment Prudence was taking down her own starched, blue house dress from the line. It was hung like a pirate in chains by its sleeves, was blown out as round as a barrel, and was as stiff as a board. Just as the pins came out an extra heavy puff of wind shrieked around the corner of the house, as though it had been lying in wait for just this opportunity.

The dress was whipped out of Aunt Prue's hands. She herself, as Cap'n

Ira had warned her, was cast, face downward, into the half-filled clothes basket. The blue dress was whirled high in the air, skirt downward. Before the old man was warned by Prudence's muffled scream that something had gone wrong, the starched dress plumped down over his head and shoulders, and he was bound fast and blinded in its folds!

"Drat the thing! What did I tell ye?" bawled Cap'n Ira. "Take this here thing off'n me! Want to make me more of an old Betty than I be a'ready—a-dressin' me in women's clothes? I swan!"

CHAPTER XII.

Tunis ran to the old man's rescue, but it was the girl who lifted Prudence from out the laundry basket.

"Drat the thing!" ejaculated Cap'n Ira, fighting off the starched dress. "Feel like I was being smothered by a complete suit of sails. That you, Tunis?"

"Yes, Cap'n Ira. You're all right now. Hold on! Don't let's mess up Aunt Prue's wrapper more than can be helped. 'Vast there!'"

"I swan! Don't it beat all what a pickle we get into? We ain't no more fit to be alone, me an' Prue, than a pair o' babies. For the lan's sake, Tunis! Who is that?"

He was staring at the girl, who led forward the trembling old woman, her strong, young arm about the thin shoulders. Prudence was tearful but smiling.

"This is the girl you sent me for," said the captain of the *Seamew*.

The girl was smiling, too. To the delight of the young man there was no suspicion of fear or shyness in her expression. Her eyes were luminous. Her smile he thought would have ravished the heart of a misogynist.

"I swan!" murmured Cap'n Ira, almost prayerfully.

"Ain't she pretty, Ira?" cried Prudence, almost girlish herself in her new happiness. "Just like Sarah Honey was when she was Ida May's age. And ain't it sweet, her coming to us this way? She's brought her trunk. She's going to stay."

"And I know I shall be happy here, Uncle Ira," said the girl, giving him her hand.

Cap'n Ira's smile was as ecstatic as that of his wife. He looked sidewise at Tunis, a glance of considerable admiration.

"It takes you to do it, Tunis. I couldn't have brought home a nicer-lookin' gal myself. I swan!"

"Now, you hesh your foolin', Ira," cried his wife, while the younger man's blush admitted unmistakably his feelings. "Don't you mind him, Ida May. Come into the house, now, and you, too, Tunis. We'll have supper in a jiffy."

"No," said the captain of the *Seamew*. "I must be getting on. Aunt Lucretia will be expecting me, for, of course, she saw the schooner heading in for the cove. Good night, Ida May." He shook hands with her quietly. "I know you will be happy here, with your own folks."

The girl looked deep into the young man's eyes; nor did she free her hand from his clasp immediately. At one side stood the two old people, both smiling, and not a little knowingly and slyly at each other, while the captain of the *Seamew* and the girl bade each other good night. Cap'n Ira whispered in his wife's ear:

"Look at that now! How long d'you think we'll be able to keep Ida May with us? I cal'late we'd better build our boundary fence a great sight higher and shut him out o' walkin' across this farm."

But Prudence only struck at him with a gently admonitory hand. Tunis and Ida May had taken down the re-
lo—Smi.

mainder of the wash and the former carried it into the house before he started on for his own home.

The girl, walking behind the old couple into the homelike kitchen, sensed the warming hospitality of the place. It was just as though she had known all this before, as though, in some past time, she had called the Ball homestead *home*.

"Lay off your hat and coat, Ida May, on the sitting-room lounge," said Prudence. "We'll have supper before I show you upstairs. Me and Ira sleep down here, but there's a nice, big room up there I've fixed up for you."

"Before you were sure I could come?" the girl asked in some wonder.

"She's got faith enough to move mountains, Prudence has," broke in Cap'n Ira proudly. "At least, I cal'late she's got enough to move this here Wreckers' Head if she set out to." And he chuckled.

"But you believed Ida May would come, too. You said so, Ira," cried his wife.

"I swan! I had to say it to keep up with you," he returned. "Otherwise you'd have sailed fathoms ahead of me. However, if you hadn't come, gal, neither of us could have well said to the other them bitterest of all human words: 'I told you so!'"

"How could you suppose I would not come?" asked the girl gayly. "Who would refuse such a generous offer?"

"I knowed you'd see it that way," said Prudence happily.

"But there might have been circumstances we could not foresee," Cap'n Ira said. "You—you didn't have many friends where you was stopping?"

"No *real* friends."

"Well, there is a difference, I cal'late. No young man, o' course, like Tunis Latham, for instance?"

"Now, Ira!" admonished Prudence.

But Ida May only laughed.

"Nobody half as nice as Captain Latham," she said with honesty.

"Well, I cal'late he would be hard to beat, even here on the Cape," agreed the inquisitive old man.

He took a pinch of snuff and prepared to enjoy it. Suddenly remembering his wife's nervousness, he shouted in a high key:

"Looker—out—Prue! A-choon!"

"Good—— Well, ye did warn me that time, Ira, for a fact. But if I had a cake in the oven 'stead of biscuit, I guess 'twould have fell flat with that shock. I do wish you could take snuff quiet. Look an' see, will you, Ida May, if those biscuits are burning?"

The girl opened the oven door to view briefly the two pans of biscuit.

"They are not even brown yet, Aunt Prue. But soon."

"The creamed fish is done. I hope you like salt fish, Ida May?"

"I adore it!"

"Lucky you do," put in Cap'n Ira. "I can't say that I think it is actually 'adorable.' But then, I ain't been eatin' it as a steady shore diet much more'n sixty-five year."

"Don't you run down your victuals, Ira," said his wife.

"No, I don't cal'late to. But if I may be allowed to express my likes and dislikes, I got to be honest and say that there's victuals I eat that would have suited me better for a steady diet than pollack and potatoes. And now we don't even have the potatoes, 'cause we can't raise 'em no more."

"But you have land. I see a garden," said Ida May briskly.

"Yes, it's land," said Cap'n Ira, in the same pessimistic way. "But it ain't had a coat of shack fish for three years and this spring not much seaweed. Besides that, after the potatoes are planted, who is to hoe 'em and knock the bugs off?"

"Oh!" commented Ida May, with a small shudder.

He grinned broadly.

"There's a whole lot o' work to farming. I'd rather plow the sea than plow the land, and that's no idle jest! Never could see how a man could be downright honest when he says he likes to putter with a garden. Why, it's working in one place all the time. When he looks up from his job, there's the same old reefs and shoals he's been beatin' about for years. No matter how often he shoots the sun, the computation's bound to be just the same. He's there, or thereabout."

"That's the way with most longshoremen, Ida May," said Prudence, sighing. "They make awful poor farmers if they are good seamen. Can't seem to combine the two trades."

"I cal'late that's so," agreed Cap'n Ira, his eyes twinkling. "They'd ought to examine all the babies born on the Cape first off, and them that ain't web-footed ought to be sent to agricultural school 'stead of to the fishing. But that ain't why our potato crop's a failure this year. And as far as I see, talking won't cure many fish, either."

"Can't I help?" asked Ida May in her gentle voice. "You know, I've come here to work. I don't expect to play lady."

"Well, I don't know. It ain't the kind of work you are used to."

"I've been used to work all my life, and all kinds of work," interposed the girl bravely.

"But you seem so eddicated," Prudence said.

"Getting an education did not keep me from learning how to use my hands."

"Well, Sarah Honey was a right good housekeeper," granted Prudence.

At that the girl fell suddenly silent, as she did whenever Sarah Honey's name was mentioned. And yet she knew she must get used to such references to her presumed mother. Prudence frequently recalled incidents

which had happened when Sarah Honey visited the Ball house before she was married.

They had supper, a plentiful meal if there was not much variety. Prudence had made a "two-egg cake" and opened a jar of peach-plum preserves to follow the creamed fish and biscuits.

"I must learn to make biscuit as good as these," said Ida May.

"I expect you are more used to riz bread. City folks are. But on the Cape we don't have that much. Our men folks want hot bread at every meal. We pamper 'em," said Prudence.

"I'm pampered 'most to death, that's a fact," grumbled Cap'n Ira.

Ida May briskly cleared the table and washed the dishes. She would not allow Prudence even to wipe them.

"I'm sitting here like a lady, Ira," said the little old woman. "This child will work herself to death if we let her."

"A willin' horse always does get driv' too fast," commented Cap'n Ira.

"A new broom sweeps clean," laughed the girl, rinsing out the dishcloths and hanging them on the line behind the stove.

They went outside in the gloaming and sat in a sheltered nook where they could watch the lights twinkling all along the coast to the southward, the revolving lantern at Lighthouse Point, the steady beacon on Eagle's Head, and now and then the flash of the great one of Monomoy Point so far away. It was peaceful, quiet, assuring, and, the girl thought, heavenly! She thought for a moment of Sellers' restaurant and the little room she had occupied on Hanover Street. *This* was contentment.

Old Pareta had brought her trunk and bag and carried them up to the big, well-furnished room she was to occupy. By and by Prudence went up with her to see that she was made

comfortable there, and to watch her unpack, for the old woman was not without curiosity regarding the "city fashions."

One window of the room looked to the north. Through this Ida May saw the steady beam of a lamp shining from a house down in what seemed to be a depression behind the Head. She asked Prudence what that was.

"That must be a light at 'Latham's Folly,' Tunis' house, you know," said the little old woman, likewise peering through the window. "Shouldn't be surprised if 'twas right in his room. He sleeps this end of the house. Yes, that's what it is."

"So Captain Latham lives just there?" the girl said softly.

"When he's ashore. He and his Aunt Lucretia. They are the only Lathams left of their branch of the family."

Afterward, when Ida May had come upstairs to go to bed, she looked to the northward again. The light was still there. She knelt by the open window in her nightgown and watched the light for a long time. When it finally was extinguished she crept into bed.

She heard the nasal tones of the two old people below, for her door on the stairs was open. She heard, too, the occasional cry of a night fowl and, in the distance, the barking of an uneasy watchdog.

But after all, and in spite of the many, many thoughts which shuttled to and fro in her mind, she did not lie awake for long. It was a clear and sparkling night; there were no fog-horns to disturb her dreams with their raucous warnings, and the surf along the beaches below the Head merely scuffed its way up and down the strand with a soothing "Hush! Hush-sh!"

At dawn, however, there came a noise which roused the newcomer to Wreckers' Head. She awoke with a start. Something had clattered upon

her window sill, that window looking toward the north. She sat upright in bed to listen. The clatter was repeated. In the dim, gray light she saw several tiny objects bounding into the room.

She scrambled out of the high four-poster and shrugged her feet into slippers. She crept to the window, holding the nightgown close at the neck. She felt one of the tiny objects under the soft sole of her slipper and stooped to secure it. It was a pebble.

More pebbles rattled on the window sill. She stepped forward then with considerable bravery, and looked down. What she saw at first startled her. A tall, misty, gray object stood below the window, something quite ghostly in appearance, something which moved in the dim-light.

"Why, what——"

Then the thing stamped and blew a faint whinny. She saw a pale, long face raised and two pointed ears twitching above it.

"A horse!"

A darker figure rose up suddenly from before the strange animal.

"Ida May!"

"Why, Captain Latham!"

"Cat's foot!" exclaimed the captain of the *Seamew*. "I thought I'd never wake you up without disturbing the old folks. No need to ask you if you rested well."

"Oh, gloriously!" whispered the girl, beaming down upon him, but keeping out of the full range of his vision.

"Sorry I had to wake you, but I'm due at the wharf right now to see that the hands get those clams stowed aboard. We want to get away on the morning tide. I brought Queenie home and thought I'd better tell you."

"Queenie?"

"The Queen of Sheba, you know. I was telling you about Cap'n Ira's ol' mare."

"Oh, yes! Wait. I'll dress and be right down."

"That's all right," said Tunis. "I'll wait."

She scurried into the clothes she had laid out before going to bed. In five minutes she crept down the stairs into the kitchen and out of the back door. Tunis, holding the sleepy mare by her rope bridle, met her between the kitchen ell and the barn.

"You look as bright as a new penny," he chuckled. "But it's early yet for you to be astir. I'll put Queenie in her stable and show you where the feed is. Aunt Prue will like to have her back. She sets great store by the old mare. She won't be much bother to you, Ida May."

"Nothing will ever be a bother to me here, Captain Latham," said the girl cheerfully.

"That's the way to talk," he said, with satisfaction. "Just you keep on that tack, Ida May, and things will go swimmingly, I've no doubt."

In ten minutes he was briskly on his way to the town. The girl watched him from the back stoop as long as he was to be seen in the morning mist. Then she went back into the house, made a more careful toilet, and when Cap'n Ira came hobbling into the kitchen an hour later breakfast was in preparation on the glowing stove.

"I swan! This is comfort, and no mistake," chuckled the old man, rubbing his chin reflectively. "You're going to be a blessing in this house, Ida May."

"I hope you'll always say so, Uncle Ira," returned the girl, smiling at him.

"I cal'late. Now I'll get washed, but that derved shavin'."

"You sit down in that rocker and I'll shave you," she said briskly. "Oh, I can do it! I shaved my own father when he was sick last——"

She stopped, turned away, and fell silent. It was the first time she had spoken of either of her parents, but Cap'n Ira did not notice her sudden



"Oh, I ain't so blind!" giggled Joshua, peering in through the kitchen door.

confusion. He prepared for the ordeal, making his own lather and opening the razor.

"I can't stop it, Ida May," he groaned. "That's one of the things that's beyond my powers."

She came to him with a clean towel which she tucked carefully in at the neckband of his shirt. Practically she lathered his face and rubbed the lather into the stubble with brisk hands. He grunted ecstatically, lying back in the

chair in solid comfort. He eyed her manipulation of the razor on the strop with approval.

"Seems like you must be a born barber," he chuckled.

For the first time in many a morning he was shaved neatly and with dispatch. When Prudence came feebly into the room, he hailed her delightedly.

"You've lost your job, old woman!" he cried. "Ida May puts it all over you, as the feller said."

"And ain't there a thing for me to do?" queried Prudence softly, yet smiling.

"Just sit down at the table, auntie," said the girl. "The coffee is made. How long do you want your eggs boiled? The water is bubbling."

"Eggs!" exclaimed Cap'n Ira. "I thought them hens of Prue's had give up layin' altogether."

"I found some stolen nests in the barn," returned Ida May. "They have been playing tricks on you."

"I knew I didn't gather them all," said the old woman. "They are getting too cute for me."

It was near noon when Ida May from an upper window saw the *Seamew* beating out of the cove on her return trip to Boston. She watched the schooner as long as the white sails were visible. But her heart was not wholly with the beautiful schooner. A great content filled her soul. Afterward she bustled about, straightening up the house, her cheerful smile always ready when the old folks spoke. They watched her with such a feeling of thankfulness as they could not openly express.

After dinner she started on the ironing and proved herself to be as capable in that line as in everything else.

"Maybe she's been a shopgirl, Ira," Prudence observed in private to her husband; "but Sarah Honey didn't

neglect teaching her how to keep any man's home neat and proper."

"Sh!" admonished Cap'n Ira. "Don't put no such ideas in the gal's head."

"What ideas?" the old woman asked wonderingly.

His eyes twinkled and he rewarded himself with a generous pinch of snuff before repeating his bon mot:

"If you don't tell her she'll make some man a good wife, maybe she won't never know it! Looker out, Prudence! *A-choon!*"

CHAPTER XIII.

A house plant brought out into the May sunshine and air expands almost immediately under the rejuvenating influences of improved conditions. Its leaves uncurl; its buds develop; it turns at once and gratefully to the business of growing which has been restricted during its incarceration indoors.

So with Sheila Macklin—she who now proclaimed herself Ida May Bostwick and who was gladly welcomed as such by the old people at the Ball homestead on Wreckers' Head. After the girl's experiences of more than three years since leaving her home town, the surroundings of the house on the headland seemed an estate in paradise.

As for the work which fell to her share, she enjoyed it. She felt that she could not do too much for the old people to repay them for this refuge they had given her. That Cap'n Ira and Prudence had no idea of the terrible predicament in which she had been placed previous to her coming made no difference to the girl's feeling of gratitude toward them. She had been serving a sentence in purgatory, and Tunis Latham's bold plan had opened the door of heaven to her.

The timidity which had so marked her voice and manner when Tunis had first met her soon wore away. With

Cap'n Ira and Prudence she was never shy, and when the captain of the *Seamew* came back again he found such a different girl at the old house on Wreckers' Head that he could scarcely believe she was the Sheila Macklin who had told him her history on the bench on Boston Common.

"I swan, Tunis," hoarsely announced Cap'n Ira, "you done a deed that deserves a monument equal to that over there to Plymouth. Them Pilgrim fathers—to say nothing of the mothers—never done no more beneficial thing than you did in bringing Ida May down here to stay along o' Prudence and me. And I cal'late Prue and me are more thankful to you than the red Indians was to the Pilgrims for coming ashore in Plymouth County and so puttin' the noses o' Provincetown people out o' joint."

He chuckled.

"She's as sweet as them rose geraniums of Prue's and just as sightly looking. Did you ever notice how that black hair of hers sort of curls about her ears, and them ears like little, tiny seashells ye pick up 'long shore? Them curls just lays against her neck that pretty! I swan! I don't see how the young fellers kept their hands off her where she come from. Do you?"

"Why, you old Don Juan!" exclaimed Tunis, grinning. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Me? Aha! I've come to that point of age and experience, Tunis, where whatever I say about the female sect can't be misconstrued. That's where I have the advantage of you."

"Uh-huh!" agreed Tunis, nodding.

"Now, if you begun raving about that gal's black hair— An' come to think of it, Tunis, her mother, Sarah Honey's hair was near 'bout red. Funny, ain't it?"

"The Bostwicks must have been dark people," said Tunis evenly.

But he remembered in a flash the

"fool's gold" which had adorned in rich profusion the head of the girl in the lace department of Hoskin & Marl's.

"Well, the Honeys warn't. None I ever see, leastways," announced Cap'n Ira. "Howsomever, Ida May fits her mother's maiden name in disposition, if ever a gal did. She's pure honey, Tunis; right from the comb! And she takes to everything around the house that handy."

Prudence was equally as enthusiastic. And Tunis Latham could see for himself many things which marked the régime of the newcomer at the Ball homestead as one of vast improvement over that past régime of the old couple, who had been forced to manage of late in ways which troubled their orderly souls.

"Catch as catch can," was Cap'n Ball's way of expressing the condition of the household and other affairs before the advent of Ida May. Now matters were already getting to be "shipshape," and no observer could fail to note the increased comfort enjoyed by Cap'n Ira and Prudence.

Nor need Tunis feel anxious, either, regarding the girl's state of mind or body. She was so blithe and cheerful that he could scarcely recall the picture of that girl who had waited upon him in the cheap restaurant on Scollay Square. Here was a transformation indeed!

Nor had Ida May's activities been confined wholly to the house and the old folks' comfort. He noted that the wire fence of the chicken run was handily repaired; that Aunt Prue's few languishing flowers had been weeded; and that one end of the garden was the neater for the use of hoe and rake.

It was too late in the season, of course, for much new growth in the vegetable beds; but the half-hearted attention of John-Ed, junior, had never brought about this metamorphosis,

Tunis well knew. He went on to the Latham house, feeling well pleased. Aside from all other considerations, he was glad to know that his Machiavelian plan had brought about these good results.

He did not have much time to spend with Sheila, for the *Seamew's* freighting business was good. He never remained ashore but one night between trips, and he spent that evening with his Aunt Lucretia, whose enjoyment of his presence in the house was none the less keen because inarticulate.

But when he started off across the fields for the port in the early morning he saw Sheila's rising light, and she was at the back door to greet him when he went past. They stole a little time to be together there, whispering outside the door so as not to awaken Cap'n Ira and Prudence. And Tunis Latham went on to the wharf where the *Seamew* tied up with a warmth at his heart which he had never experienced before.

That another girl rose betimes on these mornings and waited and watched for him to pass, the young schooner captain never noticed. That Eunez Pareta should be lingering about the edge of Portygee Town as he came down from the Head made small impression on his mind. He never particularly remarked her presence or her smile as being for him alone. It was that Eunez did not count in any of his calculations.

"That girl at Cap'n Ball's place, Tunis," said the Portygee girl. "Does she like it up there?"

"Oh, yes! She's getting on fine," was his careless response.

"And will they keep her?"

"Of course they will keep her." He laughed. "Who wouldn't, if they got the chance?"

"Si?" Eunez commented sibilantly.

Naturally, many people besides Eunez Pareta in and about Big Wreck

Cove were interested in the coming of the stranger to Cap'n Ira Ball's. Those housewives who lived on Wreckers' Head and in the vicinity were able more easily to call at the Ball homestead for the express purpose of meeting and becoming acquainted with "Sarah Honey's daughter." And they did so.

"I'd got into the way of thinking," remarked Cap'n Ball dryly, "that most folks—'ceptin' John-Ed and his wife—had got the notion we'd dried up here, Prue and me, and blowed away. Some of 'em ain't never come near in six months. I swan!"

"Now, Ira," admonished his wife, "do have charity."

"Charity? Huh! I'll take a pinch of snuff instead. That's a warnin', Prudence! *A-choon!*"

Not until the second Sunday after the *Seamew* had brought Ida May from Boston did Big Wreck Cove folk in general get a "good slant," as they expressed it, at the Balls' visitor. There was an ancient carryall in the barn, and on the Saturday previous little John-Ed was caught and made to clean this vehicle, rub up the green-molded harness, and give the Queen of Sheba more than "a lick and a promise" with the currycomb and brush.

At ten o'clock on Sunday morning Sheila herself backed the gray mare out of her stable and harnessed her into the shafts of the carryall.

"For a city gal, you are the handiest creature!" sighed Prudence, marveling.

The girl only smiled. She was now used to such comments. They did not make her heart flutter as had any reference to her past life at first.

The bell in the steeple of the green-blinded, white-painted church on the farther edge of the port was tinkling tinnily as the girl drove the old mare down the hill, with Cap'n Ira and Prudence in the rear seat of the carriage.

"We ain't felt we could undertake

churchgoing for months, Ida May," the old woman said. "And I miss Elder Minnett's sermons."

"So do I," agreed her husband, with his usual caustic turn of speech. "I swan! I can sleep better under the elder's preaching than I can to home."

"If you go to sleep to-day, Ira, I shall step on your foot," warned his wife.

"You'd better take care which one you step on," rejoined Cap'n Ira. "I got a corn on one that jumps like an ulcerated tooth. If you touch that I shall likely surprise you more'n I do when I take snuff."

The Portygees had a chapel devoted to their faith. The carriage passed that on the way to the Congregational Church. A girl, very dark as to features, very red as to lips, and dressed in very gay colors in spite of her destination, was mounting the chapel steps. She halted to stare particularly at the quietly dressed girl driving the gray mare.

"Ain't that Pareta's girl, Ira?" asked Prudence.

"I cal'late."

"What a bold-looking thing she's grown to be! But she's pretty."

"As a piney," agreed Cap'n Ira. "I reckon she sets all these Portygee boys by the ears. I hear tell two of 'em had a knife fight over her in Luiz's fish house some time ago. She'll raise real trouble in the town 'fore she's well and safely married."

"That is awful," murmured the old woman, casting another glance back at the girl and wondering why Eunez Pareta scowled so hatefully after them.

Following service, as usual, there was social intercourse on the steps of the church and at the horse sheds back of it. Particularly did the women gather about Aunt Prudence and Sheila. As for the men, both young and old, the newcomer's city ways and unmistakable beauty gave them much

to gossip about. Several of the younger masculine members of Elder Minnett's congregation came almost to blows over the settlement of who should take the fly cloth off Queenie, back her around, and lead her out to the front of the church when the time came to drive back to the Head.

In addition, Cap'n Ira found himself as popular with the young men as he was wont to be in the old days when he was making up his crew at the port for the *Susan Gatskill*.

"Prudence," he said to his wife, but quite loud enough for the girl to hear, as they drove sedately homeward, "I cal'late I shall have to buy me some shot and powder and load up the old gun I put away in the attic, thinking I wouldn't never go hunting no more."

"Goodness gracious gallop!" ejaculated his wife. "What for? I cal'late you *won't* go hunting at your time of life!"

"I dunno. I may be forced to load it up for protection. But maybe rock salt will do instead of shot," said Cap'n Ira, still with soberness. "A feller has got a right to protect himself and his family."

"Against what, I want to know?"

"I can see the Ball place is about to be overrun with a passel of young scuppins that are going to be more annoying than a dose of snuff in your eye. That's right."

"Why, how you talk!"

"Didn't ye see 'em all standing around as we drove away from the church, casting sheep's eyes? And they're hating each other already like a hen hates dishwater. I swan!"

"For the land's sake!"

"No. For Ida May's sake," chuckled Cap'n Ira. "That's who I've got to defend with a shotgun."

The girl flushed rosily, but she laughed, too.

"You can leave them to me, Uncle

Ira. I shall know how to get rid of them."

"Maybe they won't come," said Prudence.

"They won't? I swan!" snorted her husband. "They all see she's more'n half Honey. Couldn't keep 'em away any more than you can flies."

It was quite as Cap'n Ira prophesied. The path from Big Wreck Cove across the fields to the Head, a path which had become grass-grown of late years, was soon worn smooth. It was a shorter way from the town than the wagon road.

The errands invented by the youthful and more or less unattached male inhabitants of the port to bring them by this path through the Ball premises were most ingenious indeed. Early on Monday morning, while Sheila was hanging out her first lineful of clothes, Andrew Roby, clam basket and hoe on arm, appeared as the first of a long line of itinerant pedestrians who more or less bashfully bade Cap'n Ira good day as he sat in his armchair in the sun.

"What's the matter?" asked the old man soberly. "All the clams give out down to the cove? I heard they was getting scarce. You got to come clean over here to the beaches, I cal'late, to find you a mess for dinner, Andy?"

"Well—er—Cap'n Ira, mother was wishing for some big chowder clams," said young Roby, his eyes squinting sidewise at the slim figure of Sheila on tiptoe to reach the line.

"Ye-as," considered the old man. "You got that cat still, Andy?"

"The *Maybird*? Oh, yes, sir!"

"And there's a fair wind. She'd have taken you in half the time to the outer beaches, and saved your legs," said the caustic speaker. "But exercise is good for you, I don't dispute."

A match, one might think, could easily have been touched off at Andrew's face. He had not much more to say, and went on without having the

joy of more than a nod and smile from the busy Sheila.

Then came Joshua Jones. Joshua usually was to be found behind his father's counter, the elder Jones being proprietor of one of the general stores in Big Wreck Cove. Joshua was a bustling young man with a reddish ruff of hair back of a bald brow, "side tabs" of the same hue as his hair before each red and freckled ear, and a nose a good deal like an eagle's beak. In fact, the upper part of his face—Cap'n Ira had often remarked it—was of noble proportions, while the lower part fell away surprisingly in a receding chin which seemed saved from being swallowed completely only by a very prominent Adam's apple.

"I swan!" the captain had said judiciously. "It's more by good luck than good management that Josh's chin didn't fall into his stomach. Only that knob in his neck acts like a stopper."

But when the lanky young storekeeper appeared on this occasion, Cap'n Ira hailed him cheerfully before Joshua could reach the back door.

"Hi, Josh! You ain't goin' for clams, too, be ye?"

"No, no, Cap'n Ira!" cried young Jones cheerfully. "I'm looking to pick up some eggs regular. We want to begin to ship again, and eggs seem to be staying in the nests. He, he! Has M^{rs}. Ball got any to spare?"

"I don't cal'late she has. You see," said Cap'n Ira soberly, "we got another mouth to feed eggs to now. Did you know we had Ida May Bostwick visiting us? A young lady from Boston. Prue's niece, once removed."

"Why—I—I—ahem! I saw her at church, Cap'n Ira," faltered Joshua.

"Did ye, now?" rejoined Cap'n Ira, in apparent wonder. "I didn't suppose you would ever notice her, you not being much for the ladies, Joshua."

"Oh, I ain't so blind!" giggled the young man, peering in through the

kitchen door, where Sheila was stepping briskly from tubs to sink and back again.

"That's a fortunate thing," agreed the old man. "But you've got a long v'y'ge before you, if you cal'late to go to all the houses on the Head to pick up eggs. Good luck to you, Joshua!"

Josh found himself passed along like a country politician in line at a presidential reception. His legs got to working without volition, it seemed, and he was several rods away before he realized that he had not spoken to the girl at all.

Zebedee Pauling, whose ancestor had been an admiral and was never forgotten by the Pauling family—Paulmouth was said to have been named in their honor—arrived at the Ball back door just as the family was finishing the usual "picked-up" wash-day dinner. Zebedee took off his cap with a flourish, and his grin advertised to all beholders the fact that he felt shy but pleased at his own courage in appearing thus on the Head.

"Why, Zeb!" exclaimed Prudence. "We haven't seen you up here for a dog's age. Won't you set?"

"Oh, no'm, no'm! I was just stopping by and thought I'd ask how are you all, Aunt Prue."

He bobbed and smiled, but kept his gaze fixed upon Sheila to the exclusion of the two old people. But Cap'n Ira was never to be overlooked.

"You're going to be mighty neighborly, now, Zeb," he said. "We shall see you often."

"Er—I don't know, Cap'n Ira," stammered Zebedee, rather taken aback.

The old man rose and hobbled toward the door with the aid of his cane, fumbling in his pocket meanwhile.

"Here, Zeb," he said, producing a

dime. "You're a-willin' friend, I know. I'm running low on snuff. Get me a packet, will ye? American Affection is my brand. Just slip it in your pocket and bring it along with you when you come by to-morrow."

"But—but I don't know as I shall be up this way to-morrow, Cap'n Ira. Though maybe I shall." And he glanced again at the smiling girl.

"Course you will, or next day at the latest," said the old man stoutly. "I can see plainly that you ain't going to neglect Prue and me no more. And I shall want that snuff."

"Well—er—Cap'n—"

"If you don't come," pursued the perfectly sober captain, "you can hand the snuff to Andy Roby, or to Josh Jones, or to 'most any of the boys. They'll be up this way pretty near every day, I shouldn't wonder."

Zebedee took the hint and the dime.

He was no "slow coach" if he was longshore bred. He got the chance of carrying another heavy basket of clothes out to the lines for Sheila, who rewarded him with a smile, and then he nodded to the old man as he left.

"I'll bring that snuff myself, Cap'n Ira," he assured him.

"Don't it beat all?" queried the captain, shaking his head reflectively, as he resumed his seat. "Don't it beat all? For old folks, Prue, we do certainly seem to be popular."

"Oh, you hesh!" exclaimed his wife.

But Sheila giggled delightedly. The way Cap'n Ira handled the several visitors who thereafter came to Wreckers' Head continued to amuse the girl immensely. Nor did the visits cease. The Ball homestead was no longer a lonely habitation. Somebody was forever "just stopping by," as the expression ran; and the path from the port was trodden brown and sere as autumn drew on apace.



On the Care of the Eyes

By Doctor Lillian Whitney

Dr. Whitney is always glad to answer all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health, but she cannot undertake to answer letters which fail to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, or to letters inclosing Canadian stamps. Every week she receives many letters of this sort, in spite of the notice always printed at the end of this department. Sometimes, even, the post office sends notification that letters are being held for her, which careless writers have posted with no stamp. If you have failed to receive a reply to your letter, you may know that it is for one of these three reasons.—EDITORS.

OF all the senses, the sense of sight is undoubtedly the most precious. The strain to which the eye has been subjected in the course of human events is resulting in a very much weaker organ. From the standpoint of actual sight, the eye is retrograding. On the other hand we are developing a faculty for color vision not possessed by our primitive ancestors.

Not only are the eyes growing weaker as organs of sight, but the mechanism of the eyes of each succeeding generation possesses many imperfections, necessitating greater care and the assistance of lenses to help these imperfections and so bring the eyes up to the normal standard, as far as this is possible.

Imperfections in the size and shape of the eye result in nearsightedness, or in farsightedness, as the case may be. When these conditions are not corrected, the eye endeavors to adjust itself and, by so doing, subjects its various structures to strain. This results in a

train of symptoms sometimes so remote from the origin of trouble as to excite incredulity.

Nearsightedness or myopia is perhaps the most common eye trouble to-day. The shape of the skull frequently determines the shape of the orbit or eye socket, and this, in turn, molds the form of the eyeball, so myopia occurs most frequently in races like the Teutonic and rarely in the Negro and Indian.

Hebrews, owing to racial peculiarities of the skull, are frequently nearsighted, often to the highest degree.

Uncorrected nearsightedness gives rise to headaches and other symptoms of eyestrain. Beside this, myopics without glasses are tremendously handicapped in many ways. As their far sight is so poor, they develop a distaste for anything requiring acute vision and take up indoor occupations and pastimes—reading, sewing, drawing, and the like—all of which are exceedingly unwise as all this near work only aggravates their difficulty and increases their ocular weakness.

They are, furthermore, at a great disadvantage in close observations, failing to note the play of expressions upon the faces of those with whom they come in contact, and so they develop an abstraction, a shyness, often a stupidity, at variance with their real natures.

The myopic eye, in consequence of its build and the sustained strain upon its structures, develops *notes* which are a source of great annoyance; the causes leading up to this condition may go on to very serious trouble unless actively treated by a competent eye specialist.

Since the near sight of myopic eyes is good, there is a popular belief that these eyes are stronger than others, and persons so afflicted cultivate the habit of prolonged reading, or whatever near work they may be interested in. Indeed the eyes will tolerate this abuse for years without apparent harm, but the day of reckoning comes when sight is of far more value to the individual than in the earlier years, and then places limitations upon his activities often unendurable.

It is only by the early correction of refractive errors that the eyes of moderns can be saved. Parents labor under the fallacy that the longer the ordeal of glasses is postponed, the better are the chances of obviating their need altogether. Nothing is more fatal than this belief to the health of the eye in particular and to the entire system in general. Refractive errors are never outgrown. On the contrary, if permitted to go on uncorrected, they steadily increase, often most insidiously and with remarkable rapidity.

To prevent myopia and to counteract the many ills consequent upon this condition, the eyes of children must be cared for from birth. Eye specialists particularly warn against the use of the eyes during and for weeks following attacks of the infectious fevers, such as measles and similar diseases. If this precaution is not observed, nearsighted-

ness and astigmatism will likely develop because the structures of the eyes are always in a state of inflammation during these diseases.

From earliest childhood the eyes should be carefully cleansed of mucus and the lashes freed from all particles of secretions by morning and evening bathing with a warmed saturated solution of boracic acid. There is no more refreshing eye wash for constant use than a saturated solution of boracic acid in rose water.

Although the eyes of school children receive a certain amount of attention, it is not possible to give each child expert supervision. Therefore, parents are enjoined to look carefully into the matter before their children enter school, so that all ocular defects may be properly corrected with suitable glasses and the children enabled to begin their studies upon equal terms with their companions who have normal eyes. The neglect of parents in this respect, and their lamentable ignorance of the ocular needs of their children, have caused lifelong misery in countless instances.

The subject of proper lighting in schools, factories, and offices has received a good deal of scientific attention recently, but lighting is still a problem in the home. Children are permitted to lie flat on their "tummies" and read small print in the flickering light of the open fire, in dark corners, in the twilight, with inadequate artificial light, or by glaring electric lights. All of this is highly injurious to the eyes.

So accustomed are we to electric lighting that we believe no other form quite so efficacious. As a matter of fact, our ancestors' eyes lasted longer because they used less artificial light, and when they did, the light was soft, not glaring. However, an expert can use any kind of an illuminant, and give the right kind of lighting. It is how, not what to use.

The fundamental principle is: *light*

must shine on the object of interest and not in the eyes of the observer. If this one principle is kept constantly in mind, many of the difficulties of properly lighting home rooms will vanish.

Again: never let an unshielded light be visible. At the same time, the effort should be made to let a large part of the light fall on the object of interest, the book page, sewing, the piano, and music.

In using a reading lamp, do not sit facing the light, with the book directly under it. Avoid shades with fringes; their wavering shadows are very trying to the eyes. A safe rule is never to face the point from which the light comes. In the home all polished surfaces, and all glazed paper should be avoided. Persons whose work demands concentrating the eyes for hours on objects that reflect light—metals, and the like—should wear colored glasses which soften the glare.

There is no light equal to daylight and every effort should be made to use it and to extend its use into dark interiors by means of glass reflecting prisms. Such windowpanes are inexpensive and throw an amazing amount of natural light into otherwise dark rooms, so enabling one to read or work by natural light hours longer than would otherwise be possible.

Although the greatest damage to the eyes through ignorance and neglect of their needs occurs during childhood years, adults fail equally to appreciate the importance of caring for these sensitive organs throughout life. The vast amount of strain imposed upon them daily, in reading, in work, in amusements, results in a condition of chronic eyestrain exceedingly deleterious to the general health, not to speak of the health and beauty of the eyes themselves.

We are all workers to-day, and the reflex symptoms arising from the continued pressure placed on these organs

is rarely ascribed to eyestrain. It must be borne in mind that the eyes are really an end organ, a prolongation of the brain; of the twelve pairs of cranial—head—nerves, six are directly connected with the eye, and send branches to other organs. It is not surprising then, that eyestrain affects remote organs in persons of nervous habit. Phlegmatic persons, of course, are rarely disturbed in this manner.

Seventy-one and three-tenths of the patients who consult oculists suffer from headache. It is the most frequent symptom of eyestrain. A headache on awakening usually follows prolonged eyestrain of the night before. At the theater and motion pictures, pain over one or both eyes is significant. Frequently the pain is variously ascribed to distant organs which are only reflexly affected through ocular defects of which the individual has no knowledge—the eyes themselves apparently giving no trouble.

Thus megrim—sick headache—with its attendant train of distressing symptoms, more often than not has its origin in malconditions of the eye.

Another source of trouble rarely associated with eyestrain is indigestion. The explanation lies in the fact that because of ocular anomalies and the resultant eyestrain, the nervous energy which should be directed to the digestive organs is expended upon the eyes; consequently the digestion is weakened. While vertigo is often attributed to and accompanies indigestion—gastric vertigo—and is a symptom of many very serious affections, ocular vertigo is caused by refractive errors and is often induced by prolonged near work.

Head swimming of a distressing character may be due to some improper functioning of the muscles of the eyes, only relieved by closing them and keeping them at absolute rest. Sometimes the defect is so slight as to necessitate the most painstaking examina-

tion. An interesting case of this kind occurred in the practice of a celebrated American eye specialist. Since the patient was an important personage in public life, of massive build, and robust health, he had decided to retire from his responsible activities owing to constant vertigo which failed to yield to medical treatment. Then the specialist discovered that the dizziness disappeared absolutely when he had added a weak, vertical prism to his glasses!

Vertigo, due to eyestrain accompanied by nausea and vomiting, may occur in a run-down state, or it may be caused simply by weak, neglected eyes. When fortified by proper glasses, or when necessary, by a slight operation upon the eye muscles, there is a magical reconstruction of the sufferer.

Certain forms of chorea or St. Vitus' dance have their beginnings in eyestrain. The blinkings and twitchings of the muscles of the face in nervous conditions of this character should always call for eye examinations.

Faulty positions of the body, particularly of the neck, shoulders, and back, are assumed sometimes to overcome eyestrain, induced by defective eyesight. It may appear far-fetched to the casual reader, but is nevertheless an established fact that many minor deformities of the body, due to twisting, turning the spine, holding the head sidewise, and carrying the weight of the head and trunk on certain groups of muscles, could have been entirely averted, and beautiful, healthy, symmetrical forms developed had the concomitant eyestrain been recognized and removed with suitable glasses.

Eyestrain may give rise to no painful symptoms, but to a tremendous loss of beauty of the eyes and lids, which become highly congested and in a state of continual inflammation. The strain seems to be relieved by the influx of blood into the tissues. There are few conditions which detract as much from

the beauty of the face as chronically reddened eyelids, yet many persons would rather go through life in this distressing state with poor eyesight than relieve these structures by wearing eyeglasses.

If the inflammation continues in spite of correct lenses, the entire constitution requires rebuilding. Inflamed lids, sties, and the like are nature's methods of expressing her needs. Glasses for near work, building up the system with appropriate tonics, rest, especially a prolonged vacation spent outdoors—a sea voyage, tramping through the country, or camping—with suitable local treatment, will effect a startling change for the better in chronically reddened eyes.

A favorite local treatment employed by eye specialists is as follows: Zinc sulphate, one grain; distilled water, one ounce. One drop in the eyes three times daily. And a salve of yellow oxide of mercury, two grains in two drams of vaseline, to be applied to the eyelids on retiring.

The use of tobacco by young men and young women is a frequent source of inflamed eyelids and, through the effect of tobacco upon the nervous system, is highly injurious to vision itself.

A noticeable and distressing feature of the moment is the condition of the structures surrounding the eyes, notably puffs, bags, and dark circles under the eyes. It is an evidence of lowered vitality; it may be caused by a great many things or by a combination of them. One usually thinks of kidney disorders in this connection. Of course, in disease of the kidneys, there is frequently a swelling of the eyelids. But the tremendous increase in these distressing deterrents to beauty arises in the main from continual eyestrain, *unrelieved by glasses*, superimposed by errors in living, whatever these may be.

It is reasonable, then, to state that no amount of local treatment will prove

lasting unless the underlying causal conditions are removed. Remove the cause and the effect will remove itself. Frequent bathing of the eyes assists in keeping them bright, healthy, and in removing disfigurements. Camphor is tonic, bracing, and reducing. As an astringent employed externally on

pledgets of cotton, and as an eyewash, it is of signal service.

Use two grains of borax in two ounces of camphor water. Apply to puffs on pledgets of cotton and hold in position with narrow bandage. Also flood the eyes with the liquid several times daily.

WHAT READERS ASK

TWENTY-NINE.—I deeply sympathize with you and know full well the heartaches you experience upon contemplating yourself in the mirror. But take heart; you still have youth, and rejuvenation at your age is a certainty. Fortunately every day brings new and better ways of accomplishing this. So write me, inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and I will gladly help you to overcome your troubles.

MRS. HERMAN D. K.—It is impossible for me to give the name of a cosmetic surgeon through this column. I will gladly comply with your request upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Yes, the treatment you mention removes all folds, wrinkles, and sagging tissues, making the throat and face look twenty-five years younger.

MARTIN.—The best remedy for bleeding at the nose is a vigorous motion of the jaws, as if chewing a wad of paper. It is the motion of the jaws which stops the bleeding. This is a very simple remedy, but has never been known to fail.

HAZEL G.—All hair, regardless of its shade, has a tendency to grow darker with age. Send to me for a formula for tonic wash for light hair. This can be used as a shampoo, or it can be applied to the roots to lighten the hair, when it shows the tendency you complain of. It is also an excellent tonic.

WORRIED MOTHER.—You are very wise in your distrust of camphor as a remedy for reducing your overlarge bust. It is a decidedly unsafe agent to employ. There is a cream on the market which will not only prove effective for bust reduction, but will be of inestimable service to you as a health promoter. I will gladly tell you about this cream if you will address me for a private reply.

H. H. T.—Unless the stomach secretes a sufficient amount of gastric juice, digestion

is only partially carried on, or at best feebly. Fermentative indigestion is caused by undigested foodstuffs in the intestinal canal. I can put you in touch with a preparation which will aid the normal digestion of food, and at the same time allay the symptoms from which you are suffering.

THOMAS K.—The only thing you can do for thickened toe nails is to keep them trimmed closely, following the shape of the toe, so that they will not project beyond the soft structure. Anoint then well with oil every day, and scrape the hardened nail off with a dull knife or file. It is only by the most painstaking daily care that you can keep them in line.

MRS. H. HERBERT.—Try this bleach for discolored neck: Borax, one dram; lemon juice, two drams; bay rum, two ounces; rose water, two ounces. Daub on frequently with absorbent cotton. If you require a stronger bleach, write me for formula.

ANNOYED.—It will give me great pleasure to send you a formula for an eye wash—one by a celebrated American specialist—if you will let me have your address and a stamped envelope.

ELIZABETH McL.—Space here prevents me from publishing the beauty formulas you ask for. Why not send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and allow me to send you printed slips? Please repeat your requests when writing.

F. B. B.—Do not begin to pull out your eyebrows. You will rue the day, as they will surely come in heavier than ever. The electric needle, in the hands of an experienced person, is the only reliable remedy.

ELDERLY.—There is no bleach applicable for white hair. Give it scrupulous daily care. Never use tar soap or dark-hair tonics upon it. Would you like a formula for making castile soap jelly?

Doctor Whitney will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health. Private replies will be sent to those inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Do not send Canadian stamps or coins. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York.

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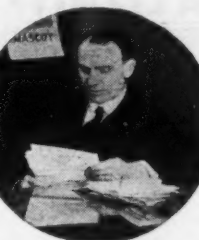
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You have often heard of others who doubled and trebled their salaries in a year's time. You wondered how they did it. Was it a pull? Don't you think it. When a man is hired he gets paid for exactly what he does, there is no sentiment in business. It's preparing for the future and knowing what to do at the right time that doubles and trebles salaries.

Remember When You Were a Kid

and tried to ride a bike for the very first time? You thought that you would never learn and then—all of a sudden you knew how, and said in surprise: "Why it's a cinch if you know how." It's that way with most things, and getting a job with big money is no exception to the rule, if you know how.

We Will Show You How

Without loss to you of a single working hour we can show you a sure way to success and big pay. A large number of men in each of the positions listed are enjoying their salaries because of our help—we want to help you. Make check on the coupon against the job you want and we will help you get it. Write or print your name on the coupon and send it in today.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. G-84, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Explain how I can qualify for position checked:

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|---------------------|
|Architect. | \$5,000 to \$15,000 |Lawyer. | \$5,000 to \$15,000 |
|Building Contractor. | \$5,000 to \$10,000 |Mechanical Engineer. | \$4,000 to \$10,000 |
|Automobile Engineer. | \$4,000 to \$10,000 |Shop Superintendent. | \$3,000 to \$7,000 |
|Automobile Repairman. | \$2,500 to \$4,000 |Employment Manager. | \$4,000 to \$10,000 |
|Civil Engineer. | \$5,000 to \$15,000 |Steam Engineer. | \$2,000 to \$4,000 |
|Structural Engineer. | \$4,000 to \$10,000 |Foreman's Course. | \$2,000 to \$4,000 |
|Business Manager. | \$5,000 to \$15,000 |Sanitary Engineer. | \$2,500 to \$5,000 |
|Certified Public Accountant. | \$7,000 to \$15,000 |Telephone Engineer. | \$2,500 to \$5,000 |
|Accountant and Auditor. | \$2,500 to \$7,000 |Telegraph Engineer. | \$2,500 to \$5,000 |
|Draftsman and Designer. | \$2,500 to \$4,000 |High School Graduate. | In two years. |
|Electrical Engineer. | \$4,000 to \$10,000 |Fire Insurance Expert. | \$3,000 to \$10,000 |
|General Education. | In one year. | | |

Name

Address

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements

Genuine
DIAMONDS
Guaranteed
on CREDIT

Diamond Prices Reduced 33 1/3%

Select Your Christmas Gifts Now!

Write for Free Wonderful Bargain Catalog today: Credit Terms fully explained. Amazing money saving prices on Diamonds Watches and Jewelry.

Lady Louise Diamond Ring
Solid 14-K Green Gold: Diamond set in Solid White Gold. \$78 Values

\$50 CASH on CREDIT
Liberty Bonds Accepted

WATCHES on CREDIT

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Diamond Bar Pins - \$50 up | Men's Watches - \$17.50 up |
| Diamond La Vallieres \$15 up | Pearl Necklaces, Guaranteed |
| Diamond Scarf Pins \$5 up | Indestructible - \$7.50 up |
| Diamond Cuff Links \$8 up | Birthstone Rings - \$12 up |
| Wrist Watches - \$15 up | Signet Rings - \$8 up |

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Est. 1888
THE OLD RELIABLE CREDIT JEWELERS
Dept. F 222, 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR
CONSTIPATION
BEECHAM'S
PILLS



FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im-
diamonds—the greatest discovery the world
has ever known. We will send absolutely
free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1/2
Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box
postage paid. Pay postmaster \$14. C.O.D.
charges to cover postage, box, advertising,
handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real
diamond return and money refunded. Only
10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer
quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 412
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

Free Book

Containing complete
story of the origin
and history of that
wonderful instru-
ment—the

Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use
Saxophone—singly, in quartettes,
in sextettes, or in irregular band; how
to transpose solo parts in orchestra
and many other things you would
like to know.

You can learn to play the saxophone in one hour's
practice, and soon be playing popular airs. You
can double your income, your pleasure, and your
popularity. Easy to pay by our easy payment plan.

MAKES AN IDEAL PRESENT

Send for free saxophone book and catalog of every-
thing in Free-Tone band and orchestra instruments.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

LEARN
Advertising!

—by MAIL, in Spare Hours

ADVERTISING will advance you further
in one year than a lifetime at irksome
work. The man who knows advertising is in
demand to sell the goods of others. He is
better able to sell himself.

Face the facts

The big secret of success is the right
start. How hard you work doesn't
count—or even how much you know.
It's what you learn that means most.

The minute you graduate from Page-Davis
your services have a marked value. You
become master of yourself, master of your
future. Your work then directly affects
sales—profits, and is paid for accordingly.



P. W. LENNINEN
Advertising
Manager, The
Royal Tailors

The most opportunities
and by far the biggest pay

Advertising ability is the one line in which the
supply has never yet equalled the demand. Advertis-
ing men and women were never so wanted as right now.
That's why so many business houses ask our vocational
department's help in filling advertising positions. Some
of our graduates of four and five years back are drawing
salaries most bank presidents would envy.



SAM C. DOBBS
Director of Ad-
vertising,
Coca-Cola

We guarantee to teach you

Advertising is so interesting, it is
easy and quickly learned. Our course
covers every branch: National Publicity,
Mail Order Advertising, Agency Work,
Retail Store, and in addition the prin-
ciples of modern business organization.

WRITE for this free book telling
just what you have wanted
to know about advertising. Photographs
of nationally-known advertising men: ex-
amples of their work—in colors. Explains
our course, terms, how to start. Investi-
gate this important-money field to-day.

Free-

Use
Coupon



PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL, Chicago 1434 Page Building

(Established 25 Years)

Send free of charge, prepaid, your complete book on Advertising
fully explaining the Page-Davis course, and monthly payment plan.

Name

Address

DIAMONDS

**A
YEAR
TO
PAY**

\$48.50

**30
DAYS
FREE
TRIAL**

ROYAL CLUSTER

**7 Perfectly Matched Diamonds Set in \$48.50
Platinum, Resembles 1 1/2 K Solitaire—48.50**

Perfect cut, blue-white diamonds of superior quality, high grade jewelry and watches on longest terms ever offered—**A FULL YEAR TO PAY. No money in advance**—if not satisfied, return at our expense. **8 PER CENT YEARLY INCREASE GUARANTEED** on all diamonds bought from us. All transactions confidential, no references demanded.

Thousands buy the ROYAL way without feeling the cost. Our money saving catalog is yours for the asking. Get this free catalog with thousands of articles to select from now—30 days' trial on anything you order from our \$2,000,000 stock. Write Department 379.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
35-37-39 Maiden Lane - New York

\$13.95 GOODYEAR RAINCOAT FREE

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 188N-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.

FREE BOOK LEARN PIANO!

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, at one quarter usual cost. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once every key, within 4 lessons. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano." M. L. Quinn Conservatory, Studio AF31, 598 Columbia Rd., Boston, 25, Mass.

Ford Given FREE

Latest Model with Electric Starter and Lights

Don't buy a Ford. Join our Great Auto Club and win Grand Prizes including Ford Youngster! Can you make out two words spelled by figures in picture? The alphabet is numbered A in 1, B in 2, etc. What are the two words? Other valuable prizes and hundreds of dollars in cash given. Everybody wins! So once you will be surprised. We have already given away many Autos. Why not you? Send answer today.

Ford Willson, Mgr., 141 W. Ohio St., Dept. 3281, Chicago, Ill.



Cuticura Soap

—The Safety Razor—

Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without nigg. Everywhere 25c.



Home-Study Business Courses

Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems. Our plan enables you to train during spare hours without interference with your present duties. Give us your name and address and mark with an "X" below the kind of position you want to fill. We will mail catalog and full particulars regarding our low cost monthly payment plan. Also our valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion In One." Tear out, mark and mail the coupon today. No obligation to you. Let us prove to you how this step has helped thousands of ambitious men to real success.

Coupon
LaSalle Extension University
Dept. 1165-R Chicago, Ill.

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion In One," all without obligation to me.



- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales, and Executive positions.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Accounting and Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar: LL. B. Degree.
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference, and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for Production Managers, Department Heads and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- ☐ **Business Letter-Writing:** Training for positions as Correspondent, Mail Sales Director, and all Executive Letter-Writing positions.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants:** Prepares for State Board and Institute Examinations.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship:** Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
- ☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking**

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements

Burglars Don't Seek The Limelight



DARKNESS is their stock in trade. They work by stealth—unheard and unseen—their movements cloaked in secrecy. It's honest folks that seek the light. They are the only ones who can risk it.

It's the same way in business. The manufacturer who is not sure of his goods does not dare to advertise. Advertising would hasten the end of his business career—put him to a test he could not meet.

The manufacturer who advertises, deliberately invites your inspection. He tells you about his product and then lets it stand on its own merits. You can depend on him. *He knows his product is good.*

That's one reason why it pays you to read the advertisements. It is through advertising that you are able to keep in touch with the good things that progressive business men are spending their money to introduce and to keep before you.

Advertisements are interesting, instructive and profitable. They throw a powerful light on the very things that concern you most. Read them.



DIAMONDS
Here at 60%
of Market Price

This blue white perfectly cut diamond, 7-8 — 3-32 ct. at \$52.50 among bargains in list. Many other big values in our lists. Buy HERE. Loan values the price basis, not market values. This 75 year old diamond banking firm has thousands unpaid loans and other bargains we must sell NOW.

Why Pay Full Prices
Any diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you.

Send for Latest List
Diamond Bargains described in detail. Tells of guaranteed loan values, unlimited exchange privileges, details of free examination. No obligation. Just send name.

JOS. DEBOY & SONS
5200 Bestway Building
Only Opposite Post Office
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Ring
52c to
10c - 100c
Cost
Blue
White



HEAVY 4 INCH
SCREW CAP
**COPPER
OIL CANS**
LAST A
LIFE
TIME

Screw top makes
it fire-proof—3 to
15-gal. sizes. Send
for circular.

STANDARD METAL WORKS
6 Beach St., Boston, Dept. 8-7

Complete and Concise
History of the World War
BY THOMAS R. BEST

Popular Priced Edition. Paper Covers. Postpaid
for 25c. You need this book.


Street & Smith Corporation
79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Become a lawyer. Legally trained
men with high positions and big
salaries in business and public life.
Excellent opportunities now than ever
before. Lawyers earn

\$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually
We guide you step by step. You can train
at home during spare time. Let us send
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admitted to the bar in various states. Money refunded
according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL.B.
conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost,
easy terms. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-
volume Law Library. Get our valuable 128-page "Law Guide" and
"Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 108-1, Chicago, Ill.

Stop Using a Truss



STUART'S PLAPAD-PADS
are different from the truss,
being medicine applicators
made self-adhesive pur-
posely to hold the distended
muscles securely in place.
No straps, buckles or spring
attached—cannot slip, so
cannot chafe or press against
the pubic bone. Thousands
have successfully treated
themselves at home without
hindrance from work—most
obstinate cases conquered.

**Grand Fac-Simile
Send Model.**

Grand Prix.

Soft as velvet—easy to apply—Inexpensive. Awarded
Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is
natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We
prove it by sending Trial of Plapad absolutely FREE.
Write name on Coupon and send TODAY.

Plapad Co. 633 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Name.....
Address.....
Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapad.....

**Color
Returns
in 4 to 8
days**

**It's so easy—
So quick
This way to
restore
gray hair**

The old
days of messy re-
pulsive ways are past.
Science now has found a way to restore gray hair
to its natural color with a pure, clear, colorless
liquid, applied with a comb.
It's sure and it's easy—you do it yourself. Results
are immediate, natural color returns in 4 to 8
days.

Mail the Coupon for Trial Bottle

Fill out the coupon, mail it. We will send you a
trial size bottle. Prove our statements by restoring a
single lock of hair.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Mary T. Goldman, 749 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.


Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any
way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name..... Street.....
Town..... Co..... State.....

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I can hear you with the MORLEY
PHONE." It is invisible, weight-
less, comfortable, inexpensive.
No metal, wires nor rubber. Can
be used by anyone, young or old.
The Morley Phone for the



DEAF
is to the ear what glasses are to
the eyes. Write for Free Booklet
containing testimonials of
users all over the country. It
describes causes of deafness;
tells how and why the MORLEY
PHONE affords relief. Over
one hundred thousand sold.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 758, 26 S. 15 St., Phila.



**GENUINE
DIAMONDS**

We have always sold for cash only, but to unload our
surplus stock, we will open charge accounts with reliable
buyers, if desired. There is no extra charge for credit.

EASY TO PAY—TAKE 10 MONTHS
SPECIAL LOW PRICES—30 DAYS TRIAL

Genuine blue-white diamonds, full of brilliance, and fiery radiance, sold
direct to you by DIAMOND IMPORTERS at wholesale prices. Each
diamond is set in a 14 karat solid gold ring included free of charge.
One carat \$195.00. Former retail cash price \$325.00;
3-4 carat \$145.00; 1-2 carat \$97.50; 1-4 carat \$48.75.
Satisfaction any 1-6 of price and balance in 10 monthly payments.
We guarantee to satisfy you or refund your money.
Order direct from advertisement or write for 128-page catalog

B. GUTTER & SONS WHOLESALE JEWELERS
170 NASSAU ST., Box 290, N.Y.

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements

What Is Love?

A cynical cynic heard of LOVE STORY MAGAZINE and straightway wrote to us: "What are you going to publish in it? What is a love story? What is love?"

Hard question? Yes, because love itself can never be really defined. It has so many elements that render it complex—but we know that it exists and that it is the greatest thing in the world.

Have you ever seen the sun's rays broken into their ingredient colors when passing through a glass prism? Beautiful? Most certainly.

So it is with love. Pass it through the prism of everyday life and it readily dissolves into component parts. Then what do we find? Patience? Yes! Self-denial? Yes! Kindness? Yes! Humility? Yes! Courtesy? Yes! Good nature? Yes! Charity? Yes! Sincerity? Yes!

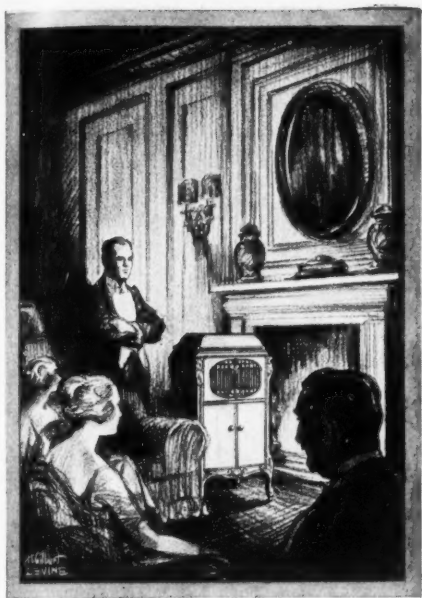
Well, then, is not love beautiful? Are not the lover and the loved most fascinating? Hence, it seems to us that LOVE STORY MAGAZINE fills a real need. It is just what its name implies. It is not just another of the sordid publications which pander to the passions; it is clean and honest in its purpose to make your life brighter and happier—to tell you of love.

Will you give it an opportunity to do so?

Semimonthly - - - 15c the copy

STREET & SMITH CORPORATION
NEW YORK

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements



Notable among current musical announcements is that Florence Easton, soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company, now records exclusively for Brunswick. Her initial record (just released) is the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria."

Soprano High "C"

Without "Metallic" Suggestion

*A Brunswick Achievement Vouched
For By Highest Musical Authorities*

Musicians, critics, teachers, all will tell you the severe test of a phonograph is in rendering "high notes," especially soprano.

Remember this when buying a phonograph, and insist that soprano records be played.

Note, then, how most instruments vibrate, sound "metallic" when the higher notes are reached.

Then hear the same records on The Brunswick.

Hear the full range of "high notes." Soprano High "C" in ringing intensity, without slightest "metallic" intrusion—clear-toned, vibrationless! And you will marvel at difference so great in phonographs.

Exclusive methods the reason

By means of exclusive methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, Brunswick achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones—the piano, the harp, the human voice. Methods which apply to no other phonographs or records.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is exclusively Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Interpretation, in producing records, has not been successfully imitated.

Hence, buying any phonograph without at least hearing The Brunswick is a mistake. And to be without Brunswick Records is to be without what is best in music.

Ask your nearest Brunswick dealer for a demonstration. The Brunswick plays all records, and Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, compare—then judge for yourself.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago
Manufacturers—Established 1845

BRUNSWICK
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



© B. B. C. Co., 1921

**Hear These
Brunswick
Super-Feature
Records**

Each month Brunswick releases from three to six Super-Feature records—the best phonographic music of the month. The current release presents three Metropolitan Opera Company's stars, two of whom, Florence Easton and Giuseppe Danise, make their debut as exclusive Brunswick artists on these records. A notable release.

30011—Ave Maria (Bach-Gounod)..... Florence Easton
30010—Di Provenza il mar (Verdi's "Traviata," Act II,
Scene 1)..... Giuseppe Danise

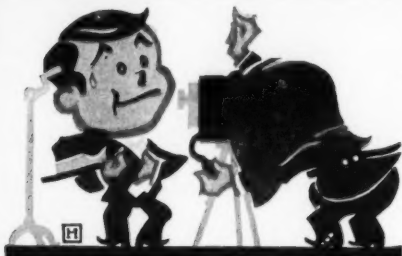
10040—Dreams of Long Ago (Carroll-Carus).... Mario Chamlee

NOTE—The above records are on sale at all Brunswick dealers in conveniently packed envelopes of three—price \$1.00. Or singly, if desired. Hear them by all means.

Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records



With acknowledgments to K. C. B.



"I smiled- and he shot me"

AFTER MONTHS and months,
MY WIFE persuaded me.
TO HAVE it done.
SO I went around.
TO THE photographer.
AND GOT mugged.
WHEN THE pictures came.
I SHOWED them to a gang.
OF AMATEUR art critics,
AND PROFESSIONAL crabs.
DISGUISED AS friends,
WHO FAVORED me.
WITH SUCH remarks as,
"DOESN'T HE look natural?"
"HAS IT got a tail?"
"A GREAT resemblance,"
AND THAT last one.
MADE ME sore.
SO WHEN friend wife,
ADDED HER howl.
I TRIED again.
THIS TIME they were great.

FOR HERE'S what happened.
THE PHOTOGRAPHER said.
"LOOK THIS way, please."
AND HELD up something.
AS HE pushed the button.
AND NO one could help.
BUT LOOK pleasant.
FOR WHAT he held up.
WAS A nice full pack,
OF THE cigarettes.
THAT SATISFY.



LIGHT up a Chesterfield and sense the goodness of those fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in that wonderful Chesterfield blend. Taste that flavor! Sniff that aroma! You'll register "They Satisfy." You can't help it.

They Satisfy Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

B.

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d

BACCO